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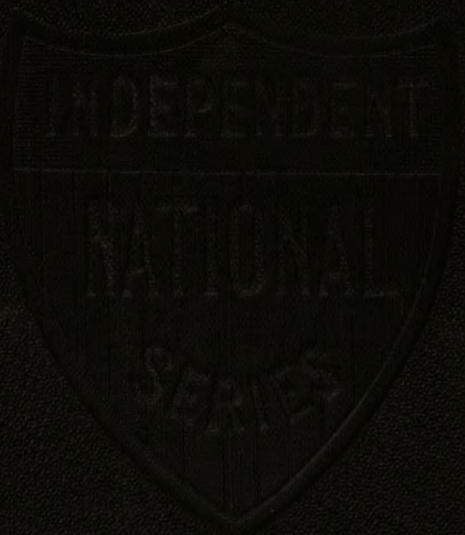
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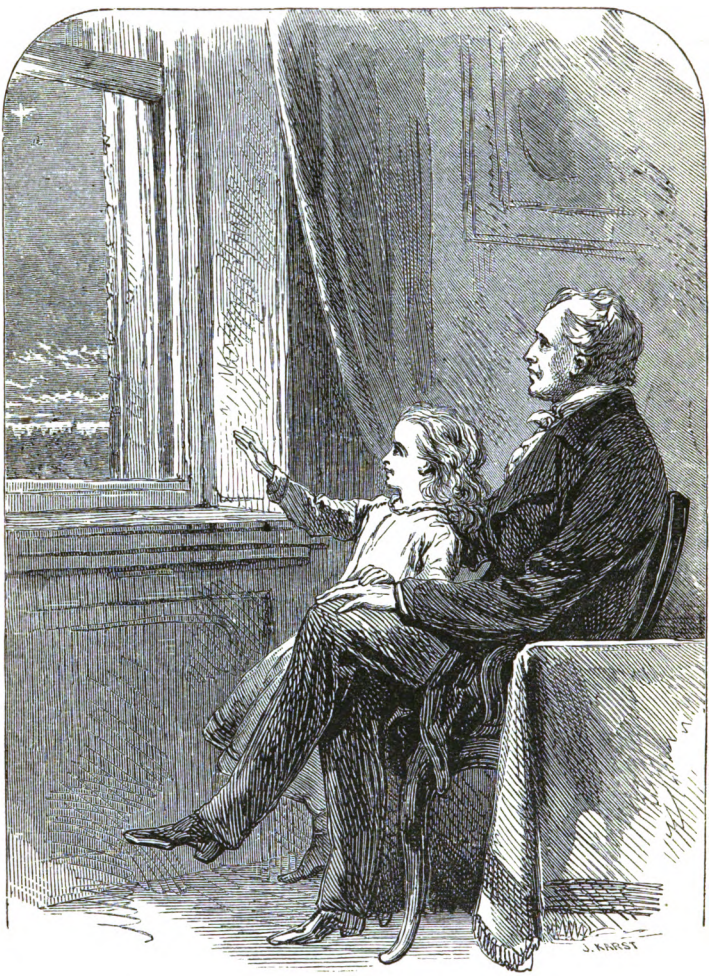

FIRST IMPRESSION OF A STAR. Page 234.

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INDEPENDENT

FOURTH READER:

CONTAINING

A PRACTICAL TREATISE ON ELOCUTION, ILLUSTRATED WITH DIAGRAMS; SELECT AND CLASSIFIED READINGS AND RECITATIONS; WITH COPIOUS NOTES, AND COMPLETE SUPPLEMENTARY INDEX.

By J. MADISON WATSON,

r of the National and the Independent Readers, Spellers and Primers; The Hand-Book of Gymnastics; the Manual of Calisthenics; Tablets, etc.

A. S. BARNES & COMPANY,

NEW YORK, CHICAGO, & NEW ORLEANS.

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THE GIFT
COLLEGE HER
Jun 26, 1921

TO TEACHERS.

QUALIFY pupils by daily vocal drill, by special aid as required, and by general and systematic instruction, for each lesson. A reading which does not demand preparatory labor is not adapted to the needs of the class.

The Lessons of Part First should be used for *Reading Exercises.* Require the class to commit to memory and recite the most important principles, definitions, and examples, both separately and in concert. Review the lessons, and do not commence Part Second until the pupils master them.

Part Second is not simply a collection of readings, but also a dictionary and cyclopediă, containing *needful aids* which are to be turned to profitable account. *Never omit the Preliminary Exercises;* but require the pupils to pronounce, spell, and define the words in the notes. Often require them to commence with the last word of a paragraph in the reading and pronounce back to the first. Also direct their attention to the accents and marked letters. Call into exercise their judgment and taste by requiring them to determine what principle of elocution each reading is best adapted to illustrate.

Before the Final Reading, be sure that the pupils *understand* the lesson. Adopt a simple order of examination, and let them give the leading thoughts in their own language, *without formal questions:* for example, *first,* the title of the piece; *secondly,* the words liable to mispronunciation, both in the notes and the reading; *thirdly,* the objects mentioned, and the facts concerning these objects; *fourthly,* the narrative or connected thoughts, and the portion illustrated by the picture, if any; and *fifthly,* the moral or what the lesson teaches.

The Index to the Notes is of the utmost importance, and ought to be employed daily. Make special efforts to give pupils great facility in its use.

AUTHORS and PUBLISHERS are cautioned against the use, in their publications, of the original material, classifications, arrangements, methods, and other features of the Independent Readers.

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PREFACE.

SYMPATHY with boys and girls in their love of the spirited, the wonderful, the ingenuous, the beautiful, and the true, and their contempt for affectation, puerility, and cant, not less than the desire to prepare a reading-book for the lower classes of intermediate grades which shall fully accord with the views of our ablest modern educators, has determined the character and classification of this work.

THE TREATISE ON ELOCUTION is simple and comprehensive, presenting the subject in its most attractive and practical form. Its important divisions, and their relations to each other, are exhibited to the eye by the use of a series of blackboard diagrams. *In this Edition*, all of *Webster's* marked letters are used as required to indicate pronunciation. Its phonic alphabet is made complete by the addition of the following combined letters: Ou, c͡h, s͡h, t͡h, w͡h, and n͡g. This marked type affords nearly all the advantages of pure phonetics, without incurring any of the objections, and is as easily read as though unmarked. Its daily and judicious use in the *Body of the Readings*, marking doubtful words and localisms not less than once at each opening of the book, can not fail to form the habit of correct pronunciation.

PART SECOND contains a great variety of select readings, many of which have been re-written, abridged, or otherwise specially adapted to illustrate the principles of rhetorical delivery. In determining their character

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and classification, the hypotheses have been assumed, that, in the main, what healthy, intelligent children from seven to twelve years of age really like is really best for them; that fascinating stories, lively conversations, and vivid descriptions are preferable to facts of science, or other writings that are chiefly didactic; and that exercises in reading should be nearly on the level of the average child's mind—what it is just awake to, or aiming at; rather than what, while suggesting maturer thought and feeling, is beyond its present comprehension.

THE READING LESSONS have been graded in a systematic manner, presenting the simplest first in order. They are divided into formal sections, in each of which only one leading subject is treated, or one important element of Elocution rendered prominent. The wood-cuts, from designs by the ablest artists, were prepared expressly to illustrate the lessons in which they occur. They are believed to be unsurpassed by those of any similar text-book.

THE ACCESSORY AIDS furnished for a thorough understanding of the text are unusually complete. The foot-notes give the pronunciation of words that had to be re-spelled for the purpose; definitions; explanations of classical, historical, and other allusions; and biographical sketches of persons whose names occur in the reading lessons. This aid is given in every instance on the page where first needed, and a complete *Index to the Notes* is added for general reference.

NEW YORK, *August*, 1876.

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PART I.

PRACTICAL ELOCUTION.

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ELOCUTION.

ELOCUTION is the mode of utterance or delivery of any thing spoken. It may be *good* or *bad*.

2. ***Good Elocution*** is the art of uttering ideäs understandingly, correctly, and effectively. It embraces the two general divisions, ORTHOEPY and EXPRESSION.

Elocution { *Orthoepy*; *Expression*[1]

ORTHOËPY.

ORTHOËPY is the art of correct pronunciation. It embraces ARTICULATION, SYLLABICATION, and ACCENT.

Orthoepy { *Articulation*; *Syllabication*; *Accent*

ORTHOËPY has to do with *separate* words—the production of their ōral elements, the combination of these elements to form syllables, and the accentuation of the right syllables.

[1] **Blackboard Diagrams.**—Regarding blackboard diagrams as *indispensable*, in conducting most successfully class exercises in elocution, they are here introduced not less for the convenience of young teachers than to serve as constant reminders, to all educators, of the importance of employing the perceptive faculties in connection with ōral instruction.

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I. ARTICULATION.

I.

DEFINITIONS.

ARTICULATION is the *distinct* utterance of the ōral elements in syllables and words.

2. *Oral Elements* are the sounds that, uttered separately or in combination, form syllables and words.

3. *Oral Elements are Produced* by different positions of the organs of speech, in connection with the voice and the breath.

4. *The Principal Organs of Speech* are the lips, the teeth, the tongue, and the palate.

5. *Voice is Produced* by the action of the breath upon the lărynx.[1]

6. *Oral Elements are Divided* into three classes: *eighteen* TONICS, *fifteen* SUBTONICS, and *ten* ATONICS.

7. *Tonics* are pure tones produced by the voice, with but slight use of the organs of speech.

8. *Subtonics* are tones produced by the voice, *modified* by the organs of speech.

9. *Atonics* are mere breathings, modified by the organs of speech.

10. *Letters* are characters that are used to represent or modify the oral elements.

11. *The Alphabet is Divided* into vowels and consonants.

12. *Vowels* are the letters that usually represent the tonics. They are *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*, and sometimes *y*.[2]

13. *A Diphthong* is the union of two vowels in a syllable; as ou in our, *ea* in bread.

14. *A Proper Diphthong* is the union of two vowels in a syllable, nēither of which is silent: as ou in out.

---

[1] **Lărynx.**—The larynx is the upper part of the trachea, or windpipe.

[2] **W not a Vowel.**—*W*, not representing a tonic, is ōnly a consonant.

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15. An Improper Diphthong is the union of two vowels in a syllable, one of which is silent; as ō*a* in lō*a*f.

16. A Triphthong is the union of three vowels in a syllable; as *eau* in b*eau* (bō), *ieu* in ad*ieu* (adū′).

17. Consonants[1] are the letters that usually represent ēither subtonic or atonic elements. They are of two kinds, single letters and combined, including all the letters of the alphabet, except the vowels, and the combinations c̄h, s̄h, w̄h, n̄g; t̄h subtonic, and t̄h atonic.

18. Labials are letters whose ōral elements are chiefly formed by the lips. They are *b*, *p*, *w*, and w̄h. *M* is a nasal labial. *F* and *v* are labio-dentals.

19. Dentals are letters whose ōral elements are chiefly formed by the teeth. They are *j*, *s*, *z*, c̄h, and s̄h.

20. Linguals are letters whose ōral elements are chiefly formed by the tongue. They are *d*, *l*, *r*, and *t*. *N* is a nasal-lingual; *y*, a lingua-palatal, and *th*, a lingua-dental.

21. Palatals are letters whose ōral elements are chiefly formed by the palate. They are *g* and *k*. *NG* is a nasal-palatal.

22. Cognates are letters whose ōral elements are produced by the same organs, in a similar manner; thus, *f* is a cognate of *v*; *k* of *g*, etc.

23. Alphabetic Equivalents are letters, or combinations of letters, that represent the same elements, or sounds; thus, *i* is an equivalent of *e*, in p*i*que.

II.

ORAL ELEMENTS.

IN sounding the tonics, the organs should be fully opened, and the stream of sound from the throat should be thrown, as much as possible, dĭrĕctly upward

[1] **Consonant.**—The term *consonant*, literally meaning *sounding with*, is applied to these letters and combinations because they are rarely used in words without having a vowel connected with them in the same syllable, although their *oral elements* may be uttered separately.

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against the roof of the mouth. These elements should open with an *abrupt* and *explosive* force, and then diminish gradually and equably to the end.

In producing the subtonic and atonic elements, it is important to press the organs upon each other with great firmness and tension; to throw the breath upon them with force; and to prolong the sound sufficiently to give it a full impression on the ear.

The instructor will first require the students to pronounce a catch-word once, and then produce the oral element represented by the marked vowel, or *Italic* consonant, four times—thus; āge—ā, ā, ā, ā; āte—ā, ā, ā, ā; ăt—ă, ă, ă, ă; ăsh—ă, ă, ă, ă, etc. He will exercise the class until each student can utter *consecutively* all the elementary sounds as arranged in the following

TABLE OF ORAL ELEMENTS.

I. TONICS.

1.	ā,[1]	as in	āge,	āte.	*8.*	ĕ,	as in ĕlk, ĕnd.
2.	ă,	"	ăt,	ăsh.	*9.*	ē,[4]	" hēr, vērse.
3.	ä,	"	ärt,	ärm.	*10.*	ī,	" īçe, ċhīld.
4.	ạ,	"	ạll,	bạll.	*11.*	ĭ,	" ĭnk, ĭnċh.
5.	â,[2]	"	bâre,	ĉâre.	*12.*	ō,	" ōld, hōme.
6.	å,[3]	"	åsk,	glåss.	*13.*	ŏ,[5]	" ŏn, frŏst.
7.	ē,	"	hē,	thēse.	*14.*	o̤,	" do̤, prove.

and without the aid of a vowel. Indeed, they frequently form syllables by themselves, as in *feeble* (*bl*), *takn* (*kn*).

[1] **Long and Short Vowels.**—The attention of the class should be called to the fact that the first element, or sound, represented by each of the vowels, is usually indicated by a horizontal line placed over the letter, and the second sound by a curved line.

[2] **A Fifth.**—The *fifth* element, or sound, represented by â, is its *first* or *Alphabetic* sound, modified or softened by *r*. In its production, the lips, placed nearly together, are held immovable while the student tries to say ā.

[3] **A Sixth.**—The *sixth* element represented by å, is a sound intermediate between *a*, as heard in *at*, *ash*, and *a*, as in *arm*, *art*. It is produced by prolonging and slightly softening ă.

[4] **E Third.**—The *third* element represented by ē, is *e* as heard in *end*, prolonged, and modified or softened by *r*.

[5] **O modified.**—The modified oral element of *o*, in this work, is represented by ŏ, the same mark as its regular second power. This modi-

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15. ū,[4] as in ēūbe, ēūre.
16. ŭ, " bŭd, hŭsh.
17. u̇, as in fu̇ll, pu̇sh.
18. ou, " our, house.

II. SUBTONICS.

1. *b*, as in *b*a*b*e, or*b*.
2. *d*, " *d*i*d*, *d*im.
3. g̃, " g̃ag̃, g̃ig̃.
4. *j*, " *j*oin, *j*oint.
5. *l*, " *l*ake, *l*ane.
6. *m*, " *m*ild, *m*ind.
7. *n*, " *n*ame, *n*i*n*e.
8. ng, " gang, sang.
9. *r*,[2] as in *r*ake, ba*r*.
10. th, " this, with.
11. *v*, " *v*ine, *v*içe.
12. *w*, " *w*ake, *w*iṣe.
13. *y*, " *y*ard, *y*es.
14. *z*, " *z*est, ga*z*e.
15. *zh*, " a*z*ure, gla*z*ier.

III. ATONICS.

1. *f*, as in *f*ame, *f*i*f*e.
2. *h*, " *h*ark, *h*arm.
3. *k*, " *k*ind, *k*iss.
4. *p*, " *p*i*p*e, *p*um*p*.
5. *s*, " *s*ame, *s*en*s*e.
6. *t*, as in *t*art, *t*oas*t*.
7. th, " thank, youth.
8. ch, " chase, march.
9. sh, " shade, shake.
10. wh,[3] " whale, white.

III.

COGNATES.

FIRST require the student to pronounce distinctly the word containing the atonic element, then the subtonic cognate, uttering the element after each word—

---

fied or medium element may be produced by uttering the sound of *o* in n*o*t, slightly softened, with twice its usual volume, or prolongation. It is usually given when short *o* is immediately followed by *ff*, *ft*, *ss*, *st*, or *th*, as in *ŏff*, s*ŏft*, cr*ŏss*, c*ŏst*, br*ŏth*; also in a number of words where short *o* is directly followed by *n*, or final *ng*, as in g*ŏ*ne, beg*ŏ*ne; l*ŏng*, pr*ŏng*, s*ŏng*, thr*ŏng*, wr*ŏng*. SMART says, To give the extreme short sound of *o* to such words is affectation; to give them the full sound of broad a [*a* in all], is *vulgar*.

[1] **U initial.**—*U*, at the beginning of words, when long, has the sound of *yu*, as in *ūse*.

[2] **R trilled.**—In *trilling r*, the tip of the tongue is made to vibrate against the rōōf of the mouth. Frequently require the student, after a full inhalation, to trill *r* continuously, as lŏng as possible.

[3] **Wh.**—To produce the oral element of wh, the student will blow from the center of the mouth—first compressing the lips, and then suddenly relaxing them while the air is escaping.

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thus: li*p*, *p*; or*b*, *b*, etc. The attention of the pupil should be called to the fact that cognates are produced by the same organs, in a similar manner, and ōnly differ in one being an undertone, and the other a whisper.

ATONICS.		SUBTONICS.	
li*p*,	*p*.	or*b*,	*b*.
*f*i*f*e,	*f*.	*v*ase,	*v*.
white,	wh.	*w*ise,	*w*.
*s*ave,	*s*.	*z*eal,	*z*.
*sh*ade,	sh.	a*zh*ure,	*zh*.
*ch*arm,	ch.	*j*oin,	*j*.
*t*ar*t*,	*t*.	*d*i*d*,	*d*.
*th*ing,	th.	*th*is,	th.
ki*nk*,	*k*.	gig,	g.

IV.

ALPHABETIC EQUIVALENTS.

THE instructor will require the students to read or recite the Table of Alphabetic Equivalents, using the following fôrmulȧ: The Alphabetic Equivalents of *A first power* are *ai*, *au*, *ay*, *e*, *ea*, *ee*, *ei*, *ey*; as in the words g*ai*n, g*au*ge, str*ay*, m*elee'*, gre*a*t, v*ei*n, th*ey*.

I. TONIC ELEMENTS.

For ā, *ai*, *au*, *ay*, *e*, *ea*, *ee*, *ei*, *ey*; as in gā*i*n, g*āu*ge, strā*y*, mẹlẹe', greāt, vẹin, thẹy.

For ă, *ai*, *ua*; as in plă*i*d, gu*ă*ranty.

For ä, *au*, *e*, *ea*, *ua*; as in hä*u*nt, s*e*rgeant, h*ea*rt, gu*ä*rd.

For ą, *au*, *aw*, *eo*, *o*, *oa*, *ou*; as in fą*u*lt, hą*w*k, G*eo*rge, côrk, broą*d*, bôu*gh*t.

For â, *ai*, *e*, *ea*, *ei*; as in ch*â*ir, th*ê*re, swe*â*r, h*ei*r.

For ē, *ea*, *ee*, *ei*, *eo*, *ey*, *i*, *ie*; as in r*ea*d, d*ee*p, c*ei*l, p*eo*ple, k*ey*, valïse, f*iē*ld.

For ĕ, *a*, *ai*, *ay*, *ea*, *ei*, *eo*, *ie*, *u*, *ue*; as in *a*ny, s*ai*d, s*ay*s, h*ĕa*d, h*ĕi*fer, l*ĕo*pard, fr*iĕ*nd, b*u*ry, g*uĕ*ss.

For ē, *ea*, *i*, *o*, *ou*, *u*, *ue*, *y*; as in *ē*arth, gīrl, w*o*rd, sco*û*rge, bûrn, g*uē*rdon, m*y*rrh.

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For ī, *ai*, *ei*, *eye*, *ie*, *oi*, *ui*, *uy*, *y*, *ye;* as in *a*īsle, sle*i*ght, e*y*e, d*ie*, cho*i*r, g*ui*de, b*uy*, m*y*, r*y*e.

For ĭ, *ai*, *e*, *ee*, *ie*, *o*, *oi*, *u*, *ui*, *y;* as in capt*a*ĭn, pr*e*tty, b*ee*n, s*i*eve, women, tort*oi*se, b*u*sy, b*ui*ld, h*y*mn.

For ō, *au*, *eau*, *eo*, *ew*, *oa*, *oe*, *oo*, *ou*, *ow;* as in h*au*t-boy, b*eau*, y*eo*man, s*ew*, c*oa*l, f*oe*, d*oo*r, s*ou*l, bl*ow*.

For ŏ, *a*, *ou*, *ow;* as in wh*a*t, h*ŏu*gh, kn*ŏw*ledge.

For o͝o, *ew*, *oe*, *oo*, *ou*, *u*, *ui;* as in gr*ew*, sh*oe*, sp*oo*n, s*ou*p, r*u*de, fr*ui*t.

For o͞o, *eau*, *eu*, *ew*, *ieu*, *iew*, *ue*, *ui;* as in be*au*ty, fe*u*d, n*ew*, ǎd*ieu*, v*iew*, h*ue*, j*ui*ce.

For o͝o, *o*, *oe*, *oo*, *ou;* as in l*o*ve, d*oe*s, bl*oo*d, y*ou*ng.

For o͝o, *o*, *oo*, *ou;* as in w*o*lf, b*oo*k, c*ou*ld.

For ou, *ow;* as in n*ow*.

For oi (o͝oĭ), *oy;* as in b*oy*.

II. SUBTONIC AND ATONIC ELEMENTS.

For f, *gh*, *ph;* as in cou*gh*, nym*ph*.

For j, ġ; as in ġem, ġin.

For k, *c*, *ch*, *gh*, *q;* as in *c*ole, *c*on*ch*, lou*gh*, eti*q*uette.

For s, ç; as in çell, çity.

For t, *d*, *th*, *phth;* as in danced, *Th*ames, *phth*i*s*ic.

For v, *f*, *ph;* as in o*f*, Ste*ph*en.

For y, *i;* as in pin*i*on.

For z, *c*, s̱, *x;* as in suffice, ros̱e, *x*ebec.

For zh, *g*, *s;* as in rou*g*e, o*s*ier.

For ng, n̲; as in a*n*ger, ba*n*k.

For ch, *t;* as in fus*t*ian.

For sh, *c*, *çh*, *s*, *ss*, *t;* as in o*c*ean, *çh*ais̱e, *s*u͟re, a*ss*u͟re, mar*t*ial.

V.

ORAL ELEMENTS COMBINED.

AFTER the instructor has given a class thorough drill on the preceding tables as arranged, the following exercises will be found of great value, to improve the

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organs of speech and the voice, as well as to familiarize the student with different combinations of sound.

As the *fifth* element represented by *a*, and the *third* element of *e*, are always immediately followed by the oral element of *r* in words, the *r* is introduced in like manner in these exercises. Since the *sixth* sound of *a*, when not a syllable by itself, is always immediately followed by the oral element of *f*, *n*, or *s*, in words, these letters are here employed in the same manner.

I. TONICS AND SUBTONICS.

1. bā, bă, bä, bạ, bâr, bȧf; bē, bĕ, bēr;
ībˌ, ĭb; ōb, ŏb, o͝b; ūb, ŭb, u͝b; oub.
dā, dă, dä, dạ, dâr, dȧs; dē, dĕ, dēr;
īd, ĭd; ōd, ŏd, o͝d; ūd, ŭd, u͝d; oud.
gā, gă, gä, gạ, gâr, gȧn; gē, gĕ, gēr;
īg, ĭg; ōg, ŏg, o͝g; ūg, ŭg, u͝g; oug.

2. jȧs, jâr, jạ, jä, jă, jā; jēr, jĕ, jē;
ĭġ, īġ; o͝ġ, ŏġ, ōġ; u͝ġ, ŭġ, ūġ; ouġ.
lȧs, lâr, lạ, lä, lă, lā; lēr, lĕ, lē;
ĭl, īl; u͝l, ŏl, ōl; u͝l, ŭl, ūl; oul.
mȧs, mêr, mô, mä, mă, me͝; mēr, mĕ, mī;
ĭm, īm; o͝m, ŏm, ōm; o͝m, ȯm, ūm; oum.

3. ān, ạn, ăn, ârn, nȧn, än; ēn, ērn, ĕn;
nȳ, nў; no͝, nō, nŏ; nū, nu͝, nŭ; nou.
āng, ârn̲, äng, ȧf, ạng, āng; ĕng, ērn̲, ēng;
ĭng, īng; ŏng, ōng, o͝ng; u͝ng, ŭng, ūng; ou͟n.
rā, rä, râr, ră, rạ, rȧf; rē, rēr, rĕ;
rĭ, rī; rŏ, rō, ro͝; ru͝, rŭ, rū; rou.

4. ăth, ôth, âf, e͟th, ârth, äth; ĕth, ērth, ēth;
thī, thĭ; thŏ, thō, tho͝; thū, thu͝, thŭ; thou.
ve͝, vä, vâr, vă, vȧf, vạ; vēr, vē, vĕ;
īv, ĭv; o͝v, ōv, ŏv; ŭv, ūv, o͝v; ouv.
wā, wä, wâr, wă, wạ, wȧf; wīr, wĕ, wē;
wĭ, wī; wō, wŏ, wo͝; wū, wu͝, wŭ; wou.

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5. yā, yă, yä, yạ, yâr, yȧn; yē, yĕ, yēr;
yī, yĭ; yō, yŏ, yọ; yū, yŭ, yụ; you.
zou; zo͝o, zŭ, zū; zo͝o, zŏ, zō; zĭ, zī;
zēr, zĕ; zē; zȧf, zêr, zạ, zä, ză, zā.
ouzh; ụzh, ŭzh, ūzh; ọzh, ŏzh, ōzh; ĭzh, īzh;
ērzh, ĕzh, ēzh; ȧf, ârzh, ạzh, äzh, ăzh, āzh.

II. TONIC AND ATONIC COMBINATIONS.

1. fā, fă, fä, fạ, fâr, fȧs; fē, fĕ, fēr;
īf, ĭf; ōf, ŏf, ọf; ūf, ŭf, ụf; ouf.
hêr, hȧn, hạ, hä, hā, hă; hĕ, hē, hēr;
hĭ, hī; hō, hŏ, hụ; hū, hụ, hŭ; hou.
āk, ăk, ạk, äk, ârk, ȧf; ĕk, ēk, ērk;
kĭ, kī; kō, kŏ, kọ; kū, kụ, kŭ; kou.

2. ẹp, ăp, äp, ôp, êrp, pȧf; pĕ, pï, pēr;
pĭ, pī; ōp, o͝op, ạp; pū, pŭ, po͝o; oup.
ȧf, êrs, ôs, äs, ăs, ẹs; sīr, sĕ, sï;
ĭs, īs; ụs, ạs, ōs; sọ, sŭ, sū; ous.
tȧs, târ, tạ, ät, ăt, āt; tēr, ĕt, ēt;
tў, tȳ; tŏ, to͝o, tō; ūt, ụt, ŭt; tou.

3. thȧf, thâr, tha, thä, thā, thă; thēr, thē, thĕ;
ĭth, ĭth; ōth, ọth, ŏth; ūth, ŭth, ụth; outh.
ouch; ụch, ūch, ŭch; ŏch, ọch, ōch; ĭch, īch;
ērch, ēch, ēch; chȧf, chā, chä, châr, cha, chă.
oush; ụsh, ŭsh, ūsh; ōsh, ọsh, ŏsh; ĭsh, īsh;
shēr, shē, shĕ; shȧn, shâr, shā, sha, shă, shä.
whou; whŭ, whụ, whū; whō, who, whŏ; whī, whĭ;
whēr, whĕ, whē; whȧs, whâr, whä, whă, whā, wha.

VI.

ERRORS IN ARTICULATION.

ERRORS *in Articulation* arise, *first*, from the omission of one or more elements in a word; as,

an' for an*d*.
frien's " frien*d*s.
blĭn'ness for blin*d* ness.
fa*e*'s " fa*ets*.

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sŏf'ly	for	sŏf*t* ly.	bois trous	for	bois tĕr ous.
fiēl's	"	fiēl*d*s.	*ch*ick'n	"	*ch*ick ĕn.
wīl's	"	wīl*d*s.	his t'ry	"	his tō ry.
stô'm,	"	stô*r*m.	nov'l	"	nov ĕl.
wạ'm	"	wạ*r*m.	trav'l	"	trav ĕl.

Secondly, from uttering one or more elements that should not be sounded; as,

ēv ĕn	for	ēv'n.	rav ĕl	for	rav'l.
heav ĕn	"	heav'n.	sev ĕn	"	sev'n.
tāk ĕn	"	tāk'n.	sŏf tĕn	"	sŏf'n.
sick ĕn	"	sick'n.	shāk ĕn	"	shāk'n.
driv ĕl	"	driv'l.	shȯv ĕl	"	shȯv'l.
grov ĕl	"	grov'l.	shrĭv ĕl	"	shrĭv'l.

Thirdly, from substituting one element for another; as,

sĕt	for	sĭt.	cạrse	for	cōurse.
sĕnce	"	sĭnce.	re pạrt	"	re pōrt.
shĕt	"	shŭt.	trŏf fy	"	trō phy.
for gĭt	"	for gĕt	pā rent	"	pâr ent.
cărе	"	câre.	bŭn net	"	bŏn net.
dănce	"	dȧnce.	chil dr*u*n	"	chil drĕn.
păst	"	pȧst.	sŭl ler	"	cĕl lar.
ăsk	"	ȧsk.	mel lĕr	"	mel lō*w*.
grăss	"	grȧss.	pil lĕr	"	pil lō*w*.
*s*rill	"	*sh*rill.	mo m*u*nt	"	mo mĕnt.
*w*irl	"	*wh*irl.	harm l*i*ss	"	harm lĕss.
a gān	"	a gain (ă gĕn).	kind n*i*ss	"	kind nĕss.
a gānst	"	against (ă gĕnst).	*w*is per	"	*wh*is per.
hērth	"	hearth (hărth).	sing i*n*	"	sing ing.

VII.

ANALYSIS OF WORDS.

IN order to secure a practical knowledge of the preceding definitions and tables, to learn to spell spoken words by their oral elements, and to understand the

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uses of letters in written words, the instructor will require the student to master the following exhaustive, though simple analysis.

ANALYSIS.—1st. The word SALVE, *in pronunciation*, is formed by the union of three oral elements; s ä v—salve. [Here let the student utter the three oral elements separately, and then pronounce the word.] The *first* is a modified breathing; hence, it is an atonic. The *second* is a pure tone; hence, it is a tonic. The *third* is a modified tone; hence, it is a subtonic.

2d. The word SALVE, *in writing*, is represented by the letters; s a l v e—salve. *S* represents an atonic; hence, it is a consonant. Its oral element is chiefly formed by the teeth; hence, it is a dental. Its oral element is produced by the same organs and in a similar manner as the first oral element of *z;* hence, it is a cognate of *z*. *A* represents a tonic; hence, it is a vowel. *L* is silent. *V* represents a subtonic; hence, it is a consonant. Its oral element is chiefly formed by the lower lip and the upper teeth; hence, it is a labio-dental. Its oral element is formed by the same organs and in a similar manner as that of *f;* hence, it is a cognate of *f*. *E* is silent.

ANALYSIS.—1st. The word SHOE, *in pronunciation*, is formed by the union of two oral elements; s̈h o̤—s̈hoe. The *first* is a modified breathing; hence, it is an atonic. The *second* is a pure tone; hence, it is a tonic.

2d. The word SHOE, *in writing*, is represented by the letters, s̈h o e—s̈hoe. The combination s̈h represents an atonic; hence, it is a consonant. Its oral element is chiefly formed by the teeth; hence it is a dental. Its oral element is produced by the same organs and in a similar manner as the second oral element represented by *z;* hence, it is a cognate of *z*. The combination *oe* is formed by the union of two vowels, one of which is silent; hence, it is an improper diphthong. It represents the oral element usually represented by o̤; hence, it is an alphabetic equivalent of o̤.

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VIII.

RULES IN ARTICULATION.

A AS *the Name of a Letter,* or when used as an *emphatic* word, should be pronounced ā (ā in *āge*); as,

I said *three* boys knew the letter ā, not *ā* boy knew it.

2. *The Word A,* when not emphatic, is marked *short* (ă),[1] though in *quality* it should be pronounced nearly like *a* as heard in ăsk, grăss; as,

Give ă baby sister ă smile, ă kind word, and ă kiss.

3. *The,* when not emphatic nor immediately followed by a word that commences with a vowel sound, should be pronounced thŭ; as,

The (thŭ) peach, the (thŭ) plum, thē apple, and the (thŭ) cherry are yo̤urs. Did he ask for *ā* pen, or for *thē* pen?

4. *U Preceded by R.*—When *u* long (*u* in tūbe), or its alphabetic equivalent *ew*, is preceded by *r*, or the sound of sh, in the same syllable, it has always the sound of *o* in do̤; as,

Are yo̤u sṳre that shrewd yo̤uth wa̤s rṳde?

5. *R may be Trilled* when immediately followed by a vowel sound in the same syllable. When thus situated in *emphatic* words, it should always be trilled; as,

He is both *brave* and *true.* She said *scratching,* not *scrawling.*

Pupils will read the sentences several times, analyze the words, and tell what rṳles the exercises illustrate.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

1. Thŭ bōld băd ba̤ĭz brōk bōlts ănd bärz.
2. Thŭ rōgz rŭsht round thŭ rŭf rĕd rŏks.
3. Hī ŏn ă hĭl Hū hērd ha̤rsĕz ha̤rnĭ ho̤fs.
4. Sho̤r a̤l hēr päthz är päthz ŏv pēs.
5. Bä! thät'z nŏt *sĭks* dŏllärz, bŭt *ā* dŏllär.
6. Chärj thē ōld măn to̤ cho̤z ă cha̤ĭs chēz.

[1] **A Initial.**—*A* in many words, as an initial unaccented syllable, is also marked short (ă), its quantity or volume of sound being less than that of a *sixth power* (à), as in ălàs, ămàss, ăbàft.

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7. Līt sēking līt, hăth līt ŏv līt bēgīld.

8. Thōz yo̤ths with tro̤ths yūz ōthz.

9. Arm ĭt with răgz, ă pĭgmĭ stra̤ wĭl pērs ĭt.

10. Nou sĕt thŭ tēth ănd strĕch thŭ nŏstrĭl wĭd.

11. Hē wŏcht ănd wĕpt, hē fĕlt ănd prād fa̤r a̤ll.

12. Hĭz ĭz ămĭdst thŭ mĭsts, mĕzhērd ăn ăzhēr skĭ.

13. Thŭ whālz whēld ănd whērld, and bârd thâr bra̤d, broun băks.

14. Jāsn Jōnz sĕd, Lūnă, ălăs, ămăs, vĭllă.

15. Thŭ strĭf sēsĕth, pēs ăpprōchĕth, and thŭ gṳd măn rējo̤ĭsĕth.

16. Our shro̤d änts yūzd shrŭgz, ănd shärp, shrĭl shrēks.

17. Amĭdst thŭ mĭsts ănd kōldĕst frŏsts, with bârĕst rĭsts ănd stoutĕst bōsts, hē thrŭsts hĭz fĭsts ăgĕnst thŭ pōsts, ănd stĭl ĭnsĭsts hē sēz thŭ gōsts.

18. A sta̤rm ărīzĕth ŏn thŭ sē. A mŏdĕl vĕssĕl ĭz strŭgglĭng ămĭdst thŭ wa̤r ŏv ĕlĕmĕnts, kwĭvĕring ănd shĭvĕrĭng, shrĭngkĭng ănd băttlĭng līk ă thĭngkĭng bēĭng.

II. SYLLABICATION.

A SYLLABLE is a word, or part of a word, uttered by a single impulse of the voice.

2. *A Monosyllable* is a word of *one* syllable; as, *it.*

3. *A Dissyllable* is a word of *two* syllables; as, *lĭl-ў.*

4. *A Trisyllable* is a word of *three* syllables; as, *con-fine-ment.*

5. *A Polysyllable* is a word of *four* or *more* syllables; as, *in-no-cen-cy, un-in-tel-li-gi-bil-i-ty.*

Let pupils tell the number of syllables in words that are not monosyllables, in the following

EXERCISES IN SYLLABICATION.

1. When you rise in the morning, form the resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow-creature. It is easily done.

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2. A kind word, an encoŭraging expression—trifles in themselves light as âir—may make some heart glad for at least twenty-four hours.

3. A life of idleness is not a life of pleasure. Only activity and usefulness afford happiness. The most miserable are those who have nŏthing to do.

4. Would you be free from uneasiness of mind, do nŏthing that you know or think to be wrong. Would you enjoy the pūrest plĕasure, do always and everywhere what you see to be unquestionably right.

5. If the spring pụt forth no blossom, in summer there will be no beauty, and in autumn no frụit: so, if yọuth be trifled away without improvement, manhood will probably be contemptible, and old age miserable.

III. ACCENT.

ACCENT is the peculiar fōrce given to one or mōre syllables of a word.

2. *In many Trisyllables and Polysyllables,* of two syllables accented, one is uttered with greater force than the other. The mōre fōrcible accent is called *primary,* and the less forcible, *secondary;* as *hab*-i-TA-tion.

Accent { Primary / Secondary }

3. *The Mark of Acute Accent, heavy,* [′] is ŏften uṣed to indicate *primary* accent; *light,* [ˈ] *secondary* accent; as,

Hostilˈity brought vicˈtory, not igˈnominˈious defeat′.

4. *The Mark of Grave Accent,* [‵] is here used to indicate, *first,* that the vowel over which it is placed forms a separate syllable; and, *secondly,* that the vowel is not an alphabetic equivalent, but represents one of its usual oral elements; as,

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An agèd and learnèd man caught that wingèd thing for his belovèd pupils. Her goodnèss [not good*niss*] moved the roughèst [not rough*ist*].

Pupils will give the ŏffice of each *mark* in these

EXERCISES IN ACCENT.

1. No'tice the marks of ae'çent, and al'ways accent' cŏrrĕct'ly the words *in'teresting, cir'cumstances, dif'ficulty.*

2. That blèssèd and belóvèd child loves évèry wíngèd thing.

3. He that is slow to ánger is bétter than the míghty; and he that rúlèth his spírit than he that tákèth a city.

4. A spírit of kíndnèss is beaútiful in the ágèd, lóvely in the young, in'dispen'sable to the háppinèss of a fámily.

5. Thou knówèst my dówn-sitting and mine uprísing; thou un'derstándèst my thought afár off.

6. Thou cómpassést my päth and my ly'ing down, and art acquáintèd with all my ways.

EXPRESSION.

EXPRESSION *of Speech* is the utterance of thought, feeling, or passion, with due significance or fōrce. Its most important divisions are EMPHASIS, INFLECTION, SLUR, and PAUSES.

Expression { *Emphasis* / *Inflection* / *Slur* / *Pauses*

EXPRESSION has to do with words in sentences and extended discourse. It enables the hearer to see, feel, and understand.

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I. EMPHASIS.

I.

DEFINITIONS.

EMPHASIS is the peculiar fōrce given to one or mōre words of a sentence.

2. *To give a Word Emphasis,* means to pronounce it in a loud[1] or *forcible* manner. No uncommon tone is necessary, as words may be made emphatic by prolonging the vowel sounds, by a pause, or even by a whisper.

3. *Emphatic Words* are often printed in *Italics;* those more emphatic, in small CAPITALS; and those that receive the greatest force, in large CAPITALS.

II.

RULES IN EMPHASIS.

WORDS *and Phrases peculiarly significant,* or important in meaning, are emphatic; as,

Whence and *what* art thou, execrable shape?

2. *Words and Phrases that contrast,* or point out a difference, are emphatic; as,

I did not say a *better* soldier, but an *elder.*

Pupils will tell which of the two preceding rules is illustrated by each of the following

EXERCISES IN EMPHASIS.

1. *He* may bite; but *I* shall not.
2. Speak *little* and *well,* if you wish to be thought wise.
3. You were taught to *love* your brother, not to *hate* him.
4. I shall sing the praises of *October,* as the *loveliest* of mŏnths.
5. It is not so easy to hide one's faults, as to mend them.
6. Study not so much to show knowledge, as to possess it.

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[1] **Loudness.**—The instructor will explain to the class the fact, that *loudness* has not, of necessity, reference to *high pitch,* but to *volume* of voice, *used on the same key or pitch,* when reading or speaking.

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7. The GOOD man is *honored,* but the EVIL man is *despised.*

8. Custom is the plague of wise men and the idol of fools.

9. He that trusts *you,* where he should find you *lions* finds you HARES; where *foxes,* GEESE.

10. My friends, our *country must* be FREE! The land is never *lost,* that has a *son* to *right* her, and here are *troops* of sons, and LOYAL ones!

11. Little Nell was *dead.* No *sleep* so *beautiful* and *calm,* so *free* from mark of *pain,* so *fair* to look upon.

12. "When I *die,* put *near* me something that has *loved* the LIGHT, and had the SKY *above it always.*" Those were her words.

II. INFLECTION.

I.

DEFINITIONS.

INFLECTION is the bend or slide of the voice, used in reading and speaking.

Inflection, or the *slide,* is properly a part of *emphasis.* It is the greater rise or fall of the voice that occûrs on the *accented* or heavy syllable of an *emphatic* word.

2. There are Three Inflections or slides of the voice: the RISING INFLECTION, the FALLING INFLECTION, and the CIRCUMFLEX.

Inflection { *Rising* / *Falling* / *Circumflex*

3. The Rising Inflection is the upward bend or slide of the voice; as,

Do you love your home?

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4. The Falling Inflection is the downward bend or slide of the voice; as,

When are you going home?

5. The Circumflex is the union of the inflections on the same syllable or word, either commencing with the *rising* and ending with the *falling*, or commencing with the *falling* and ending with the *rising*, thus producing a slight wave of the voice.

6. The Acute Accent ['] *is used* to mark the *rising* inflection; the grave accent [`] the *falling* inflection; as,

Will you réad, or spèll?

7. The Falling Circumflex, which commences with a rising and ends with a falling slide, is marked thus ⌢; the *rising* circumflex, which commences with a falling and ends with a rising slide, is marked thus ⌣, which the pupil will see is the same mark inverted; as,

You must take me for a fo͡ol, to thi͡nk I could do th͡at.

II.

RULES IN INFLECTION.

THE *Falling Inflection is employed* for all ideäs that are leading, complete, or known, or whenever something is affirmed or commanded *positively;* as,

He will shed tèars, on his return. Spèak, I charge you!

2. The Rising Inflection is employed for all ideäs that are conditional, incidental, or incomplete, or for those that are doubtful, uncertain, or negative; as,

Though he sláy me, I shall love him. On its retúrn, they will shed tèars, not of ágony and distréss, but of gràtitude and jòy.

3. Questions for Information, or those that can be answered by *yes* or *no*, require the *rising* inflection; but their answers, when positive, the *falling;* as,

Do you love Máry? Yès; I dò.

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4. Declarative Questions, or those that can not be answered by *yes* or *no*, require the *falling* inflection; as,

What mèans this stìr in town? When are you going to Ròme?

5. When Words or Clauses contrast or compare, the first part usually has the *rising*, and the last the *falling* inflection; though, when one side of the contrast is *affirmed*, and the other *denied*, the latter has the *rising* inflection, in whatever order they occur; as,

I have seen the effects of *lóve* and *hàtred, jóy* and *grièf, hópe* and *despàir*. I come to *bùry* Cæsar, not to *práise* him.

6. The Circumflex is used when the thôughts are not sincere or earnest, but are employed in jest, double-meaning, or mockery. The *falling* circumflex is used in places that would otherwise require the *falling* inflection; the *rising* circumflex, in places that would otherwise require the *rising* inflection; as,

The beggar intends to r$\hat{i}$de, not to w$\check{a}$lk. Ah, she loves y$\hat{o}$u!

Students will be careful to employ the right slides in sentences that are unmarked, and tell what rule or rules are illustrated by each of the following

EXERCISES IN INFLECTION.

1. I want a *pèn*. It is not a *bóok* I want.
2. The war must go *òn*. We must fight it *thròugh*.
3. The *càuse* will raise up *àrmies;* the *càuse* will create *nàvies*.
4. We shall make this a glōrious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it.
5. Do you see that bright stár? Yès: it is splèndid.
6. Dŏes that beautiful lady deserve práise, or blâme?
7. Is a candle to be pụt under a búshel, or under a béd?
8. Hunting *mèn*, not *béasts*, shall be his game.
9. Do men găther grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles?
10. Thêre is a tìde in the affairs of mén, which, taken at the flóod, leads on to fòrtune.
11. Sínk or swìm, líve or dìe, survíve or pèrish, I give my hand and hèart to this vote.

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12. If Cau̇dle says so, then a͡ll must believe it, of cou̇rse.

13. Is thís a time to be glóomy and sád
When our mother Náture láughs around;
When even the deep blue héavens look glád,
And gládness breathes from the blóssoming ground?

14. Ah, it was Ma͡ud that gave it! I never thought, under any cĭrcumstances, it could be yo͡u!

III. SLUR.

SLUR is that smooth, gliding, subdued movement of the voice, by which those parts of a sentence of less comparative importance are rendered less impressive to the ear, and emphatic words and phrases set in strŏnger relief.

2. Slur must be Employed in cases of *parenthesis, contrast, repetition* or *explanation,* where the phrase or sentence is of small comparative importance; and ŏf*t*en when *qualification* of *time, place,* or *manner* is made.

3. The Parts which are to be Slurred in a pōrtion of the exercises are printed in *Italic* letters. Students will first read the parts of the sentence that appear in Roman, and then the whōle sentence, pȧssing lightly and quickly over what was first omitted. They will also read the *unmarked* examples in like manner.

EXERCISES IN SLUR.

1. I am sure, *if you provide for your young brothers and sisters,* that Gŏd will bless you.

2. The general, with his head drōōping, and his hands leaning on his horse's neck, moved feebly out of the battle.

3. Children are wading, *with cheerful cries,*
In the shoals of the sparkling brōōk;
Läughing maidens, *with soft young eyes,*
Walk or sit in the shady nōōk.

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4. The sick man *from his chamber* looks at the twisted brooks; and, *feeling the cool breath of each little pool,* breathes a blessing on the summer rain.

5. The cālm shade shall bring a kindred cālm, and the sweet breeze, that makes the green leaves dance, shall wăft a bălm to thy sick heart.

6. Young eyes, that last year smiled in ours,
Now point the rifle's barrel;
And hands, then stained with fruits and flowers,
Bĕar redder stains of quarrel.

7. If there's a Power above us—*and that there is, all Nature cries aloud through all her works*—He must delight in virtue; and that which He delights in must be happy.

8. The village church, among the trees,
Where first our marriage vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
And point with taper spire to heaven.

IV. PAUSES.

I.

DEFINITIONS.

PAUSES are suspensions of the voice in reading and speaking, used to mark expectation and uncertainty, and to give effect to expression.

2. The Pause is marked thus ❡ in the following illustrations and exercises.

II.

RULES FOR PAUSES.

THE *Subject of a Sentence,* or that of which something is declared, when either *emphatic* or *compound,* requires a pause after it; as,

The *cause* ❡ will raise up armies. *Sincerity* and *truth* ❡ form the basis of every virtue.

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2. Two Nouns in the same Case, without a connecting word, require a pause between them; as,

I admire *Webster* ↰ the ŏrator.

3. Adjectives that follow the words they qualify or limit require pauses immediately before them; as,

He had a mind ↰ deep ↰ active ↰ well stōred with knowledge.

4. But, hence, and other words that mark a sudden change, when they stand at the beginning of a sentence, require a pause after them; as,

But ↰ these joys are his. Hence ↰ Solomon calls the fear of the Lord ↰ the beginning of wisdom.

5. In Cases of Ellipsis, a pause is required where one or more words are omitted; as,

He thanked Mary many times ↰ Kate but once. Call this man friend ↰ that ↰ brother.

6. A Slurred Passage requires a pause immediately before and immediately after it; as,

The plumage of the mŏcking-bird ↰ though none of the hōmeliest ↰ has nothing bright or showy in it.

Pupils will tell which of the rules are illustrated by the following

EXERCISES IN PAUSES.

1. All promise ↰ is pōor dilatory man.
2. Procrastination is the thief of time.
3. Weeping ↰ may endure for a night ↰ ↰ but joy ↰ cometh in the morning.
4. Paul ↰ the Apostle ↰ wrote to Timothy.
5. Solomon, the son of David, was king of Israël.
6. He was a friend ↰ gentle ↰ generous ↰ good-humored ↰ affectionate.
7. You see a gentleman, polished, easy, quiet, witty, and, socially, your equal.
8. The night wind with a desolate moan swept by.
9. But ↰ I shall say no more ↰ pity and charity being dead ↰ to a heart of stone.
10. Husbands and fathers ↰ think of their wives and children.

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III.

MARKS OF PUNCTUATION.

SUCH *Points or Marks* are here introduced as are necessary, in written or printed language, to make plain the meaning of the writer, or to mark a portion of the pauses used in good reading. The teacher will employ this for a reading lesson, and not for a task, making all necessary additional explanations.

1. The Comma [,] marks the smallest division of a sentence, and represents the shortest pause; as,

The butterfly, child of the summer, flutters in the sun.

2. The Semicolon [;] separates such parts of a sentence as are less closely connected than those divided by a comma, and usually represents a longer pause; as,

The noblest men and women have been children once; lisping the speech, laughing the laugh, thinking the thought, of childhood.

3. The Colon [:] separates parts of a sentence less closely connected than those divided by a semicolon, and usually represents a longer pause; as,

He who receives a good turn should never forget it: he who does one should never remember it.

4. The Period [.] is placed at the close of a sentence which declares something, and usually represents a full stop. It must be used after an abbreviated word; as,

If you will, you can rise. Send the clothing and the money to Geo. W. Stevenson, Esq.

5. The Interrogation Point [?] shows that a question is asked; as,

You say you will do better to-morrow; but are you sure of to-morrow? Have you one hour in your hand?

6. The Exclamation Point [!] is placed after words that express surprise, astonishment, admiration, and other strong feelings; as,

Alas my noble boy! that thou shouldst die!

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7. The Dash [—] is used when a sentence breaks ŏff abruptly; when there is an unexpected tûrn in sentiment; and for a lŏng or significant pause; as,

Was thêre ever a braver soldier? Was there ever—but I scorn to bōast. There are two kinds of evils—those which can not be cured, and those which can.

8. Marks of Parenthesis ( ) are used to inclose words that interrupt the prŏgress of the sentence in which they appear, and that can be omitted without injury to its sense. They should be *slurred* in reading; as,

Whether playing ball or riding on horseback (*for he rides often*), the boy knows both how to start and when to stop.

9. Brackets [ ] are chiefly used to inclose words that serve to explain one or more words of a sentence, or to point out a reference; as,

Washington [the Father of his Country] made this remark. You will find an account of the creation in the Bible. [See Genesis, chap. i.]

10. Marks of Quotation [" "] are used to show that the reäl or supposed words of ănŏther are given. A quotation written within a quotation requires ōnly single marks; as,

"If this poor man," said my father, "thus earnestly says, 'I thank Gŏd that He is good to me,' how can we express our thanks for his many mercies!"

11. The Index, or Hand [☞], points out a pàssage for special attention; as,

☞ All orders will be prŏmptly and cârefully attended to.

12. The Apostrophe ['], looking like a comma placed above the line, denotes the omission of one or mōre letters. It is also used befōre *s* in the singular number, and after *s* in the plural, to mark possession; as,

Do not àsk who'll go with you: go ahead. Uncle bought Cōrà's shoes, and the boys' hats.

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13. Marks of Ellipsis [—— .... ****] are formed by means of a lŏng dash, or of a succession of periods or stars of various lengths, and are used to indicate the omission of letters in a word, of words in a sentence, or of one or mōre sentences; as,

Friend C——s is in trouble. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy Gŏd with all thy heart, ... and thy neighbor as thyself." "Charity sufferèth lŏng, and is kind; **** beârèth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things."

14. The Hyphen [-] is placed after a syllable ending a line, to show that the remainder of the word begins the next line. It usually unites the words of which a compound is formed, when each of them retains its original accent; as,

We thank the all'-wise' Gŏd for the in'cense-brēath'ing morn.

15. Marks of Reference.—The Asterisk, or Star [*], the Obelisk, or Dagger [†], the Double Dagger [‡], the Section [§], Parallel Lines [‖], and the Paragraph [¶], are used, in the order named, when references are made to remarks or notes in the margin, at the bottom of the page, or some other part of the book. Letters and figures are ŏften used for marks of reference.

16. The Dicæresis [¨] is placed over the latter of two vowels to show that they form separate syllables; as,

His ideäs of the Creätor were formed in those aërial heights.

Pupils will be required to give the names and uses of all the *marks* in the following

EXERCISES IN PUNCTUATION.

1. The true lover of beauty sees it in the lowliëst flower, meets it in evèry päth, enjoys it everywhere.

2. Stones grow; vegetables grow and live; animals grow, live, and feel.

3. Do not insult a pōōr man: his misery entitles him to pity.

4. I take—eh! oh!—as much exercise—eh!—as I can, Madam Gout. You know my inactive state.

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5. "Honest boys," said I, "be so good as to tell me whether I am in the wāy to Richmond."

6. "A pure and gentle soul," said he, "ŏf*ten* feels that this world is full of beauty, full of innocent gladness."

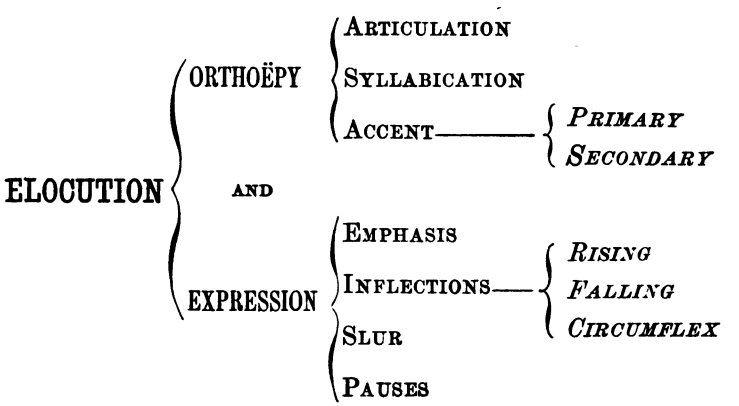
7. Has God provided for the pōōr a cōarser ĕarth, a rougher sea, thinner âir, a paler sky?

8. Angry children are like men standing on their heads: they see all things the wrŏng wāy. To rule one's anger is well: to prevent it is better.

9. You speak like a boy—like a boy who thinks the old, gnarlèd oak can be twisted as easily as the young sapling.

10. What do you sāy? What? I reālly do not understand you. Be so good as to explain yourself again. Upon my word, I do not.—Oh! now I know: you mean to tell me it is a cold day. Why did you not sāy at once, "It is cold to-day?"

GENERAL DIAGRAM.



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PART II.

SELECT READINGS.

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KEY TO LETTERS AND SOUNDS.

I. TONICS.

1. ā, or e̱; as, āle, veil: *2.* ă; as, făt: *3.* ä; as, ärm: *4.* ạ, or ô; as, ạll, côrn: *5.* â; or ê; as, câre, thêre: *6.* å; as, låst: *7.* ē, or ï; as, wē, pïque: *8.* ĕ; as, ĕnd: *9.* ẽ, ĩ, or û; as, hẽr, sĩr, bûr: *10.* ī, or ȳ; as, īce, skȳ: *11.* ĭ, or ў; as, ĭll, lўnx: *12.* ō; as, ōld: *13.* ŏ, or ọ; as, ŏn, whạt: *14.* o͝o, o͝o, or u͝; as, do͝, fo͝ol, ru͝le: *15.* ū; as, mūle: *16.* ŭ, or ȯ; as, ŭp, sȯn: *17.* u͝, o͝, or o͝o; as, bu͝ll, wo͝lf, wo͝ol: *18.* Ou, or ou; as, Out, out.

II. SUBTONICS.

1. b; as, babe: *2.* d; as, did: *3.* g̃; as, g̃ig̃: *4.* j, or ġ; as, jig, ġem: *5.* l; as, loll: *6.* m: as, mum: *7.* n; as, nun: *8.* n̰, or n̰g; as, lin̰k, sing: *9.* r; as, rare: *10.* Th, or t̃h; as, This, wit̃h: *11.* v; as, vat: *12.* w; as, wig: *13.* y; as, yet: *14.* z, or s̱; as, zinc, his̱: *15.* z, or zh; as, azure.

III. ATONICS.

1. f; as, fife: *2.* h; as, hot: *3.* k, or c̆; as, kin̰k, c̆at: *4.* p; as, pop: *5.* s, or ç; as, sense, çity: *6.* t; as, tart: *7.* Th, or ṯh; as, Thorn, piṯh: *8.* Ch, or c̀h; as, Charles, ric̀h: *9.* Sh, s̀h, or ç̀h; as, Sharon, as̀h, ç̀haise: *10.* Wh, or ẁh; as, White, ẁhip.—*Italics*, silent; as, of*t*en (ŏf'n): x̱ for gz; as, ex̱ ăc̆t'.

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READINGS.

SECTION I.

I.

1. THE FAIRY FLOWER.

PART FIRST.

ONCE thêre wạs ă[1] little gĭrl whose name was Clărà. She had a vĕry kind heart, but she was an ōnly child and had been pĕtted[2] so much that she was likely to become very selfish. Too late her mother laměntèd[3] that she had indulged hĕr so much, and strove to repâir the[4] mĭschĭef and to make Clara thiṇk of ôther people's hăppinèss, and not solely[5] of her ōwn.

2. On some days nȯthing[6] coụld be mōre charming than Clara's wāys. She was gentle and oblīging, and sang all day lŏng, and made ĕvèry one who came near her happy by her agreeable manners. Then everybody admired her, and her mother and äunt[7] wĕre sụre[8] that she was[9] cured of her pettish dispositions.

3. But the vĕry next day, all her charming ways were exchanged. She carried a mōōdy[10] face. She was no lŏṇger courteous,[11] and ĕvèry one who came near her felt the chill of her manner, as if an east wind were blowing with her breath.

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[1] **A** (ă), see Rụle 2, p. 24.

[2] **Pĕt'ted**, treated as a pet; indulged.

[3] **La mĕnt'ed**, felt deep regret or sŏrrōw; mōurned.

[4] **The** (thŭ), see Rụle 3, p. 24.

[5] **Sōle'ly**, alone; ōnly.

[6] **Nothing** (nŭth'ing), no thing.

[7] **Aunt** (änt).

[8] **Sure** (shọr), see Rụle 4, p. 24.

[9] **Was** (wŏz).

[10] **Mood'ў**, angry; peevish; sad.

[11] **Courteous** (kĕrt'e us), well-bred; polite; oblīging.

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4. One summer night, after such a miserable day, Clara went to her room. The moon was at its full, and poured through the window in such floods that she needed no other light.

5. Clara sat down by the window very unhappy. She thought over the day and wondered at herself, and tried to imagine[1] why it was that on some days she was so happy and on others so wretched. As she mused[2] she laid her head back on the easy-chair.

6. No sooner had she shut her eyes, than a strange thing happened. An old man, very feeble, came in, and in his basket, which he seemed hardly able to bear, was a handful of flowers, and two great stones.

7. He came to Clara and said, "My daughter, will you help me? for I am too old to carry this load; please make it lighter." Then Clara looked at him with pouting, and said, "Go away!"

8. Then he said, "I am poor and suffering. Will you not lighten my load?" Then Clara condescended[3] to take the flowers out of his basket. They were very beautiful, and she laid them in her lap.

9. The old man said, "My daughter, you have not lightened my basket: you have only taken the pleasant things out of it, and left the heavy, heavy stones. Oh, please lift one of them out of the basket!"

10. Then Clara was angry, and said, "No, get you gone—I will not touch those dirty stones."

11. No sooner had she said this than the old man began to change before her, and became so bright and white, that he looked like a column of crystal.[4] Then he took one of the stones and cast it out of the window; and down it went at great speed until it reached the eastern side of a grove, where the sun shone first every morning; and close by it ran a brook that laughed[5] and loitered[6] and sported all day and night, and played with every thing that would come to it.

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[1] **Im'ăg'ine**, form in the mind an idea or notion of; think.

[2] **Mused**, studied silently; thought deeply.

[3] **Con'de scend'ed**, descended or stooped; deigned.

[4] **Crys'tal**, a very clear and fine kind of glass; any thing that looks like crystal.

[5] **Laughed** (läft).

[6] **Loi'tered**, lingered or stopped idly for no cause; moved slowly.

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12. And then the crystal old man tŏŏk the flowers out of hĕr lap, and they wĕre wet with moisture, and he shŏŏk them over her head, and said, "Change to a flower! Go and stand by the stōne, till your shădōw shall be marked upon the rock."

II.

2. THE FAIRY FLOWER.

PART SECOND.

IN a second, Clărà wąs growing by the side of a wide, flat stone, and the moon cast the shadow of a beautiful flower, with lŏng and slender stem, upon the rock. She was vĕry wrĕtchèd, and the dew came and cŏmforted her, and in the morning she could not help lŏŏking at herself in the brŏŏk, that came close up to the stone, and she saw how beautiful she was.

2. All dāy her shadow fell on the rock, and when the sun went ăwāy the shadow went away too. All night she threw a pale shadow on the rock, and in the morning, when the moon went away, the shadow went away too.

3. And the rock lay still, all day and all night, and did not câre for the flower, nor feel its shadow. And she gazed long and wistfully; but what coųld a tender flower do with a hard rock?

4. And the flower ăsked the brook, "Can you help me?" And the brook lāughed out louder than it was laughing befōre, and said, "Ask the bĭrds."

5. And so she ăsked a bŏboliņk, and he came frisking to her, with a wonderful speech in Latin, Greek, and Sў'riäe, with some words from the great laṉguaġe that was befōre all other languages. And he alighted upon the flower, and tectered up and down, till she thought her back would break; but he could not teach her how to make her shadow stāy upon the rock.

6. Then she asked a spider; and he spun a web from her bright blossoms, and fâs*tened* it to the rock, and bent her over, and tied her up, till she feared she would never get loose. But all his nice films did her no good, and her shadow woųld not stay upon the rock.

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7. Then she ăsked the wind to help hĕr; and the wind blew ăwāy the spider's web, and blew so hard that the flower lāy its whōle length upon the rock; but when the wind left her and she rose up, thêre wąs no shădōw there. And she said, "What is beauty worth, if it grows by the side of a stōne that dŏeș not feel it, nor câre for it?"

8. Then she asked the dew to help her. And the dew said, "How can I help you? I live contentedly in darknèss. I pụt on my beaūty ōnly to please other things. I let the sun come thrọugh my drops, though I know it will consume[1] me."

9. The flower said, "I wish I wĕre dew. I woụld do some good. Now my beaūty dŏeș me no good, and I am wasting it ĕvèry dāy upon a rock." When the flower breathed this benevolent[2] wish, thêre were flutters and whispers all around, but the flower thought it wąș ōnly the brŏŏk.

10. The next day came that wāy a beautiful gĭrl. She was găthering ferns and mŏsses and flowers. Whenever she saw a tuft of moss, she said, "Please, dear moss, may I take yọu?" And when she saw a beautiful brânch with scarlet leaves, she said, "Dear bụsh, may I take these leaves?"

11. And then she saw a beautiful cŏl'umbīne growing by the edge of a rock, and she said, "O sweet Columbine! may I pluck you?" And the flower said, "Please, I must not go till my shadow is fâs*te*ned on the rock."

12. Then the young lady tŏŏk from her case a pencil, and in a mōmènt traced the shadow of the columbine upon the rock; and when she had dône, she reached her hand and took the stem lōw down and broke it ŏff. Then Clărà sprang up from her châir by the wĭndōw, and there stood her mother saying,

13. "My dear daughter, yọu shoụld not fall asleep by an ōpen window, not even in summer, my child. How damp you are! Come, hās*te*n to bed."

14. It was many days before Clara could persuade herself that she had ōnly dreamed. It was many mônths before she told the dream to her mother. And when she did, her mother said, "Ah, Clara, would that all girls might dream, if ōnly it made them as good as your dream has made you."

[1] **Cŏn sūme'**, waste away slowly; destroy.

[2] **Be nĕv'o lent**, having a wish to do good; kind.

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III.

3. FIVE PEAS IN THE SHELL.

PART FIRST.

FIVE peas sat in a pea-shell. They were green, and the shell was green; therefore,[1] they thought that the whole world must be green; in which opinion[2] they were about right. The shell grew,[3] and the peas grew too. They could accommodate[4] themselves very well to their narrow house, and sat very happily together, all five in a row.

2. The sun shone outside and warmed the shell. The rain made it so clear that you could see through it. It was very warm and pleasant in there—clear by day and dark by night, just as it should be. The five peas grew very fast,[5] and became more intelligent[6] the older they were.

3. "Shall I always be compelled[7] to sit here?" said one to the rest. "I really am afraid that I shall get hard from sitting constantly. I do believe strange things are going on outside of our shell as well as in here."

4. Weeks passed on, and the peas became yellow, and the shell grew yellow too. "All the world is yellow!" said they. And we can not blame them, under the cir'cumstances,[8] for the exclamation.[9]

5. One day their house was struck as if by lightning. They were torn off by somebody's hand, and were put[10] into a coat-pocket which was already nearly filled with peas. "Now there is going to be an end of us," they sighed to one another, and they began to prepare themselves for their change.

6. "But if we live, I should like to hear from the one who goes farthest," said the largest pea. "It will soon be over with us all," said the smallest pea. But the largest one replied, "Come what will, I am ready."

7. Knack! The shell burst, and all five rolled out into

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[1] **Therefore** (thĕr' fōr), for that or this reason.

[2] **O pin' ion** (-yun), view or belief.

[3] **Grew** (grọ), see Rule 4, p. 24.

[4] **Ac com' mo date**, suit; fit.

[5] **Fast** (fȧst), see Note 3, p. 16.

[6] **In tĕl' li gent**, knowing.

[7] **Com pĕlled'**, oblĭged; fōrced.

[8] **Circumstance** (sĕr' kŭm stans), one of the things that surround us in our path of life.

[9] **Ex' cla mā' tion**, remark of pain, anger, sûrprīse, &c.; outerȳ.

[10] **Put** (pụt).

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the bright sunshine. Soon they lay in a little boy's hand. He held them fast, and said they would be excellent for his little gun. Almost immediately they were rolling down the barrel of his shot-gun. Out again they went into the wide world.

8. "Now I am flying out into the world. Catch me if you can." So said one, and he was very soon out of sight.

9. The second said, "I am going to fly up to the sun. That is a charming shell, and would be just about large enough for me," and off he flew.

10. "Wherever we go we are going to bed," said two others; and they hit the roof[1] of a great stone house, and rolled down on the ground.

11. "I am going to make the best of my lot," said the last one; and it went high up, but came down against the balcony[2] window of an old house, and caught there in a little tuft of moss. The moss closed up, and there lay the pea.

12. Everybody seemed to forget that little pea. But not so: God remembered it well. "I shall make the best of my lot," it said, as it lay there.

13. A poor woman[3] lived in a room back of the balcony window. She spent the whole day in making little toys of wood and shells, which was her way of getting a little money. She had a good strong body, but nevertheless she was a very poor widow, and the prospect was that she would always be one.

14. In that little room lived her half-grown, delicate[4] daughter. A whole year she had been lying there, and it seemed as if she could neither live nor die. "She will soon go off to see her little sister!" sighed the mother. "I had two children, and it was a difficult[5] task for me to take care of them both. But the Lord has taken one of them to live with Him.

15. "I should like to keep this one with me; but it appears as if God wants them both with Him. Soon she will go and see her sister." But the sick girl still lived, and lay patiently[6] on her sick bed, while her mother worked hard for her daily bread.

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[1] **Roof** (rof).

[2] **Bal' co ny**, a platform on the outer walls of buildings.

[3] **Woman** (wum' an).

[4] **Del' i cate**, nice; tender; feeble.

[5] **Dif' fi cult**, not easy.

[6] **Patiently** (pā' shent li), without complaint or murmuring.

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IV.

4. FIVE PEAS IN THE SHELL.

PART SECOND.

BY and by spring-time came on. One mȏrning, when the industrious[1] mother was going about hĕr work, the friendly sun shōne thrȏugh the little wĭndōw and all ălŏng the little rōōf.

2. The sick gĭrl lŏŏked down at the bottom of the window and saw something growing. "What kind of a weed is that?" she ăsked. "It is going to grōw against[2] the window. See, the wind is shaking it."

3. And the mother came to the window and ōpened it a little. "Just see!" she exclaimed. "This is a slender pea-vine. It is now shooting out its green leaves. How it likes the little crevice![3] Sōōn we shall have a gärden!"

4. Then the sick girl's bed was moved closer to the window, so that she could see the little climbing pea. Then her mother went to work again.[4]

5. "Mother, I reälly believe I shall get well again," said the daughter one ēvening to her mother. "The sun has been (bĭn) shining into the window so kindly to-dāy, and the pea-vine is growing so fȃst, that I believe I shall sōōn be able to go out into the bright sunshine."

6. "I pray to Gŏd it may be so!" said the mother; but she did not believe it could come to pȃss. Then she stuck down a little stick for the pea-vine to run on, and tied a string around the vine to keep the wind from blowing it ăwāy. Evèry day it grew higher and larger.

7. "Now it is almost ready to blossom," said the mother one day as she went up to the window. "I am beginning to thiȵk my dear daughter will gĕt well again."

8. She had noticed that hĕr sick gĭrl had been getting strŏȵger and mōre cheerful of late; so, on the morning that the pea-vine blossomed she raised her up in bed, and leaned her against a chȃir.

---

[1] **In dŭs′ tri oŭs,** given to work; not idle or lazy.

[2] **Against** (ă gĕnst′), opposite to; abreast of; façing.

[3] **Crĕv′ ice,** a crack.

[4] **Again** (ă gĕn′), once mōre.

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9. The next week she was able, for the first time in many months, to get out of bed and take a few steps. How happy she was as she sat in the bright sunshine, and looked at the growing pea-vine!

10. The window was open, and the morning breeze came skipping in. Then the grateful girl leaned her head out of the window and kissed her vine. That day was a happy holiday to her—a day never to be forgotten.

11. "The good Father in heaven, my dear child, has planted that little flowering pea here for you, and also to bring hope and joy to my heart." So spoke the mother—and truly too.

12. Now, what became of the other peas? The one which flew out into the wide world, and said, as he passed, "Catch me if you can," fell into the gutter beside the street, and was swallowed by a dove.

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13. The two which went ŏff together fâred no better, for they were bōth devoured[1] by hungry pigeons. The fourth pea, which went ŏff tōward the sun, did not gĕt hälf-wāy thêre, but fell into a water-spout, and lāy there for weeks growing larger all the time.

14. "I am gĕtting so côrpulent,"[2] it said one dāy, "I shall soon bûrst, I am afrāid, and that will cĕrtainly be the läst of me." And the chimney, who afterward wrote his epitaph,[3] told me a few days ago that he did burst. So that was the last of him.

15. But the sick girl stŏŏd one day, with bright eyes and red cheeks, at her mother's wĭndōw, and, folding her hands over the beautiful pea-vine, thanked hĕr Heavenly Fäther for his goodnèss.

V.

5. THE CLOUD.

ONE hot summer môrning a little cloud rose out of the sea, and glīdèd lightly, like a plāyful child, through the blue sky and over the wide ĕarth which lay parched and languishing[5] from the lŏng drought.[6]

2. As the little cloud sailed ălŏng, she saw far beneath[7] her the poor laborers toiling[8] in the sweat of their brows, while she was wâfted along by the light breath of the morning, free from câre and toil.

3. "Ah!" said she, "could I but do something to lighten the labors of those poor men upon the ĕarth, drive ăwāy their cares, give refrĕshmènt to the thĭrsty[9] and fōod to the hungry!" And the day went on, and the cloud grew bigger and bigger; and as she grew, her desire to devote her life to mankind grew likewise strŏnger.

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[1] **De voured'**, eaten greedily.

[2] **Pigeons** (pĭj'unz).

[3] **Cor' pu lent**, fleshy; fat.

[4] **Ep' i taph**, a writing on a monument in memory of the dead.

[5] **Languishing** (lăng' gwish ing), pining; suffering, as from heat or dryness.

[6] **Drought** (drout), want of rain; a lŏng continuance of dry weather.

[7] **Be nēath'**, lower in place, rank, or worth; under.

[8] **Toil'ing**, laboring painfully and wearily; over-laboring.

[9] **Thirsty** (thĕrst' ĭ), suffering from want of drink.

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4. But on the earth the heat waxed[1] more intense;[2] the sun's rays burned like fire, till the wearied laborers nearly fainted in the fields; and yet they worked on and on, for they were very poor. From time to time they cast a piteous[3] look up at the cloud, as much as to say, "Ah, that you would help us!"

5. "I *will* help you," said the cloud; and she began to sink gently down. But presently she remembered what she had once heard[4] when a little child, in the depths of the sea, that, if a cloud ventures too near the earth, she dies.

6. For awhile she wavered, and was driven hither and thither by her thoughts; but at length she stood still, and, with all the gladness of a good resolution, she cried, "Ye weary men who are toiling on the earth, I will help you!"

7. Filled with this thought, the cloud suddenly expanded to a gigantic[5] size. She had never imagined herself capable of such greatness. Like an angel of blessing she stood above the earth, and spread her wings over the parched fields; and her form became so glorious, so awful, that she filled man and beast with fear, and the trees and the grass bent before her, while yet they all well knew that she was their benefactress.[6]

8. "Ay;[7] I will help you," said (sed) the cloud again; "receive me—I die for you!" The energy[8] of a mighty purpose thrilled through her; a brilliant flash gleamed across her, and the thunder roared.

9. Strong was that will, and stronger still the love, penetrated[9] by which she fell, and dissolved in a shower that shed blessings on the earth. The rain was her work; the rain was also her death, and the act was glorious.

10. Far over the land, as wide as the rain extended, a brilliant bow was bent, formed of the purest rays of the upper heavens; it was the last greeting of that self-sacrificing spirit of love. The rainbow vanished, but the blessing of the cloud long rested upon the land which she had saved.

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[1] **Waxed**, became; grew.
[2] **In tense'**, fierce; very great.
[3] **Pit'e ous**, fitted to awaken pity; sorrowful.
[4] **Heard** (herd).
[5] **Gi gan'tic**, huge; very large.
[6] **Ben'e fac'tress**, a female who confers a benefit or does good.
[7] **Ay** (ai), yes.
[8] **En'er gy**, strength; force.
[9] **Pen'e tra'ted**, entered into; touched with feeling.

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SECTION II.

I.

6. SUPPORTING MOTHER.

JEAN VIDAL[1] was a boy nine years old. He lived in Aurillac,[2] France. His mother, a widow, from being rich became very poor. She had four sons, of whom Jean was the youngest.

2. Two kind gentlemen obtained good places for the three older boys; but as Jean was a bright lad, they sent him to a boarding-school that he might be well educated. The expense of doing this, and supporting his mother at the same time, they soon found to be too great, and so resolved to send the poor old mother to a hospital, as it was then called; but in reality an alms-house.[3]

3. The child, away at school, knew nothing of this. Wishing to break the matter to him as tenderly as possible, the curate[4] of the village invited Jean to his house for a holiday; and the boy came in his best clothes.

4. Just as he arrived the curate was called away for a few minutes (min'its), and while alone, little Jean opened a book, when out fell a paper. It was an order to admit his mother to the hospital. As soon as Jean read it, he left the house and ran back to school as fast as he could go, put off his holiday clothes, and dressed himself in his every-day suit.

5. "Ah, poor child!" said the curate, when the boy came back, "curiosity[5] led you astray; but the fault has brought its own punishment; you have been hiding yourself to cry over it."

6. "No, kind sir," answered the brave and noble little fellow; "I have not been crying. I know it all. My mother shall not go to the hospital: she would die of grief. I will not return to school. I will support her."

---

[1] **Vidal** (ve dăl').

[2] **Aurillac** (ō'rēl yăk').

[3] **Alms-house** (ămz'hous), a house set apart for the use of the poor; a poor-house.

[4] **Cū'rate**, one who has the cure of souls; a clergyman.

[5] **Cū'ri ŏs'i ty**, a desire to seek after knowledge, or to gratify the mind with new information.

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7. Touched and surprised, the curate tried to rēaṣon with him, and tŏŏk him to sĕvèral of his friends, who told him that he coụld best sĕrve his mother by gĕtting a good education, which woụld enable him, in ȧfter years, to provide for her comfortably. But, his one ide'ȧ was to save her from the hŏspital, and he could not be tûrned from his pûrpose.

8. He ȧsked his brothers to help him, and I am sŏrry to sāy that they refused. Then he begged them to lend him a small sum, on which to begin some business (bĭz'nĕs). Poor boy! ōnly nine years old; what could he do? and they coldly and crụelly denied this also!

9. A tender child, ălōne, friĕndlèss—what a tȧsk he had befōre him! Gŏd leads the right purpose into right ways. Jean had a wạtch which the prēfect[1] had given him as a reward for study and good conduct at school.

10. This, and some of his clothing, he sōld, and with the small capital thus obtained, bought cakes and children's toys and went about the streets selling them. In this wāy he was able to earn money enough to keep bōth his mother and himself from wạnt.

11. Dear little fĕllōw! Do not your hearts grōw warm tōward him? Thiṇk of his pure love, and devotion, and cȧre for his mother. Take that dear one, who had watched over him and cared for him so fondly in his infancy and childhood, to the ălmṣ-house! No! no! Not while he had heart, and brain, and hands!

12. Did little Jean persevere in his good work? Was he able to support his mother? Yĕs: nineteen years afterward, when he had grown to be a man, he was living as pōrter to an inn in Aurillac, still taking care of her, and making her happy by his loving attentions. During all these years, he had been faithful to her, refusing all ŏffers that would separate him from his mother.

13. This life-devotion of Jean Vidal to his mother was a goldẹn deed, precious in the eyes of Him who knōwèth all hearts, and who, in His own good time, gives rich and unending rewards.

[1] **Prē'fect**, an ŏfficer in France who superintends one of the departments or dĭvisions of the country, and has charge of its polĭce fōrce.

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II.

7. THE WASHER-GIRL.

A FATHER sick and poor has she,
And brothers fōur, and sisters three,
But mother she has nǒne;[1]
For lŏng ago the tûrf[2] was laid
Where never falls the wĭllōw shade,
And ne'er[3] a flower has grown.

2. No time has she, the wąsher-gĭrl,
Her dress to trim, her hâir to cûrl,
To read her books, or write;
For whether summer breezes plāy,
Or wild or wintry is the dāy,
She toils from morn till night.

3. Her graceful arms are chapped and bâre,
And dark the hands that would be fâir
If life were less severe;
The while she rubs, and boils, and wrings,
Her blue eyes sparkle, and she sings
Some simple sŏng of cheer.

4. Deep in the bubbles round and bright,
Set in a frame of golden light,
She views her cheerful face;
Her arms, though red and bâre they be,
Show in the bubbles prettily,[4]
Their rounded, tapering grace.

5. And thus she toils the lĭve-lŏng dāy;
Methinks she toils her câre ăwāy,
She never grieves, I know.
To brothers fōur, and sisters three,
Thrǫugh all responsibility,[5]
She's mother, sister, too.

---

[1] **None** (nŭn), not one.
[2] **Turf** (tērf), see Note 4, p. 16.
[3] **Ne'er** (nâr), never.
[4] **Prettily** (prĭt'tĭ lĭ).
[5] **Re spŏn'si bĭl'i tў**, the state of being answerable, as for a trust or debt; that for which one is made answerable.

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6. And ŏft I think how patiently,
With what entire submission,[1] we
Our pōrtion should receive;
And whether high or lōw it be,
Or dark and drear, or fâir and free,
Should never idly grieve;

7. But fŏllōw in the steps of One
Who tēachèth little Mary Bonn
Of life and love the way;
And every other humble heart
How patiently to bear its part,
Though dark may be the day.

III.

8. *HELPING FATHER.*

PART FIRST.

"MONEY dŏes not last[2] lŏng nowadays, Clărissa," said Mr. Andrews to his wife one evening. "It is ōnly a week since I received my month's salary, and now I have but little mōre than hälf of it left. I bought a cord of pine wŏŏd to-dāy, and to-mŏrrōw I must pay for that sūit of clothes which Dăn'iĕl has: that will be fifteen dollars mōre."

2. "And Daniel will need a pâir of new shoes in a day or two; those he weârs now are all ripped, and hardly fit to wear," said (sĕd) Mrs. Andrews.—"How fâst he wears out shoes! It seems hardly a fôrt'night since I bought the last shoes for him," said the father.

3. "Oh, well! But then he enjoys running about so very much that I can not check his plĕasure as long as it is quite harmless. I am sure you would feel sŏrry to see the little shoes last longer from not being used so much," answered the affectionate[3] mother.

4. Daniel, during this conversation,[4] was sitting on the floor in a corner with his kitten, trying to teach her to stand

[1] **Submission** (sub mĭsh'un), the act of yielding to power or control; obedience; meekness.

[2] **Last** (lâst), see Note 3, p. 16.

[3] **Af fēc' tion ate**, having great love; fond.

[4] **Cŏn'ver sā' tion**, familiar discourse or talk; chat.

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upon her hind legs. He was apparently[1] much occupied[2] with his ĕffōrts,[3] but he hĕard all that his father and mother had said. Pretty[4] soon he ărōse, and, going to his father, climbed upon his knee and said, "Papā', do I cŏst you a good deal of money?"

5. Now, Mr. Andrews was book-keeper for a manufacturing cŏmpany, and his salary was hardly sufficient for him to live comfortably at the high rate at which ĕvĕry thing was selling. He had nŏthing to spâre for superfluities,[5] and his chief enjoymènt was being at hōme with his wife and boy, his books and pictures. Daniel's question was a queer one, but his father replied as cŏrrĕctly as he could.

6. "Whatever money you may cŏst me, my son, I do not regret it, for I know that it adds to your comfort and enjoyment. To be sure, your papa does not have a great deal of money, but he would be poor indeed without his little Daniel." —"How much will my new suit of clothes cost?" asked Daniel. "Fifteen dollars," was the reply.—"And how much for my shoes?" "Two dollars more, perhaps," said his father.

7. "That will make seventeen dollars. I wish I could work and ĕarn some money for you, father," said Daniel. "Oh, well, my son, don't think about that now. If you are a good boy, and study well at school, that will repay me," said Mr. Andrews.

8. Daniel said no mōre, but he determined to try at once and see if he could not help to pay for the clothes his father was so kind as to buy him. That vĕry åft'ernōōn the lōad of wood which his father bought came, and was thrown ŏff close to the cellar-door. It was Saturday, and there was no school.

9. "Now I can save father some money," thought Daniel; and he ran into the house to åsk his mother if he could put the wood into the cellar. "I am afraid it is too heavy work for you,[6] my son," said his mother.

10. "I think I can do it, mother. The wood lies close to the cellar-door, and all I will have to do is to pitch it right down,"

---

[1] **Apparently** (ap pâr' ent lĭ), in appearance; seemingly.

[2] **Oc' cu pied,** employed; busied.

[3] **Ef' fōrt,** use of strength or power; a struggle or earnest attempt.

[4] **Pretty** (prĭt' tĭ), moderately; quite.

[5] **Sū' per flū' i tў,** more than is needed; overmuch.

[6] **You** (yo).

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replied Daniel. "Vĕry well, you may try it; but if you find it too hard, you must let Rooney put it in," said his mother.

11. Daniel dânced âwāy, and went first to the cellar, where he unhooked the trap-door and opened it, and climbed out into the yard where the sticks of wood lay in a great heap. At first it was good fun to send the sticks clattering one on top of the other down into the cellar, but pretty soon it grew tedious,[1] and Daniel began to think that he had rather do something else.

12. Just then George Flyson came into the yard and âsked Daniel if he wasn't going to fish for smelts that day. "I guess not. This wood must go in, and then it will be too late to go so far this âfternoon," replied Daniel.

13. "Oh, let the wood alone! We also have some round at our house that ought to go in, but I shâ'n't do it. Father may hire a man to do such work. Come, old Rooney will be glad of that job," said George. "No, I am going to do this befōre any thing else," said Daniel, as he picked up a big stick and sent it flying down the cellar-way.

14. "Did your old man make you do it?" asked Flyson. "Who?" queried Daniel, so sharply that the boy saw his error, and corrected his form of question. "Did your father make you do this job?"

15. "No: he does not know I am doing it; and, by the way, George Flyson, don't you call my father 'old man.' If you don't know any better than to treat your father disrespectfully, you shâ'n't treat mine so," answered Daniel.

16. "Ho! Seems you are gĕtting very pious all of a sudden. Well! I'll have to be going. I'm not good enough for you;" and, with a sneering look, George went ŏff.

IV.

9. HELPING FATHER.

PART SECOND.

THE wood-pile in the cellar grew larger, until the wood-pile in the yard was all gŏne; then Daniel shut down the trap-door, ran into the house and brushed his clothes, and started out to find his playmates and have a game of base'-ball.

[1] **Tē' dĭ oŭs, dull; tiresome from length or slowness.**

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He felt very happy, for he had earned something for a kind father who was always earning something for him; and the thought of this pleased him much.

2. He felt happier still when his father came home to supper, and said while at the table, "My wood did not come, did it, mother? I told the man to send it up this afternoon, certainly." Mr. Andrews always called his wife "mother."—"Oh, yes, the wood came. I saw the team back into the yard," replied Mrs. Andrews.

3. "Then Rooney must have put it in. I suppose he will charge fifty or seventy-five cents for doing it," said Mr. Andrews. "I think a boy put it in," said his wife. "What boy?" —"Oh, a smart little fellow that plays around here a good deal. He wanted the job, and so I let him do it," said Mrs. Andrews.

4. "Some little boy who wanted some pocket-money, I suppose. Whose boy was it?" asked Mr. Andrews. "There he is; he will tell you all about it;" and Mrs. Andrews pointed to Daniel, who was enjoying the fun quietly. And now he was pleased indeed to hear how gratified his father was at finding his little boy so industrious and thoughtful. It repaid him amply for not going smelt-fishing.

5. It was not long after this that the bleak[1] winds of November began to blow. The leaves of the trees fell lifeless to the earth, and every thing prepared to put on the ermine[2] garb of winter. One evening when Daniel went to bed, he put aside his curtain, and looked out into the street. He was surprised to find it white with snow. Silently and gently, one by one, the tiny[3] flakes had fallen, until hillside and valley, street and house-top, were covered with the spotless snow.

6. "I wonder how deep it will be by morning. Perhaps there will be enough for sleighing. Old Rooney will be round to clear off the sidewalk and platforms. I must get ahead of him this winter, and save father some more money;" and Daniel got into bed as quick as he could, so that he should awake early in the morning.

---

[1] **Blēak**, cold and sweeping; cheerless.

[2] **Er' mine**, an animal related to, or somewhat resembling, the weasel. It inhabits northern climates, and has white fur in winter; hence, snow is called the *ermine garb*.

[3] **Tī' ny**, little; very small.

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7. When Mr. Andrews ăwōke the next day, he hēard the scraping of a shŏvel on the sidewalk, and said to his wife, "Rooney has come very early this morning. These snow-storms are profitable to him. Lăst winter I guess I paid him five or six dollars for shoveling snow."

8. When he got up, however, and looked out of the wĭndōw, he was not a little astonished to see Daniel shoveling ŏff the sidewalk, his cheeks all ăglōw with the healthy exercise.

9. "See that boy, mother," said he to his wife; "he has cleared the walk ŏff nicely. What a good little fĕllōw he is! When Christmas comes, we must reward him for all this."

10. And so Daniel went on according to this beginning. He cleared the snow ŏff ăfter every storm. In the spring-time he pŭt the garden and yard all in order, and did a great many things which his father had always paid a man for doing. And he had plenty of time to play besides, and then he enjoyed his play better, because there is always a satisfaction in doing good, which lends a charm to every thing we undertake.

11. One day, about a year after the day that Daniel had put in the first lōad of wood, his father said to him, "My son, I have kept a memorandum[1] of the work that you have done for me the past year, and find that, allowing you what I should have paid Rooney or any other person, I owe you to-day forty-two dollars and sixty cents."

12. "So much as that, father? Why, I did not know I could ĕarn so much by myself, and I did not work vĕry hard ĕither," said[2] Daniel. "Some of it was pretty hard work for a little boy that likes to play," replied his father; "but you did it well, and now I am ready to pay you."

13. "Pay me? What! the re'al money right in my hands?" —"Yĕs, the real money;" and Mr. Andrews placed a roll of "greenbacks" in his little son's hands.

14. Daniel looked at it for a few minutes, and then said, "I'll tell you what to do with this money for me, papä."

15. "What, my son?"—"Buy my clothes with it for the next year," said Daniel. And Mr. Andrews did so.

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[1] **Mĕm' o răn'dum**, a written account of something to be remembered; a note to help the memory.

[2] **Said** (sĕd).

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V.

10. HAND AND HEART.

IN storm or shine, two friends of mine
Go fŏrth to work or plāy;
And, when they visit poor men's homes,
They bless them by the wāy.

2. 'Tis willing hand! 'tis cheerful heart!
The two best friends I knōw;
Around the heārth[1] come joy and mīrth,[2]
Where'er their faces glōw.

3. Come shine, 'tis bright! come dark, 'tis light!
Come cold, 'tis warm êre[3] lŏng!
So heavily fall the hammer-stroke!
Mĕrrily sound the sŏng!

4. Who falls may stand, if good right hand
Is first, not second best:
Who weeps may sing, if kindly heart
Has lodging in his breast.

5. The hŭmblèst bōard has dainties pōured,
When they sit down to dine;
The crust they eat is honey-sweet,
The wąter good as wine.

6. They fill the pûrse[4] with hŏnèst gold,
They lead no creature[5] wrŏng;[6]
So heavily fall the hammer-stroke!
Mĕrrily sound the sŏng!

7. Without these twain,[7] the poor complain
Of evils hard to beâr;[8]
But with them poverty grows rich,
And finds a lōaf to spâre![9]

---

[1] **Hearth** (hărth).
[2] **Mirth** (mĕrth), see Note 4, p. 16.
[3] **Ere** (âr), sooner than; before.
[4] **Purse** (pĕrs), see Note 4, p. 16.
[5] **Creature** (krēt' yĕr), any thing created; an animal; a man.
[6] **Wrŏng**, see Note 5, p. 16.
[7] **Twāin**, two.
[8] **Bear** (bâr), see Note 2, p. 16.
[9] **Spare** (spâr).

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8. Thêir looks are fire; their words inspire;
Their deeds give coŭrage high;—
About their knees the children run,
Or climb, they know not why.

9. Who sails, or rides, or walks with them,
Ne'er finds the journey[1] lŏng;—
So heavily fall the hammer-stroke!
Mĕrrily sound the sŏng!

SECTION III.

I.

11. COMING AND GOING.

ONCE came to our fields a pâir of bĭrds that had never built a nest nor seen a winter. Oh, how beaŭtiful was ĕvèry thing! The fields were full of flowers, and the grâss was growing tall, and the bees were humming ĕvèrywhêre.

2. Then one of the birds began singing, and the other bird said, "Who told you to sing?" And he ănswered, "The flowers told me, and the bees told me, and the wind and leaves told me, and the blue sky told me, and you told me to sing."

3. Then his mate answered, "When did I tell you to sing?" And he said, "Evèry time you brought in tender grâss for the nest, and every time your sŏft wings fluttered ŏff again for hâir and feathers to line the nest."

4. Then his mate said, "What are you singing about?" And he answered, "I am singing about every thing and nŏthing. It is because I am so happy that I sing."

5. By and by five little speckled ĕggs were in the nest, and his mate said, "Is there any thing in all the world so pretty[2] as my ĕggs?" Then they bŏth looked down on some people that were pâssing by, and pitied them because they were not birds, and had no nests with eggs in them! Then the father-bird

[1] **Journey** (jĕr'nĭ), travel from one place to another; voyage; passage.

[2] **Pretty** (prĭt'tĭ), pleasing by grace, delicacy, or neatness.

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sung a měl'ancholy[1] sŏng because he pitied folks that had no nests, but had to live in houṣeṣ.

6. In a week or two, one day when the father-bird came hōme, the mother-bird said, "Oh, what do you think has happened?"—"What?"—"One of my eggs has been peeping and moving!" Pretty soon ănŏther egg moved under her feathers, and then another and another, till five littlė birds were born!

7. Now the father-bird sung lŏnger and louder than ever. The mother-bird, too, wanted to sing, but she had no time, and so she tûrned her sŏng into work. So hungry wēre these little birds, that it kept bōth pârents busy feeding them.

8. Away each one flew. The mōmènt the little birds hĕard their wings fluttering again among the leaves, five yĕllōw mouths flew ōpen so wide, that nŏthing could be seen but five yellow mouths!

[1] **Měl'an chŏl y**, low-spirited; unhappy; sad.

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9. "Can anybody be happier?" said the făther-bĭrd to the mŏther-bird. "We will live in this tree always, for thêre is no sŏrrōw here. It is a tree that always beârs joy."

10. The vĕry next dāy one of the birds dropped out of the nest, and a cat āte it up in a minute, and ōnly fōur remained; and the pârent-birds were very sad, and there was no sŏng all that day nor the next. Sōōn the little birds were big enough to fly, and great was thêir parents' joy to see them leave the nest and sit crumpled up upon the brânches.

11. There was then a great time! One would have thought the two old birds were French dâncing-mâsters—talking and chattering, and scolding the little birds, to make them go ălōne. The first bird that tried flew from one brânch to another, and the parents praised him, and the other little birds wŏndered how he did it!

12. And he was so vain of it that he tried again, and flew and flew, and coŭldn't stop flying, till he fell right down by the house-door; and then a little boy caught him and carried him into the house—and ōnly three birds were left. Then the old birds thought that the sun was not bright as it ŭsed to be, and they did not sing as ŏf*ten*.[1]

13. In a little time the other birds had learned to use their wings, and they flew far, far away, and found their own fōōd[2] and made their own beds, and their parents never saw them any mōre. Then the old birds sat silent and lōōked at each other a lŏng while. At lâst the wife-bird said, "Why dōn't you sing?" And he answered, "I cän't[3] sing—I can ōnly thiŋk and thiŋk!"

14. "What are you thinking of?"—"I am thinking how ĕvèry thing changes. The leaves are falling down from ŏff this tree, and soon there will be no rōōf over our heads; the flowers are all gŏne, or going; last night there was a frŏst; almost all the birds have flown away, and I am vĕry uneasy. Something calls me, and I feel rĕstlèss as if I would fly far away."

15. "Let us fly ăwāy together!" Then they rose silently and, lifting themselves far up in the air,[4] they looked to the north: far away they saw the snow coming. They looked to

[1] **Often** (ŏf'n), many times.
[2] **Food** (fo͝od).
[3] **Can't** (känt), can not.
[4] **Air** (âr), see Note 2, p. 16.

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the south: there they saw green leaves! All day they flew, and all night they flew and flew, till they found a land where there was no winter—where there was summer all the time; where flowers always blossom, and birds always sing.

16. But the birds that stayed behind found the days shorter, the nights lŏn̲ger, and the weather colder. Many of them died of cold; others crept into crevices and holes, and lay tôrpid.[1] Then it was plain that it was better to go than to stay.

II.

12. THE LITTLE MIDSHIPMAN.

PART FIRST.

A MIDSHIPMAN,[2] young and cârеless, with his pockets full of money, is idling about in a great city. He is waiting for the cōach: it comes up presently, and he gĕts on the top of it and begins to look about him.

2. They soon leave the chimney-tops behind them; his eyes wander with delight over the harvest-fields, he smells the honeysuckle in the hĕdge-rōw, and he wishes he wa̤s down among the hāzel-bushes, that he might strip them of the milky nuts.

3. Then he sees a great wagon piled up with barley, and he wishes he was seated on the top of it; then they go thro̤ugh a little wood, and he likes to see the checkered shădōws of the trees lying acrŏss the white rōad; and then a sq̆uirrel runs up a bough, and he can not forbeâr to whoop and hallōō′, though he can not chase it to its nest.

4. The passengers go on talking—the little midshipman has told them who he is and where he is going. But thêre is one man who has never joined in the conversation; he is dark-looking and restless; he sits apart; he has hĕard the rattling of coin in the boy's pocket, and now he watches him more nărrōwly than befōre.

5. The lad has told the other passengers that his father's house is the parsonage at Y——; the cōach goes within five miles of it, and he means to gĕt down at the nēarêst point,

[1] **Tor′pid**, having lost motion, or the power of feeling; inactive.

[2] **Mĭd′shipman**, a cadet in a ship of war, who aids the superior officers.

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and walk, or rather run over to his hōme, thrǫugh the great leafy wood.

6. The man decides to get down, too, and go thrǫugh the wood. He will rob the little midshipman; perhaps, if he cries out or struggles, he will do worse. The boy, he thinks, will have no chânce against him; it is quite impossible that he can escape; the way is lonely, and the sun will be down.

7. It is too light at present for his deed of darkness, and too near the entrance of the wood; but he knows that shortly the päth will brânch off into two, and the right one for the boy to take will be dark and lonely.

8. But what prŏmpts the little midshipman, when not fifty yards from the brânching of the päth, to break into a sudden run? It is not fear—he never dreams of danger. Some sudden impulse, or some wild wish for hōme, makes him dash off suddenly with a whōōp and a bound. On he goes, as if running a race; the path bends, and the man loses sight of him. "But I shall have him yĕt," he thinks; "he can not keep this pace up lŏng."

9. The boy has nearly reached the place where the path dĭvīdes, when he starts up a young white owl that can scârcely fly, and it goes whirring alŏng, close to the ground, before him. He gains upon it; another moment, and it will be his. Now it gets the start again; they come to the brânching of the päths, and the bird goes down the wrŏng one. The temptation to follōw is too strŏng to be resisted. He knows that somewhere, deep in the wood, there is a crŏss track by which he can get into the path he has left. It is ōnly to run a little fâster, and he will be at hōme nearly as sōōn.

10. On he rushes; the päth takes a bend, and he is just out of sight, when his pursuer comes where the paths dĭvīde. The boy has tûrned to the right; the man takes the left; and the fâster they bōth run, the farther they are asunder. The boy does not know this part of the wood, but he runs on.

11. O little midshipman! why did you chase that owl? If you had kept in the path with the dark man behind you, there was a chance that you might have outrun him; or, if he had overtaken you, some pâssing wayfarer might have hĕard your cries, and come to save you. Now you are running on straight

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to your death; for the fŏrest wąter is deep and black at the bottom of this hill. Oh that the moon might come out and show it to you!

12. The moon is under a thick canopy of heavy black clouds; and there is not a star to glitter on the water and make it visible. The fern is sŏft under his feet, as he runs and slips down the sloping hill. At last he strikes his foot against a stōne, stumbles, and falls. Two minutes more and he will roll into the black water.

13. "Heyday!" cries the boy, "what's this? Oh, how it tears my hands! Oh this thorn bush! Oh my arms! I cān't get free!" He struggles and pants. "All this comes of leaving the päth," he says; "I shouldn't have cared for rolling down, if it hadn't been for this bush. The fern was sŏft enough. I'll never stray in a wood at night again. There, free at last! And my jacket nearly torn ŏff my back!"

14. With a great deal of patience, and a great many scratches, he gets free of the thorn which arrested his prŏgress, when his feet were within a yard of the wąter, manages to scramble up the bąnk, and makes the best of his wāy thrǫugh the wood.

15. And now, as the clouds move slowly onward, the moon shows her face on the black sûrface of the water; and the little white owl comes and hoots, and flutters over it like a wandering snow-drift. But the boy is deep in the wood again, and knows nŏthing of the danger from which he has escaped.

III.

13. THE LITTLE MIDSHIPMAN.

PART SECOND.

QUICKLY all this time the dark passenger fŏllōws the main track, and believes that his prey is befōre him. At lâst he hears a crashing of dead boughs, and presently, the little midshipman's voice not fifty yards before him. Yĕs; it is too trụe; the boy is in the crŏss track. He will sōōn pâss the cottage in the wood, and âfter that his pursuer will come upon him.

2. The boy bounds into the pāth; but, as he passes the cottage, he is so thirsty and so hot that he thinks he must âsk

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the occupants if they can sell him a glăss of ale. He enters without ceremony. "Ale?" says the woodman, who is sitting at his supper, "no; we have no ale, but perhaps my wife can give thee a drink of milk. Come in." So he comes in and shuts the door; and while he sits waiting for the milk, footsteps păss. They are the footsteps of his pursuer, who goes on angry and impatient that he has not yet come up with him.

3. The woman goes to her little dairy for the milk, and the boy thinks she is gone a long time. He drinks it, thanks her, and takes his leave. Fast and faster the man runs, and, as fast as he can, the boy runs after him. It is very dark, but there is a yĕllōw streak in the sky, where the moon is ploughing up a furrōwed măss of gray cloud, and one or two stars are blinking through the branches of the trees

4. Fast the boy follows, and fast the man runs on, with a stake in his hand for a wĕapon. Suddenly he hears the joyous whoop—not before, but behind him. He stops, and listens breathlessly. Yĕs; it is so. He pushes himself into the thicket, and raises his stake to strike, when the boy shall păss.

5. On he comes, running lightly, with his hands in his pockets. A sound strikes at the same instant on the ears of bōth; and the boy tûrns back from the very jaws of death to listen. It is the sound of wheels, and it draws rapidly nearer. A man comes up, driving a little gig. "Hilloa!" he says, in a loud, cheerful voice. "What! benighted, youngster?"

6. "Oh! is it you, Mr. D——?" says the boy; "no, I am not benighted; or, at any rate, I know my way out of the wood." The man draws farther back among the shrubs. "Why, bless the boy," he hears the farmer say, "to think of our meeting in this way! The parson told me he was in hopes of seeing thee some day this week. I'll give thee a lift. This is a lone place to be in at this time o'night."

7. "Lone!" says the boy, lăughing. "I don't mind that; and, if you know the way, it's as safe as the quarter-deck." So he gets into the farmer's gig, and is once mōre out of reach of the pursuer.

8. But the man knows that the farmer's house is a quarter of a mile nearer than the parsonage, and, in that quarter of a mile, there is still a chance of committing the robbery. He

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determines still to make the attempt, and cuts acrŏss the wood with such rapid strides that he reaches the farmer's gate just as the gig drives up to it.

9. "Well, thank you, farmer," says the midshipman, as he prepares to get down.—"I wish you good night, gentlemen," says the man, when he passes.

10. "Good night, friend," the farmer replies. "I say, my boy, it's a dark night enough; but I have a mind to drive you on to the parsonage, and hear the rest of this lŏng tale of yours about the sea-serpent."

11. The little wheels go on again. They pass the man; and he stands still in the rōad to listen till the sound dies away. Then he flings his stake into the hedge, and goes back again. His evil purposes have all been frustrated—the thoughtless boy has baffled him at every turn.

12. Now the little midshipman is at hōme—the joyful meeting has taken place; and, when they have all admired his growth, and mĕasured his height on the window-frame, and seen him eat his supper, they begin to question him about his adventures, mōre for the plĕasure of hearing him talk, than from any curiosity.

13. "Adventures!" says the boy, seated between his father and mother on a sōfå; "why, dear mother, I did write you an account of the voyage, and there's nôthing else to tell. Nothing happened to-day—at least nothing particular."

14. "Nôthing particular!" If they could have known, they would have thought lightly, in comparison, of the dangers of "the jib-boom end, and the main-top-mast crŏss-trees." But they did not know, any mōre than we know the dangers that hourly beset us.

15. We are awâre of some few dangers, and we do what we can to provide against them; but, for the greater pōrtion, "our eyes are held that we can not see." We walk securely under His guidance, without whom "not a spărrōw fa̤llèth to the ground;" and, when we have had escapes, at which the angels have wondered, we come hōme and say, perhaps, that "nôthing has happened—at least, nothing particular."

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IV.

14. LITTLE ARTHUR'S PRAYER.

THE little schōol-boys went quietly to their own beds, and began undressing and talking to one another in whispers; while the larger, among whom was Tom, sat on one another's beds, chatting, with their jackets and waistcoats ŏff.

2. Poor little Arthur was overwhelmed with the novelty of his position. He could hardly beâr to take off his jacket; however, with an ĕffōrt, off it came, and then he paused and looked at Tom, who was sĭtting at the bottom of his bed, talking and lāughing.

3. "Please, Brown," he whispered, "may I wąsh my face and hands?"—"Of cōurse, if you like," said Tom, stâring, "that's your wąsh-stand under the wĭndōw, second from your bed. You'll have to go down for mōre wąter in the morning, if you use it all."

4. On went the talk and lāughter. Arthur finished his washing and undressing, and pụt on his night-gown. He then looked round more nervously than ever. Two or three of the little boys were already in bed, sitting up with their chins on their knees. The light burned clear, the noise went on.

5. It was a trying moment for the poor little lonely boy; however, this time he did not ăsk Tom what he might or might not do, but dropped on his knees by his bedside, as he had done every day from his childhood, to ōpen his heart to Him who heareth the cry and beârĕth the sŏrrōws of the tender child.

6. Tom was sĭtting at the bottom of his bed, unlacing his bōōts, so that his back was toward Arthur. He did not see what had happened, and looked up in wonder at the sudden silence. Then two or three boys laughed and sneered, and a big, brụtal fĕllōw, who was standing in the middle of the room, picked up a slipper and shied it at the kneeling boy, calling him a sniveling young shaver.

7. Then Tom saw the whōle, and, the next moment, the boot he had just pulled ŏff flew straight at the head of the bully, who had just time to throw up his arm and cătch it on

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his elbow. "Confound you, Brown; what's that for?" rōared he, stamping with pain. "Never mind what I mean," said Tom, stepping on the floor, every drop of blood tingling; "If any fĕllōw wąnts the other boot, he knows how to get it."

8. What would have been the result is doubtful, for at this moment the last boy came in, and not another word could be said. Tom and the rest rushed into bed and finished their unrobing there, and, in another minute, the old servant, as punctual as the clock, had put out the candle and toddled on to the next room, shutting their door with his usual, "Good night, gentlemen."

9. Many of the boys took to heart that little scene, befōre they slept. Tom was wide-awake; sleep seemed to have deserted his pillōw. For some time his excitement, and the flood of memories which chased one another throųgh his brain, kept him from thinking or reşolving.

10. Then the thought of his own mother came acrŏss him, and the promise he had made at her knee, years befōre, never to forget to kneel by his bedside, and give himself up to his Father, before he laid his head on the pillow, from which it might never rise; and he lay down and cried as if his heart would break.

11. Poor Tom! his first and mōst bitter feeling was a sense of his own cow'ardĭce. He had lied to his mother, to his conscience, to his Gŏd. How could he beâr it! Then, too, the poor little weak boy, whom he had pitied and almost scorned for his wēaknèss, had done that which he, braggart as he was, dâred not do.

12. The first dawn of comfort came to him in vowing to himself that he would stand by that boy throųgh thick and thin, and cheer him, and help him, and beâr his burdens, for the good deed done that night. He resolved to write hōme the next day and tell his mother all, and what a coward her son had been. He resolved, lâstly, to beâr his testimony the next morning, and then peace came to him.

13. It would be harder to begin in the morning than at night, but he felt that he could not afford to let one chânce slip. Several times he faltered, for the Devil first showed him all his old friends calling him "Saint," and "Squaretoes," and

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a dozen hard names, and whispered to him that his motives would be misunderstood, and he would ōnly be left alone with the new boy; whereas, it was his duty to keep all means of influence, that he might do good to the largest number. However, his good ăngel was too strŏng that night, and he tûrned on his side and slept, tired of trying to reason, but resolved to follow the impulse which had been so strŏng and consoling.

14. Next morning he was up and washed and dressed, all but his jacket and wāistcōat, just as the ten minutes' bell began to ring; and, then, in the face of the whōle room, he knelt down to pray. Not five words could he say—the bell mŏcked him; he was listening for every whisper in the room—what were they all thinking of him?

15. He was ashamed to go on kneeling, ashamed to rise from his knees. At last, as it were from his inmost heart, a still, small voice seemed to breathe forth the words, "*God be merciful to me a sinner!*" He repeated them over and over, clinging to them as for his life, and rose from his knees, comforted and humbled, and ready to face the whōle world.

16. It was not needed; two other boys besides Arthur had already followed his example, and he went down to the great school with a glimmering of another lesson in his heart—the lesson that he who has conquered his own cowardly spirit has conquered the whōle outward world. He found, too, how greatly he had exăggerated the effect that would be produced by his act. For a few nights thêre was a sneer or a lāugh when he knelt; but this passed ŏff soōn, and, one by one, all the other boys but three or four followed the lead.

V.

15. THE STORK OF STRASBOURG.

WHEN travelers in Europe wish to go from Pāris to Switzerland or back again, they ŏften take the rout which pâsses through the city of Strâs'bourg, in order to visit the great cathedral there. This city used to belŏng to Germany; but in 1681 it was ceded to Frânce, and held by that country till its capture by Germany in the war of 1870.

2. If you should take a walk or drive through the streets of

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Strasbourg, and should chance to look up to the curious roofs of the houses, with their four or five rows of odd, eye-shaped windows projecting from them, you would notice that many of the chimneys were covered on the top with a sort of bedding of straw, and perhaps upon this you would see a great bird, with a long bill and a short tail, mounted on two long, thin legs. He would be standing so very still that you would think it must be one of the curious ornaments that the people in Europe put upon their houses.

3. But if you look long enough, you will see him stretch out a pair of enormous[1] wings, throw back his head upon his body, and rise slowly and majestically[2] into the air: he would not fly very far, however, but, alighting in the street where there has been a market, seize a fish that has been thrown into the gutter, and fly back with it to his nest. This is the famous stork, —a bird which is common in Europe, especially in the large cities, being fond of the society of man.

4. The stork is a bird of most excellent character. He is a pattern of goodness to his parents, and to his children. He never forgets a kindness, and is so useful that the people in Holland make false chimneys to their houses, so that the storks may find places enough for their nests; and in German cities they put a kind of framework upon their chimneys, so that the storks may find it more convenient.

5. Once, in Strasbourg, a chimney took fire. Upon this chimney was a nest, in which were four young storks not yet able to fly. Think of the despair[3] of the stork-mother as the smoke enveloped her poor little ones, and the heat threatened to roast them alive! They were too young for her to carry them away in her beak—that would strangle them; and to throw them out of their nest would only break their little necks.

6. The mother's instinct[4] taught her what to do. She flew back and forth over the nest, flapping her great wings over it, and so making a current of air in which the young could

[1] **E nor' mous**, differing from, or exceeding the common rule, form, or size; greater than common.

[2] **Ma jes' tic al ly**, with dignity; with a lofty air or appearance.

[3] **De spair'**, the loss of all hope.

[4] **In' stinct**, inward impulse: the natural, unreasoning impulse in an animal by which it is guided to the performance of any action.

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breathe. But alâs! a great quantity of sŏot[1] all on fire began to fall, and now they must cĕr'tainly be bûrnt ălīve.

7. No! the good mother extended her great wings over the nest, and allowed the burning soot to fall upon herself. It had burnt one wing nearly away when the people below came with ladders, and saved the nest and the four little birds and the good mother. They took câre of her, but she was always infirm; she could fly no more, and for many years she used to go round from house to house, and the people would feed her.

8. The storks always spend the winter in Africa, and always make their journeys in the night. When the time comes for them to go, they all assemble together and chōōse a leader. Such a chattering as they make! No doubt they have a great deal of trouble in getting every thing settled; they make all their talk with their jaws, which sound like castanets.[2] They always go at the same time every year, and return to their chimney nests when the winter is over.

9. One well-bred stork, that had made his nest in the same chimney for many years, used to come and walk up and down before the door of the house where his nest was, the morning after his return, clattering his bill, as much as to say, "Good morning, sir: you see I am here again." And in the autumn, just before he went away, he would come and do the same again, to bid good-bye, and the mâster would come out and say, "Good-bye: a pleasant journey to you."

10. Thêre is a little stōry that is told to illŭs'trate[3] the gratitude of the stôrk. Once a naughty boy threw a stōne at a stork and broke its leg. It got into its nest and thêre lay. The women of the house fed it, sĕt its leg, and cured it, so that it was able, at the proper season, to fly away with the rest.

11. Next spring the bīrd, which was rĕc'ognīzed by the women by its pecu'liar gait, retûrned; and when they came near it, the lame creature dropped gratefully at their feet from its bill the finèst diămond it had been able to pick up in its travels. It used to be said that they were in the habit of throwing

[1] **Soot** (sut).

[2] **Căs' ta nĕt,** an instrument composed of small, rounded shells of ivôry or hard wood, shaped like spōōns, fâstened to the thumb, and beaten with the middle finger.

[3] **Il lŭs'trate,** to set in a clear light or make plain.

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down one of their young to their landlord before they left their nests, as a kind of rent. That was carrying gratitude a little too far, I think—don't you?

12. One reason why the storks are so welcome in large cities is, that they are very useful in eating up all the ref'use that is thrown into the streets. In Europe'an cities, two or three times in the week, the farmers, and fishermen, and butchers, in the country round, bring their produce into the city in carts, where it is displayed in tempting order; and then their wives and daughters, in curious caps and dresses, sell it to the city people.

13. The market is over by noon, and then the market-place is covered with the storks, who clean it all up, and carry away all that has been dropped. They are particularly fond of fish and serpents, and eels and frogs are considered a great del'icacy by them. They are so valuable, that, in some places, to kill them used to be considered a crime, punished with death, and they have even been worshiped, like the ibis in Egypt.

14. There is a gigantic stork, a native of Bengal,[1] which is called the Adjutant, because from a distance it looks like a man with a white waistcoat and trousers. One of these great birds was brought to London, and lived over seventy years in the Regent's Park. It is from under the wings of this variety that the white, downy feathers, called *marabou*,[2] come.

SECTION IV.

I.

16. THE BAREFOOT BOY.

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,
Barefoot[3] boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;

[1] **Bengal** (ben gal'), a province of British India.

[2] **Marabou** (mar' a bo').

[3] **Barefoot** (bar' fut).

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With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy tōrn brim's jäunty [1] grace:
From my heart I give thee joy;—
I was once a barefoot boy!

8. Prince thou art—the grown-up man
Only is republican.[2]
Let the million-dollared ride—
Bârefo͝ot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast mōre than he can buy,
In the reach of ear and eye:
Outward sunshine, inward joy—
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

9. Oh for boyhood's pāinlèss plāy;
Sleep that wakes in läughing dāy;
Health that mŏcks the doctor's rụleṣ;
Knowledge (never lĕarned of schō͞ols)
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl, and habitude [3]
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tôr'toĭse [4] beârs his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sin̤ks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the ō'riōle's [5] nest is hung;

10. Whêre the whitèst lilies blow,
Where the freshèst berries grow,
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wạsp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,

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[1] **Jaunty** (jän' tĭ), airy; showy.

[2] **Repŭblican** (re pŭb' li can), one who favors or prefers a government of the people exercised by elected representatives.

[3] **Hăb' i tūde**, usual manner of living, feeling, or acting.

[4] **Tortoise** (tạr' tĭs).

[5] **O' ri ōle**, a bird of several varieties of the thrush fămìly—some of a golden-yĕllōw, mixed with black, and others having ŏrange in place of the yellow; sometimes called *golden-robin* or *hang-bird*.

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And the ärchĭtĕct'ural plans[1]
Of gray hornet ärtişans![2]—
For, eschewing[3] books and tåsks,
Nature ănswers all he åsks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy,
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

5. Oh for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I hĕard or saw,
Me, their måster, waited for;—
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my spōrt the squirrel (skwŭr'rel) played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry-cone
Pûrpled over hedge and stone;
Läughed the brŏŏk for my delight,
Through the day, and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall!

6. Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyŏnd,
Mine on bending orchard trees
Apples of Hespĕrides![4]
Still as my hōrī'zon[5] grew,
Larger grew my riches, too;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex[6] Chīnēse toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

---

[1] **Ar' chi tĕct' ūr al**, of, or relating to, the art of building.

[2] **Ar' ti san**, one trained to hand skill in some mechanical art or trade; a mechanic.

[3] **Eschewing** (es chū' ing), keeping one's self clear of; shunning.

[4] **Hes pĕr' i dēs**, four sisters fabled as guardians of golden apples; hence, *golden* apples are here meant.

[5] **Ho rī' zon**, the line that bounds the sight where the earth and sky appear to meet.

[6] **Cŏm' plex**, not simple.

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7. Oh for festal[1] dainties spread,
Like my bōwl of milk and bread,—
Pewter spōōn and bowl of wŏŏd,
On the door-stone gray and rude!
O'er me like a regal[2] tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Pûrple-cûrtaĭned, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;[3]
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire;
I was monarch: pŏmp and joy
Waited on the bârefōōt boy!

8. Chēerily, then, my little man,
Live and läugh, as boyhood can,
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat.

9. All too sōōn these feet must hide
In the prison-cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil
Up and down in cēaselèss moil;[4]
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground,—
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and trĕacherous[5] sands of sin.
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy
Ere it pâsses, BAREFOOT BOY!

---

[1] **Fĕs′ tal**, belonging to a holiday, or feast; joyous; gay.

[2] **Rē′ gal**, pertaining to a king; kingly; royal.

[3] **Orchestra** (ôr′ kes trà), a band of musicians performing in public.

[4] **Moil**, the soil or defilement that comes from severe labor; a spot.

[5] **Trĕach′ er ŭs**, faithless; betraying a trust.

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II.

17. THE PASHA'S SON.

PART FIRST.

DURING my winter travels in Afrĭcȧ, several years ago, I visited Khartoum,[1] an Egyptian capital town of Nū'bĭȧ, situated at the junction[2] of the Blue and the White Nile. The two rivers meet just bēlōw the town, and flow as a single stream to the Mediterrāneăn, a distance of fifteen hundred miles.

2. When I reached Khartoum, the Austrian Consul[3] invited me to his house; and thêre I spent three or four weeks making acquaintance with the Egyptian ŏffiçers, the chiefs of the deşert tribes, and the former kings of the different tribes of Ethiōpĭȧ. When I left my bōat, on arriving, and walked through the nărrōw streets, between mud walls, very few of which were ēven whītewaşhed, I thought it a miserable place, and began to look out for some garden where I might pitch my tent, rather than live in one of those dĭrty-looking habitations.[4]

3. The wall around the Consul's house waş of mud like the others; but when I entered I found clean, hănd*s*ōme rōōms, which fûrnished delightful shade and coolness during the heat of the dāy. The rōōf was of pälm-lŏgs, covered with mud, which the sun baked into a hard mâss, so that the house was in rēăl'ĭty as good as a brick dwelling. It was a great deal mōre comfortable than it appeared from the outside.

4. Thêre wēre other features of the place, however, which it would be difficult to find anywhere except in Central Africa. After I had taken possession of my room, and ēaten breakfast with my host,[5] I went out to lŏŏk at the garden. On each side of the steps, leading down from the door, sat two apes that barked and snapped at me.

5. The next thing I saw was a lĕopard tied to the trunk of

[1] **Khartoum** (kär tọm').

[2] **Junction** (jŭngk'shun), the place or point of union.

[3] **Cŏn' sul**, a person commissioned to reside in a fŏreĭgn country, as a representative or agent of a government, to protect the rights, commerce, merchants, and seamen of the state, and to aid in commercial and sometimes other transactions with such foreign country.

[4] **Hăb' i tā' tion**, a place of ăbōde; a house.

[5] **Hōst**, one from whom another receives fōōd, lodging, or entertainment; a landlord.

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an ŏrange-tree. I did not dâre to go within reach of his rōpe, although I âfterward became well acquainted with him. A little fûrther, there was a pen full of gazelles[1] and an antelope[2] with immense horns; then two fierce, bristling hyēnas; and at last, under a shed beside the stable, a full-grown līonèss, sleeping in the shade.

6. I was greatly surprised when the Consul went up to her, lifted up her head, ōpened her jaws so as to show the shining white tusks, and finally sat down upon her back. She accepted these familiarities so good-naturedly that I made bold to pat her head also. In a day or two we wĕre great friends; she would spring about with delight whenever she saw me, and would pûr like a cat whenever I sat down upon her back.

7. I spent an hour or two every day among the animals, and found them all easy to tame except the hyenas, which would gladly have bitten me if I had allowed them a chânce. The leopard, one day, bit me slightly in the hand; but I punished him by pōuring several buckets of water over him, and he was always very amiable after that. The beautiful little gazelles would cluster around me, thrusting up their noses into my hand, and saying, "*Wow! wow!*" as plainly as I write it.

8. But nône of these animals attracted me so much as the big lionèss. She was always good-humored, though occasionally so lazy that she would not ēven ōpen her eyes when I sat down on her shoulder. She would sometimes cătch my fŏŏt in her paws as a kitten catches a ball, and try to make a plaything of it—yet always without thrusting out her claws.

9. Once she opened her mouth, and gently tŏŏk one of my legs in her jaws for a moment; and the very next instant she pŭt out her tongue and licked my hand. There seemed to be almost as much of the dŏg as of the cat in her nature. We all know, however, that there are differences of character among animals, as there are among men; and my fāvorĭte probably belŏnged to a virtuous and respectable family of lions.

10. The day after my arrival I went with the Consul to visit

[1] **Ga zĕlle'**, a small, swift, and beautiful species of antelope.

[2] **An' te lope**, an animal almost midway between the deer and goat. Its horns are almost always round and ringed. The eyes of some varieties are large, black, and vĕry beautiful.

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the Pasha,[1] who lived in a large mud palace on the bank of the Blue Nile. He received us very pleasantly, and invited us to take seats in the shady court-yard. Here there was a huge panther tied to one of the pillars, while a little lion, about eight months old, ran about perfectly loose.

11. The Pasha called the latter, which came springing and frisking toward him. "Now," said he, "we will have some fun." He then made the lion lie down behind one of the pillars, and called to one of the black boys to go across the court-yard on some errand. The lion lay quite still until the boy came opposite to the pillar, when he sprang out and after him.

12. The boy ran, terribly frightened; but the lion reached him in five or six leaps, sprang upon his back and threw him down, and then went back to the pillar as if quite satisfied with his exploit. Although the boy was not hurt in the least, it seemed to me like a cruel piece of fun. The Pasha, nevertheless, laughed very heartily, and told us that he had himself trained the lion to frighten the boys.

III.

18. THE PASHA'S SON.

PART SECOND.

AMONG the Egyptian officers in the city was a Pasha' named Rufah, who had been banished from Egypt by the Vice'roy.[2] He was a man of considerable education and intelligence, and was very unhappy at being sent away from his home and family. The climate of Khartoum is very unhealthy, and this unfortunate Pasha had suffered greatly from fever. He was uncertain how long his exile[3] would continue: he had been there already two years, and as all the letters directed to him passed through the hands of the officers of government, he was quite at a loss how to get any help from his friends.

2. What he had done to cause his banishment,[4] I could not ascertain; probably he did not know himself. There are no

[1] **Pasha** (pa shä'), a Turkish governor or commander.

[2] **Vice' roy**, the governor of a kingdom or country, who rules in the name of the king.

[3] **Exile** (ĕks' īl), forced separation from one's native country and home.

[4] **Băn' ish ment**, the state of being forced by the government of a country from its borders.

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elections in those Eastern countries: the people have nŏthing to do with the choice of their own rŭlers. The latter are appointed by the Viceroy at his plĕasure, and hold ŏffice ōnly so long as he allows them. The envy or jealousy of one Pasha may lead to the ruin of another, without any fault on the part of the latter. Probably somebody else wanted Rŭfah Pashą's place, and slandered him to the Viceroy for the sake of getting him removed and exiled.

3. The unhappy man inspired my profound sympathy. Sometimes he would spend the evening with the Consul and myself, because he felt safe, in our presence, to complain of the tyranny [1] under which he suffered. When we met him at the houses of the other Egyptian ŏfficers, he was very cârеful not to talk on the subject, lest they should repōrt the fact to the government.

4. Being a fŏreigner [2] and a stranger, I never imagined that I could be of any service to Rufah Pasha. I did not speak the language well, I knew very little of the laws and regulations of the country, and, moreover, I intended simply to pâss thrŏugh Egypt on my retûrn. Nevertheless, one night, when we happened to be walking the streets together, he whispered that he had something special to say to me.

5. Although it was bright moonlight, we had a native sĕrvant with us, to carry a lantern. The Pashą ordered the servant to walk on in advance; and a tûrn of the nărrōw, crookĕd streets soon hid him from our sight. Every thing was quiet, except the rustling of the wind in the pälm-trees which rose above the garden-walls.

6. "Now," said the Pasha, taking my hand, "now we can talk for a few minutes, without being overheard. I want you to do me a favor."—"Willingly," I ănswered, "if it is in my power."—"It will not give you much trouble," he said, "and may be of great service to me.

7. "I want you to take two letters to Egypt—one to my son, who lives in the town of Tahtah, and one to Mr. Murray, the English Consul-General, whom you know. I can not trust

[1] **Tȳr′ an nȳ**, exercise of power over subjects and ŏthers with an undue rigor; ĕruel discipline.

[2] **F'ŏr′ eign er**, a person not belŏnging to, nor native in the country spoken of.

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the Egyptian mĕrchants, because, if these letters were ōpened and read, I might be kept here many years longer. If you deliver them safely, my friends will know how to assist me, and perhaps I may soon be allowed to return hōme."

8. I promised to deliver bōth letters with my own hands, and the Pasha parted from me in mōre cheerful spirits at the door of the Consul's house. After a few days I was ready to set out on the retûrn joûrney; but according to custom, I was first oblīged to make farewell visits to all the ŏfficers of gŏv'ernment.

9. It was vĕry easy to apprise Rufah Pasha beforehand of my intention, and he had no difficulty in slipping the letters into my hand without the action being observed by any one. I put them into my portfolio, with my own letters and papers, where they were entirely safe, and said nŏthing about the matter to any one in Khartoum.

10. Although I was glad to leave that wild town, with its burning climate, and retrace the lŏng way back to Egypt, ăcrŏss the desert and down the Nile, I felt very sŏrry at being oblīged to take leave forever of all my pets. The little gazelles said, "*Wow! wow!*" in answer to my "Good-bye;" the hyenas howled and tried to bite, just as much as ever; but the dear old lioness I know would have been sŏrry if she could have understood that I was going.

11. She frisked around me, licked my hand, and I tŏŏk her great tawny[1] head into my arms, and gave her a kiss. Sĭnce then I have never had a lion for a pet, and may never have one again. I must confess, I am sŏrry for it; for I still retain my love for lions—four-footed ones, I mean—to this dāy.

12. Well, it was a lŏng joûrney, and I should have to write many days in order to describe it. I should have to tell of fierce sand-storms in the desert; of resting in pälm-groves near the old capital of Ethiōpia; of plodding,[2] day after day, thrŏugh desolate landscapes, on the back of a camel, crŏssing stōny ranges of mountaĭns, to reach the Nile again, and then floating down with the current in an ōpen bōat.

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[1] **Taw' ny**, of a dull yellowish-brown color, like things tanned, or persons who are sunburnt.

[2] **Plŏd' ding**, traveling steadily, heavily, and slowly.

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IV.

19. THE PASHA'S SON.

PART THIRD.

IT was nearly two months before I could deliver the first of the Pasha's letters—that which he had written to his son. The town of Tahtah is in Upper Egypt. You will hardly find it on the maps. It stands on a little mound, sĕvèral miles from the Nile, and is surrounded by the rich and beautiful plain which is every year overflowed by the river.

2. There was a head-wind, and my bōat could not proceed very fāst; so I took my faithful servant, Achmet, and set out on foot, taking a pāth which led over the plain, between beautiful wheat-fields and orchards of lemon-trees. In an hour or two we reached Tahtah—a queer, dark old town, with high houses and nărrōw streets. The dōors and bal'conies wĕre of carved wo͝od, and the wĭndōws were covered with lattices, so that no one could lo͝ok in, although those inside could easily look out. There were a few sleepy mĕrchants in the bazaar,[1] smoking their pipes and enjoying the odors of cinnamon and dried roses which floated in the air.

3. After some little inquī'ry, I found Rufah Pasha's house, but was not admitted, because the Egyptian women are not allowed to receive the visits of strāngers. Thêre was a shaded entrance-hall, ōpen to the street, where I was requested to sit, while the black sĕrving-woman went to the school to bring the Pasha's son. She first borrowed a pipe from one of the mĕrchants in the bazaar, and brought it to me.

4. Achmet and I sat there, while the people of the town, who had hĕard that we came from Khartoum and knew the Pasha, găthered around to ăsk questions. They were all very polite and friendly, and seemed as glad to hear about the Pasha as if they belŏnged to his family. In a quarter of an hour the woman came back, followed by the Pasha's son and the schoolmaster, who had dismissed his school in order to hear the news.

5. The boy was about eleven years old, but tall of his age. He had a fâir face, and large, dark eyes, and smiled pleasantly

[1] **Bazaar** (bū zär'), in the East, an assemblage of shops where goods are exposed for sale; an exchange, or a market-place.

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when he saw me. If I had not known something of the customs of the people, I should have given him my hand, perhaps drawn him between my knees, put an arm around his waist, and talked familiarly; but I thought it best to wait and see how he would behave toward me.

6. He first made me a graceful salutation,[1] just as a man would have done, then took my hand and gently touched it to his heart, lips, and forehead, after which he took his seat on the high divan,[2] or bench, by my side. Here he again made a salutation, clapped his hands thrice, to summon the woman, and ordered coffee to be brought.

7. "Is your Ex'cellency in good health?" he asked. "Very well, praised be Allah!"[3] I answered. "Has your Excellency any commands for me? You have but to speak: you shall be obeyed."

8. "You are very kind," said I; "but I have need of nothing. I bring you greetings from the Pasha, your father, and this letter, which I promised him to deliver into your own hands." Thereupon I handed him the letter, which he laid to his heart and lips before opening. As he found it a little difficult to read, he summoned the schoolmaster, and they read it together in a whisper.

9. In the mean time coffee was served in little cups, and a very handsome pipe was brought by somebody for my use. After he had read the letter, the boy turned to me with his face a little flushed, and his eyes sparkling, and said, "Will your Excellency permit me to ask whether you have another letter?"

10. "Yes," I answered; "but it is not to be delivered here." —"It is right," said he. "When will you reach Cairo?"[4] "That depends on the wind; but I hope in seven days from now." The boy again whispered to the schoolmaster, but presently they both nodded, as if satisfied, and nothing more was said on the subject.

11. Some sher'bet (which is nothing but lemonade flavored

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[1] Sal' u ta' tion, the act of greeting or paying respect by words or actions commonly used.

[2] Di van', a cushioned seat placed against the wall of a room.

[3] Al' lah, the true or only God—the Arabic name of God.

[4] Cai' ro, the capital of Egypt.

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with rose-water) and pomegranates[1] were then brought to me, and the boy asked whether I would not honor him by remaining during the rest of the day. If I had not seen his face, I should have supposed that I was visiting a man—so dignified and self-possessed and graceful was the little fellow.

12. The people looked on as if they were quite accustomed to such mature[2] manners in children. I was obliged to use as much ceremony with the child as if he had been[3] the governor of the town. But he interested me, nevertheless, and I felt curious to know the subject of his consultation with the schoolmaster. I was sure they were forming some plan to have the Pasha recalled from exile.

13. After two or three hours I left, in order to overtake my boat, which was slowly working its way down the Nile. The boy arose, and walked by my side to the end of the town, the other people following behind us. When we came out upon the plain, he took leave of me with the same salutations, and the words, "May God grant your Excellency a prosperous journey!"

14. "May God grant it!" I responded; and then all the people repeated, "May God grant it!" The whole interview seemed to me like a scene out of the "Arabian Nights." To me it was a pretty, picturesque[4] experience, which can not be forgotten: to the people, no doubt, it was an every-day matter.

15. When I reached Cairo, I delivered the other letter, and in a fortnight afterward left Egypt; so that I could not ascertain, at the time, whether any thing had been done to forward the Pasha's hopes. Some months afterward, however, I read in a European[5] newspaper, quite accidentally, that Rufah Pasha had returned to Egypt from Khartoum. I was delighted with the news; and I shall always believe, and insist upon it, that the Pasha's wise and dignified little son had a hand in bringing about the fortunate result.

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[1] **Pomegranate** (pŭm grăn′ ĕt), a fruit as large as an orange, having a hard rind filled with a soft pulp and numerous seeds, of a reddish color.

[2] **Ma tūre′**, ripe; full-grown.

[3] **Been** (bĭn).

[4] **Pict′ ur esque′**, fitted to form a good or pleasing picture; presenting that peculiar kind of beauty which is agreeable in a picture.

[5] **Eu′ ro pē′ an**, pertaining to Europe; a native of Europe.

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II.

20. THE BOY AND THE BELL.

PART FIRST.

WITHIN a chûrchyard's sacred ground,
Whose fading tablets tell
Whêre they who built the village church
In solemn silence dwell,
Hälf hidden in the čarth thêre lies
An ăncient Chapel-Bell.

2. Brōken, decayed, and cȯvered ō'er
With mōldering leaves and rust;
Its vĕry name and date concealed
Beneath a canḳering crust;

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Forgŏtten—like its ĕarly friends,
Who sleep in neighboring dust.

3. Yĕt it was once a trusty Bell,
Of most sonō'roŭs[1] lung,
And many a joyous wedding-peal,
And many a knell had rung,
Ere Time had cracked its brāzen sides,
And broke its iron[2] tongue.

4. And many a youthful heart had dănced,
In mĕrry Christmas-time,
To hear its pleasant roundelāy,[3]
Sung out in ringing rhyme;
And many a worldly thought been checked
To list its Sabbath chime.

5. A youth[4]—a bright and happy boy—
One sultry[5] summer's dāy,
Aweary of his bat and ball,
Chănced hitherward to strāy,
To read a little book he had,
And rest him from his plāy.

6. "A sŏft and shady spot is this!"
The rosy youngster cried,
And sat him down, beneath a tree,
That ăncient Bell beside
(But hidden in the tangled grăss,
The Bell he ne'er espied).

7. Anon,[6] a mist fell on his book:
The letters seemed to stir;
And though, full ŏft, his flagging sight
The boy essayed to spur,
The mazy page was quickly lŏst
Beneath a cloudy blur.[7]

---

[1] **So nō'roŭs, high-sounding; giving a clear or loud sound.**

[2] **Iron** (ī'ĕrn).

[3] **Round'e lāy, a simple country strain which is short and lively.**

[4] **Youth** (yo͞oth).

[5] **Sŭl'trў, very hot, bûrning, and oppressive.**

[6] **A nŏn', quickly; immediately.**

[7] **Blur** (blĕr).

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8. And while he marveled much at this,
And wŏndered how it came,
He felt a lan̲guor[1] creeping ō'er
His young and weary frame,
And hĕard a voice, a ġentle voice,
That plainly spoke his name.

9. That gentle voice that named his name
Entrånced[2] him like a spell,[3]
Upon his ear so vĕry near
And suddenly it fell,
Yĕt sŏft and musical, as 'twĕre
The whisper of a bell.

10. "Since låst I spoke," the voice began,
"Seems many a dreary year!
(Albeit, 't is ōnly since thy birth
I've lain neglected here!)
Pray list, while I rehĕarse a tale
Behooves[4] thee much to hear.

VI.

21. THE BOY AND THE BELL.

PART SECOND.

"ONCE, from yŏn ivied tower, I wa̲tched
The villagers, around,
And gave to all their joys and griefs
A sympathetic[5] sound—
But mōst are sleeping, now, within
This consecrated[6] ground.

---

[1] **Languor** (lăng'gwur), that flagging or drōōping condition of the body which is caused by the effect of heat, or by weakness from any cause; listlessness.

[2] **Entranced** (en trånst'), placed in a condition in which the soul seems to have left the body and gŏne into another state of being; filled with delight or wŏnder.

[3] **Spĕll,** words repeated for their magical power; hence, any charm.

[4] **Behooves** (be hǫvz'), is meet, fit, or necessary for.

[5] **Sym'pa thĕt'ic,** tending to, or showing sympathy.

[6] **Cŏn' se crāt' ed,** given or set apart for sacred purposes.

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2. "I used to ring my mĕrriëst peal
To hail the blushing bride;
I sadly tōlled for men cut down
In strength and manly pride;
And solemnly—not mournfully—
When little children died.

3. "But, chief, my duty was to bid
The villagers repâir,
On each retûrning Sabbath morn,
Unto the House of Prâyer,
And in His own appointed place
Our Father's mercy share.

4. "Ah! well I mind me of a child,
A gleesome, happy maid,
Who came, with constant step, to church,
In cŏmely[1] garb,[2] arrayed,[3]
And knelt her down full solemnly,
And penitently[4] prayed.

5. "And ŏft when church was dŏne, I marked
That little maiden near
This pleasant spot, with bŏŏk in hand,
As you are sĭtting here—
She read of sin and unbelief,
And wept with grief sincere.

6. "Years rōlled ăwāy—and I beheld
The child to wo͝man[5] grōwn;
Her cheek was fâirer, and her eye
With brighter luster shōne;
But childhood's tru͝th[6] and innocence
Were still the maiden's own.

7. "I never rang a mĕrriër peal
Than when, a joyous bride,

---

[1] **Comely** (kŭm'll), suitable or becoming; handsome.
[2] **Garb**, clothing; dress.
[3] **Ar rāyed'**, decked or dressed.
[4] **Pĕn'i tent ly**, with sincere sŏrrōw for sin.
[5] **Woman** (wu͝m'an).
[6] **Truth** (tro͞th), Rule 4, p. 24.

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She stood beneath the sacred pōrch,[1]
A noble youth beside,
And plighted[2] him her maiden trŏth,[3]
In maiden love and pride.

8. "I never tōlled a deeper knell,[4]
Than when, in after years,
They laid her in the chûrchyard here,
Where this lōw mound appears—
The very grave, my boy, that you
Are watering now with tears!

9. "*It is thy mother!* gentle boy,
That claims this tale of mine—
Thou art a flower whose fatal birth
Destroyed the parent[5] vine!
A precious flower art thou, my child—
Her life was given for thine!

10. The boy ăwōke, as from a dream,
And thoughtful looked around,
But nothing saw, save at his feet,
His mother's lowly mound,
And by its side that ăncient Bell,
Half[6] hidden in the ground!

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[1] **Pōrch**, a kind of hall at the entrance of churches or other buildings; an entrance way.

[2] **Plight'ed**, gave as security for the performance of a cĕrtain act; pledged.

[3] **Trŏth**, truth; belief; faith.

[4] **Knell** (nĕl), the stroke of a bell rung at a funeral, or at the death of a person.

[5] **Parent** (pâr'ent).

[6] **Half** (hăf).

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SECTION V.

I.

22. THE RAIN.

A MERCHANT, riding hōme from a fâir, had a pōrtmăn'-teau[1] with a large sum of money behind him. It was raining vĕry heavily, and the good man became wet thrŏugh. He was annoyed at this, and complained very much that Gŏd had given him such bad weather for his joûrney.

2. His wāy led him through a thick fŏrest. The fierce winds, the black clouds, the sad sighings of the swaying trees, the snapping and clatter of dead limbs, the roll of the thunder, the gleam of the lightning, and the hissing and rōar of the tĕmpèst filled him with fear.

3. As he approached a tuft of tall trees for shelter from the storm, to his great terror he saw a robber standing there, who aimed his gun at him and drew the trigger.

4. He would have certainly been killed, but the powder had become damp with the rain, and the gun would not go ŏff. He immediately gave spûr to his horse, and happily escaped the dānger.

5. When the merchant was in safety, he said to himself, "What a fool I was to complain about the bad weather, instead of taking it patiently as a providence[2] of God! If the sky had been bright, and the air pure and dry, I should now be lying dead in my blood, and my children would wait in vain for their father's return.

6. "The rain at which I murmured saved my property and life. In future, I will not forgĕt what the proverb[3] says—'What Gŏd sends is always well, though why, 'tis ŏften hard to tell.'"

---

[1] **Portmanteau** (pōrt măn' tō), a bag usually made of leather, for carrying clothing and other things on joûrneys.

[2] **Prŏv' i dence**, foresight; timely care; readiness to provide.

[3] **Prŏv' erb**, an old and common saying; a sentence which expresses with fŏrce and brevity some practical trŭth.

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II.

23. SUNSHINE AND SHOWERS.

TWO children stood at their father's gate,
Two gīrls with golden hâir;
And thêir eyes were bright, and their voices glad,
Because the morn was fâir.
For they said—"We will take that lŏng, long walk
In the hawthorn copse[1] to-dāy;
And găther great bunches of lovely flowers
From ŏff the scented Māy;[2]
And oh! we shall be *so* happy thêre,
'Twill be sŏrrōw to come ăway!"

2. As the children spoke, a little cloud
Pâssed slowly ăcrŏss the sky;
And one looked up in her sister's face
With a tear-drop in her eye.
But the other said—"Oh! heed it not;
'Tis far too fair to rain;
That little cloud may search the sky
For other clouds, in vain."
And soon the children's voices rose
In mĕrrimènt again.

3. But êre the morning hours waned,
The sky had chānged its hue,
And that one cloud had chased ăwāy
The whōle great heaven of blue.
The rain fell down in heavy drops,
The wind began to blōw,
And the children, in their nice warm rōom,
Went fretting to and fro;
For they said—"When we have aught in stōre,
It *always* happens so!"

4. Now these two fâir-hâired sisters
Had a brother out at sea;
A little midshipman, abōard

[1] **Cŏpse**, a wood of small growth. [2] **Māy**, the hawthorn or its flowers.

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The gallant "Victory."
And on that self-same morning,
When they stood beside the gate,
His ship was wrecked! and on a râft
He stood all desolate,
With the other sailors round him,
Prepâred to meet their fate.

5. Beyŏnd they saw the cool, green land—
The land with her waving trees,
And her little brooks, that rise and fall
Like butterflies in the breeze.
But above, the bûrning noon-tide sun
With scorching stillnèss shōne;
Their thrōats were parched with bitter thĭrst,
And they knelt down, one by one,
And prayed to Gŏd for a drop of rain,
And a gale to wâft them on.

6. And then that little cloud was sent—
That shower in mĕrcy given!
And, as a bird befōre the breeze,
Their bark was landward driven.
And some few mornings âfter,
When the children met once mōre,
And their brother told the stōry,
They knew it was the hour
When they had wished for sunshine,
And Gŏd had sent the shower.

V.

23. LITTLE GERTRUDE.

PART FIRST.

LITTLE Gertrude[1] was the daughter of a German peasant,[2] who had a cottage and a few acres of land of his own. She was the ĕldèst of five children, and ten years of age. The little cottage stood in the midst of a village, that was sur-

[1] **Gertrude** (gĕr' trọd).

[2] **Pĕas' ant**, one of the lowest class of tillers of the soil, or farm laborers, in Europe; a countryman.

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rounded by fine large mĕadōwṣ on one side, and on the other by high hills, covered with vĭneyards[1] to the vĕry summit.

2. Her father had but little money; but when the harvèst was good, and the weather favorable, they had not ōnly plenty for themselves, but something for the pōōr as well. It was a regular festival,[2] when the time for găthering the frụit arrived: they all went then to the large mĕadōw, and helped to gather the beautiful red apples and yĕllōw peârs, for the large plain was covered with fruit-trees of ĕvèry kind.

3. Mōre delightful still it was, when in autumn they climbed the hills to găther in the grapes. The men had a kind of pannier slung on their backs, and when the children had filled their little bâskets, they threw the beautiful white and pûrple bunches into them.

4. Little Gertrude was a bright, mĕrry little gĭrl, and she had been obliged to help her mother so much in nûrsing her brothers and sisters, that she had become a vĕry steady child. In the morning she rose very early, and lighted the fire in the stove, while her mother was milking the cow: ŏf*te*n, when the others came in, the industrious little girl had the kitchen swept nice and clean, and on the table stood a large dish of pŏrridge ready for brĕakfast. The little children would all eat out of the same dish, but there was a second one for the older people.

5. If it was not a busy time of the year, little Gertrude was allowed to go to the village school; but she could not ŏf*te*n be spâred. She was vĕry fond of going to school, perhaps mōre so than she would have been had she been able to go ĕvèry day, becạuse people dōn't câre so much about blessings they have never felt the wạnt of.

6. What she liked best of all she was taught at school was the singing, and it made her very happy to join in the pretty hymns and sweet sŏngs of the village children. Often, when she was coming back from the market on her father's cart, she would sing so heartily with her clear voice, that the people looked with plĕasure at her bright face, and said, "What a happy child!"

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[1] **Vĭne′ yard**, a yard for grape-vines; a field of vines for raising grapes.

[2] **Fĕs′ ti val**, a time of feasting; a feast; a cĕrtain day of great joy each year.

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7. One dāy she had just retûrned with her father, who had desired her to carry the market-bâskets into an outhouse behind the yard. A strānge man was looking ăcrŏss the low wall, and as sōōn as he saw her, he called her by name. "Gertrude," he said, "come here for a mōmĕnt."

8. Gertrude was not in the least afraid, and ran over to him at once, to âsk what he wanted. "Thêre is one of your father's lambs caught in a hedge,"[1] said the man; "come down and I will gĕt it out for you."

9. Gertrude dreamed of no harm, and ran ŏff at once. For a considerable distance she followed the man, until at last they had reached the furthest end of the hedge; but no lamb was to be seen. "It must have strayed ăwāy," said the man; "come down the lane a little, we shall find it there."'

10. But Gertrude had by this time become a little alarmed; and saying that she was afraid her mother would want her, she was turning back, when the man caught her up in his arms, and stuffing something into her mouth, to prevent her from screaming, he ran down the lane with her, where a small cart was standing. Into this he threw her, loosened the pony that was tied to a tree, and sĭtting up in frŏnt, he drove away as fâst as possible.

11. Poor Gertrude tried several times to free her mouth to cry for help, but it was of no use. For many hours they drove ălŏng the lonely rōad, until the pony seemed almost too weary to move on. Then ōnly was poor Gertrude delivered from the gag,[2] and her companion told her that he would not harm her, if she would remain perfectly quiet.

12. After this, he drew out a knife that was concealed under his cōat, and showing it to the terrified girl, he said, "But if you dâre say a word to anybody about the way I took you ăwāy, I shall be oblīged to kill you." They had stopped near a barn, into which they now went. The man brought a bâsket of provisions out of the cart, and pressed Gertrude to eat; but the poor girl was too miserable[3] to do that, and sōōn afterward cried herself to sleep.

---

[1] **Hĕdge**, thorn bushes, or other shrubbery, planted as a fence.

[2] **Găg**, something thrust into the mouth or thrōat to hinder speaking.

[3] **Mīs' er able**, wretched; suffering from any cause; very unhappy.

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13. Her companion was a Gĕrman by bīrth; but he had been in almost ĕvèry country in the world. He had spent all his life in wandering from place to place: at present he had a small stock of goods, that he had ŏffered for sale in the neighboring town, where he had several times observed little Gertrude, and hēard her sing.

14. "Such a child," thought he, "would be the vĕry thing for me; if I took her to Eng̲land, her voice would be a little fortune to me." He was glad when he saw the poor little thing asleep, for though he was a bad man, he was not without feeling.

15. For several days they traveled from place to place: poor Gertrude became mōre unhappy every day, though her companion reälly tried to amuse her. At läst they reached a large sēapōrt town, where Martin—for that was the name he went by—sold his pony and cart, and took little Gertrude on bōard a large vessel to sail for England (ĭng'gland).

IV.

25. LITTLE GERTRUDE.

PART SECOND.

SOME few days äfter, they arrived in London, whêre Martin showed Gertrude many curious and strange sights. One evening he called her to him, and said, "You see, my little wo̤man, I have now nearly spent all my money, and we must do something to ĕarn our living. You have behaved vĕry well, and if you do so still, I shall sōōn be able to let you go hōme again; but first you must help me to earn some money."

2. "But how could I earn money?" sobbed the poor child. "You have a vĕry good voice, and can sing many pretty sŏngs̤; I can teach you some mōre. I shall play the guitar:[1] and you must call me father."

3. Poor Gertrude saw that she must submit, and promised, with trembling voice, to do her best. And so she did. Wherever these two went, everybody admired the pretty (prĭt'tĭ) little girl with the pale face and sad eyes, and when she began to

[1] **Guitar** (gĭ tär'), a stringed instrument of music somewhat like the violin, but larger and played upon with the fin̲gers.

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sing, the people stopped in thêir walk to lĭsten to the sweet sounds, for she reälly had a beautiful voice.

4. Meanwhile, Gertrude's father and mother were in the deepèst grief for their lŏst child. Everybody in the village liked little Gertrude, and joined in sĕarching for her with all their hearts, but to no purpose; and the poor pârents thought at last that their little girl must have been drowned in the river.

5. After she left them, all seemed to go wrŏng. A dişeaşe came among the sheep, and killed hälf of them. Two years âfterward, a bad harvèst made it impossible for them to pay their wāy. Some of their land had to be sold, and one thing went after another, until, ten years after Gertrude's disappearance, they had lŏst almost ĕvèry thing.

6. Sadly were they sĭtting one evening in their little cottage, that now looked bâre and chēerlèss. Though the autumn wind was cold, they had no fire. The mother had her yoŭngèst child on her lap; the father was leaning his head upon the wĭndōw-sill, looking the picture of hopelèss despâir.

7. "Gŏd sends us mōre trouble than we can beâr," he said at last; "I have bōrne all with patience, but now ĕvèry hope has left me." His wife replied gently, "If it be God's will, all may be well yet!" but as she said so, she glânced at the hĕlplèss little grǫup around her, and a tear fell down upon the baby's face.

8. "Go well with us, indeed!" said her husband, with a lāugh that almost frightened his wife. "Nŏthing has gŏne well with us since the child was lŏst. To-mŏrrōw we shall have to leave the house, and Gŏd ōnly knows what is to become of us then."

9. A vēhĭcle stopped at the door. The poor man started from his châir. "Here they are already!" he cried. "Will they have the crǫelty to turn us out this vĕry night?"

10. A tall, graceful-looking young lady stood there in the dim twilight; around her the group of wŏndering people. The lady seemed much affected,[2] and for some mōmènts unable to speak. At lâst, she threw herself into her father's arms, for the lady was Gertrude, the stolen child. For a moment all was confusion. The poor mother sobbed, and the baby began to cry.

[1] **Vē' hĭ cle**, that in which any thing is or may be carried, as a wagon, cart, carriage, or the like.

[2] **Af fĕct' ed**, moved; overcome.

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11. Gĕrtrụde wạs the fĭrst to recover herself; and when she had persuaded them to sĭt down again, she told them her strānge stōry. For two years she had led a wandering life with her companion; his expectations had been fulfilled, and they had become possessed of a considerable sum of money in a short time. She had been supported by the hope of being allowed to retûrn hōme, and succeeded in persuading him to write and tell her pârents what had become of her.

12. After some weeks, he had told her that a neighbor had replied to his letter, and informed him that Gertrude's friends had gŏne to Amĕrĭeȧ. Sōōn âfter, Martin had fallen into bad company, and began to drink. This had been a terrible time for the poor girl, for he grew worse[1] ĕvĕry day, and his passion for drink became so strŏng that he was hardly ever sober. One evening he engaged in a drunken brawl[2] with a companion, and received a blow on his head, from the effects of which he soon after died.

13. There was nŏthing left now for poor Gertrude but to fŏllōw her occupation ălōne. She had lĕarned to play the guĭtär'; and when her unfortunate companion had been buried, she went on her way, though she knew not whither. One day she was playing a sad âir, when an elderly gentleman stopped to lis*t*en to her sweet voice. He made some inquiries.[3] Gertrude told her hĭstōry. He proposed to have her voice cultivated, as he knew it would well repāy the outlāy and trouble.

14. For two years Gertrude enjoyed every advântage money could buy, and she had now become a celebrated singer. But her heart was not satisfied by the admiration of thousands, while she was uncĕrtain as to the fate of her pârents. She reṣolved to go to America to seek them, and her kind benefactor ŏffered to accompany her. For this purpose, she had now sought her native place once mōre to găther what information she coụld. The pâstôr[4] had just told her the sŏrrōwful stōry of her parents.

15. In a few weeks, Gertrude's friends were established in a comfortable farm in their native village. Her brothers and

[1] **Worse** (wĕrs), see Note 4, p. 16.
[2] **Brawl** (brạl), a noisy quạrrel.
[3] **In quĭr' y,** a question.
[4] **Pastor** (pâs' tạr), one who has the câre of souls; a minister of the gŏspel; a shepherd.

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sisters were educated at her expense; and though Gertrude's engagements required her absence during the winter, she spent two happy summers with them, after which she gave her hand to her former school-fellow, the young pastor of her native village. Her father often acknowledged with gratitude[1] that God's ways are not our ways, for what he had deemed his greatest misfortune had in reality proved the means by which they had all been raised to prosperity.[2]

SECTION VI.

I.

26. THE FLOWER-POT.

PART FIRST.

ONE fine day in summer, my father was seated on the lawn[3] before the house, his straw-hat over his eyes, and his book on his lap. Suddenly a beautiful blue and white flower-pot, which had been set on the window-sill of an upper story, fell to the ground with a crash, and the fragments[4] clattered round my father's legs.

2. "Dear, dear!" cried my mother, who was at work in the porch;[5] "my poor flower-pot that I prized so much! Who could have done this? Primmins, Primmins!" Mrs. Primmins popped her head out of the fatal[6] window, nodded to the call, and came down in a trice,[7] pale and breathless.

3. "Oh," said my mother, mournfully, "I would rather have lost all the plants in the greenhouse[8] in the great blight[9] last

[1] **Grăt′ i tūde**, warm and friendly feeling toward a giver; thankfulness.

[2] **Prŏs pĕr′ i tў**, success; good fortune; happiness.

[3] **Lawn** (lan), grass-ground in front of or near a house, generally kept smoothly mown.

[4] **Frăg′ ment**, a part broken off; a small piece separated from any thing by breaking.

[5] **Pōrch**, a kind of small room within, and nearest the outer door of a building; entrance into a house.

[6] **Fā′ tal**, causing death or destruction.

[7] **Trice**, instant; a very short time.

[8] **Grēen′ house**, a house in which tender plants are sheltered, and kept green in cold weather.

[9] **Blight**, mildew; decay.

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May; I would rather the best tea-set were broken! The poor ġerānium I reared myself, and the dear, dear flower-pot which Mr. Caxton bought for me my lâst birthday! that naughty child must have done this!"

4. Mrs. Primmins was dreadfully ăfrāid of my father; why, I know not, except that vĕry talkative, sōcial[1] persons are usually afraid of very silent, shy, thoughtful ones. She câst a hasty glănce at her mâster, who was beginning to evince[2] signs of attention, and cried very prŏmptly, "No, ma'am, it was not the dear boy, it was I!"

5. "You! how could you be so câreless? and you knew how I prized them bōth. Oh, Primmins!" Primmins began to sob. "Dōn't tell fibs, nûrsy," said a small shrill voice; and I, coming out of the house as bold as a lion, continued rapidly, "don't scold Primmins, mammā'; it was I who pushed out the flower-pot."

6. "Hush!" said nûrse, more frightened than ever, while gazing at my father, who had vĕry deliberately taken ŏff his hat, and was regarding the scene with serious eyes, wide awake. "Hush! And if he did break it, ma'am, it was quite an accident; he was standing so, and he never meant it. Did you, Master Sisty? *Speak!*" this in a whisper, "*or papa will be so very angry.*"

7. "Well," said my mother, "I suppose it was an accident: take câre in future, my child. You are sŏrry, I see, to have grieved me. There is a kiss; don't fret."—"No, mammā', you must not kiss me; I don't deserve it. I pushed out the flower-pot on pûrpose."

8. "Ha! and why?" said my father, walking up. Mrs. Primmins trembled like a leaf. "For fun!" said I, hanging my head; "just to see how you'd look, papā'; and that's the truth of it. Now beat me—do beat me!"

9. My father threw his book fifty feet off, stooped down, and caught me to his breast. "Boy," he said, "you have dône wrŏng; you shall repair it by remembering all your life that your father blessed Gŏd for giving him a son who spoke truth in spite of fear."

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[1] **Social** (sō' shal), relating to society; companionable; friendly.

[2] **E vince'**, manifest; show in a clear manner.

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II.

27. THE FLOWER-POT.

PART SECOND.

THE box of dŏmĭnoș[1] waș my delight. "Ah!" said my fāther, one day when he found me playing with it in the parlor, "ah! yọu like that better than all your playthings, eh?"—"Ah, yes, papă'."

2. "You woụld be very sŏrry if your mammă' were to throw that box out of the wĭndōw and break it for fun." I looked beseechingly at my father, and made no ănswer. "But, perhaps, you would be very glad," he resumed, "if suddenly one of those good fâiries you read of would change the domino-box into a beautiful ġerānium in a beautiful blue and white flower-pot, and that you coụld have the plĕasure of pụtting it on your mamma's window-sill."

3. "Indeed I would," said I, hălf crying. "My dear boy, I believe you; but good wishes dōn't mend bad actions—good actions mend bad actions." So saying, he shut the door and went out; I can not tell you how puzzled I was to make out what my father meant.

4. The next morning my father found me seated by myself under a tree in the garden; he paused, and looked at me with his grave, bright eyes very steadily. "My boy," said he, "I am going to walk to town, will you come? And, by the bye, fetch your domino-box; I should like to show it to a pĕrson there." I ran in for the box, and, not a little proud of walking with my father on the hīgh-rōad, we set out.

5. "Papa," said I by the wāy, "thêre are no fairies now."—"What then, my child?"—"Why, how then can my domino-box be changed into a beautiful ġeranium and a blue and white flower-pot?"

6. "My dear," said my father, leaning his hand on my shoulder, "ĕvèrybody who is in ĕarnest to be gŏŏd, carries two fairies about with him—one here," and he touched my fŏr*ehĕad*; "one here," and he touched my heart. "I don't understand, papa," said I thoughtfully. "I can wait till you do, my boy," said he.

[1] **Dŏm' i nōs,** twenty-eight pieces of ivory, plain on the backs, with spots on them, used for playing a game called *dominos.*

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7. Aided by my father, I effected the desired exchange, and, on our retûrn, ran into the house. Ah! how proud, how overjoyed I was when, after placing vāse and flower on the wĭndōw-sill, I plucked my mother by the gown, and made her follōw me to the spot. "It is his doing and his money!" said my father; "good actions have mended the bad."

8. "What!" cried my mother, when she had lĕarned all; "and your poor domino-box that you were so fond of? We shall go to-mŏrrōw and buy it back if it cŏsts us double."

9. "Shall we buy it back, my boy?" ăsked my father. "O no—no—no—it would spoil it all!" I cried, burying my face on my father's breast.

10. "My wife," said my father, solemnly, "this is my first lesson to our child—the sanctity[1] and happinèss of self-săc'rĭ-fĭce[2]—undo not what it should teach him to his dying hour."

III.

28. THE COMPETENT WITNESS.

A LITTLE gĭrl nine years of age was brought into cōurt as a witness against a prisoner who was on trial for a crime committed in hĕr fāther's house. "Now, Emily," said the counsel for the prisoner, upon her being ŏffered as a witness, "I desire to know if you fully understand the nature of an ōath?"

2. "I don't know what you mean," was the simple answer. "Your Honor," said the counsel, addressing the cōurt, "this witness should be rejected. "She dŏes not know the nature of an oath."

3. "Let us see," said the judge, "Come here, my daughter." Assured[3] by the kind tone and manner of the judge, the child stepped tōward him, and looked trustingly up in his face, with a călm, clear eye, and in a manner so artless[4] and frank that it went straight to the heart. "Did you ever take an oath?" inquired the judge.

---

[1] **Sanc' ti tў**, sacredness; goodness.

[2] **Sacrifice** (săc' rĭ fīz). lŏss or surrender of any thing for the sake of something else; the thing given up.

[3] **Assured** (ash shọrd'), made sure or confident.

[4] **Art' less**, free from art or crăft; simple; honest.

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4. The little girl stepped back with a lŏŏk of hŏrror,[1] and the red blood mantled in a blush all over her face and neck, as she answered, "No, sir." She thought he intended to inquire if she had ever blasphemed.[2]

5. "I do not mean that," said the judge, who saw her mistake, "I mean were you ever a witnèss befōre?"—"No, sir, I never was in cōurt before," was the answer. He handed her the Bible, open. "Do you know that book, my daughter?"

6. She looked at it, and answered, "Yĕs, sir; it is the Bible."—"Do you ever read it?" he asked. "Yes, sir; ĕvèry evening."—"Can you tell me what the Bible is?" inquired the judge. "It is the word of the great Gŏd," she answered.

7. "Well, place your hand upon this Bible, and listen to what I say;" and he repeated slowly and solemnly the ōath usually taken by witnèssès. "Now," said the judge, "you have been swōrn as a witness; will you tell me what will happen to you if you do not tell the truth?"

8. "I shall be shut up in the State Prison," answered the child. "Any thing else?" asked the judge. "I shall not go to heaven," she replied. "How do you know this?" asked the judge again.

9. The child took the Bible, and tûrning rapidly to the chapter containing the Commandments, pointed to the one that read, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." "I lĕarned that," she said, "before I could read."—"Has any one talked to you about being a witness in cōurt here against this man?" inquired the judge.

10. "Yes, sir," she replied. "My mother hĕard they wanted me to be a witness, and lâst night she called me to hĕr rōōm and âsked me to tell her the Ten Commandments; and then we kneeled down together, and she prayed that I might understand how wicked it was to beâr false witness against my neighbor, and that Gŏd would help me, a little child, to tell the truth as it was befōre Him. And when I came up here with father, she kissed me, and told me to remember the ninth commandment, and that God would hear ĕvèry word that I said."

---

[1] **Hŏr' ror**, a painful feeling of fear, and dislike; the feeling caused by something frightful and shocking.

[2] **Blas phēmed'**, reviled or spoken reproachfully or lightly of God, Christ, or the Holy Spirit.

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11. "Do you believe this?" åsked the judge, while a tear glis*tened* in his eye and his lips quivered with emotion.[1] "Yes, sir," said the child, with a voice and manner that showed her conviction[2] of the truth was perfect.

12. "Gŏd bless you, my child," said the judge, "you have a good mother. This witness is competent,"[3] he continued. "Were I on trial for my life, and innocent of the charge against me, I would pray Gŏd for such witnesses as this. Let her be examined."

13. She told her stōry with the simplicity[4] of a child, as she was, but there was a dĭrĕctnèss about it which carried conviction of its truth to ĕvèry heart. She was rigidly crŏss-examined. The counsel plied her with many and ingenious[5] questionings, but she varied from her first statement in nŏthing.

14. The truth as spoken by that little child was sublime.[6] Falsehood and pĕrjury[7] had gŏne befōre her testimony. The prisoner had intrenched[8] himself in lies, until he deemed himself safe. But befōre her testimony falsehood was scattered like chåff.

15. The little child, for whom a mother had prayed for strength to be given her to speak the truth as it was befōre Gŏd, broke the cunning device[9] of matured[10] villainy[11] to pieces like a potter's[12] vessel. The strength that her mother prayed for was given her, and the sublime and terrible simplicity (terrible, I mean, to the prisoner and his pĕrjured friends), with which she spoke, was like a revelation[13] from God himself.

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[1] **Emotion** (e mō′ shun), a moving of the soul or mind; feeling.

[2] **Con vĭc′ tion,** strŏng persuasion or belief.

[3] **Cŏm′ pe tent,** having needful qualities; fit.

[4] **Sim plĭc′ i tў,** artlèssnèss of mind; sincerity.

[5] **Ingenious** (in jēn′ yŭs), witty; well-formed.

[6] **Sub līme′,** lifted up; high; excellent; grand.

[7] **Per′ ju ry,** false swe*â*ring in a cōurt of law.

[8] **In trĕnched′,** surrounded with a ditch or some other defense.

[9] **De vīce′,** a scheme, plan, or trick, by which some advântage is sought to be obtained.

[10] **Ma tūred′,** fully worked out; made ready for use; ripened.

[11] **Vĭl′ laĭn ў,** the greatest degree of vileness or wickedness.

[12] **Pŏt′ ter,** one whose business is to make crockery or earthen vessels.

[13] **Rĕv′ e lā′ tion,** the act of making known, or discovering, or showing to others, what was befōre concealed or unknown to them; that which is made known.

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SECTION VII.

I.

29. THE CASTLE-BUILDER.

A GENTLE boy, with sŏft and silken locks,
A dreamy boy, with brown and tender eyes,
A căstle-builder, with his wooden blocks,
And towers that touch imaginary[1] skies.

2. A fearless rider on his father's knee,
An eager listener unto stōries told
At the Round Table of the nûrsery,
Of heroes and adventures manifold.[2]

3. Thêre will be other towers for thee to build;
There will be other steeds for thee to ride;
There will be other lēgends,[3] and all filled
With greater marvels[4] and more glōrified.

4. Build on, and make thy castles high and fâir,
Rising and reaching upward to the skies;
Listen to voices in the upper âir,
Nor lose thy simple faith in mysteries.

II.

30. FAIRIES OF CALDON LOW.

"AND whêre have you been, my Mary,
And where have you been from me?"
"I've been to the top of the Căldon Lōw
The midsummer-night to see!"

2. "And what did you see, my Mary,
All up on the Căldon Lōw?"

---

[1] **Im ăg'i na ry**, fanciful; not reăl.

[2] **Măn'i fōld**, different in quality or kind; many in number.

[3] **Lē'gend**, that which is appointed to be read; any stōry, especially a marvelous or remarkable one, handed down from ēarly times.

[4] **Marvel** (mär'vel), that which seizes on and fixes the attention, and causes admiration or surprise; a wonder.

[5] **Been** (bin).

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"I saw the glad sunshine come down,
And I saw the mĕrry winds blōw."

3. "And what did yǫu hear, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon hill?"
"I heard the drops the wąter made,
And the ears of the green corn fill."

4. "O! tell me all, my Mary—
All, all that ever you know;
For you must have seen the fâiries
Last night on-the Căldon Lōw."

5. "Then take me on your knee, mother;
And lis*t*en, mother of mine:
A hundred fairies dânced lâst night,
And the harpers they were nine;

6. "And their harp-strings rung so mĕrrily
To their dancing feet so small;
But oh! the words of their talking
Were merrier far than all."

7. "And what were the words, my Mary,
That then you hĕard them sāy?"—
"I'll tell you all, my mother;
But let me have my wāy.

8. "Some of them played with the wąter,
And rōlled it down the hill;
'And this,' they said, 'shall speedily tûrn
The poor old miller's mill;

9. "'For thêre has been no water
Ever since the first of Māy;
And a busy man will the miller be
At dawning of the dāy.

10. "'Oh! the miller, how he will läugh
When he sees the mill-dam rise!
The jolly old miller, how he will laugh
Till the tears fill bōth his eyes!'

11. "And some they seized the little winds
That sounded over the hill;

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And each pụt a horn unto his mouth,
And blew bōth loud and shrill;

12. "'And thêre,' they said, 'the merry winds go
Away from every horn;
And they shall clear the mildew daṇk[1]
From the blind old wĭdōw's corn.

13. "'Oh! the poor blind widow,
Though she has been blind so lŏng,
She'll be blithe[2] enough when the mildew's gŏne,
And the corn stands tall and strŏng.'

14. "And some they brought the brown lint-seed,
And flung it down from the Lōw;
'And this,' they said, 'by the sunrise,
In the weaver's crŏft[3] shall grōw.

15. "'Oh! the poor, lame weaver,
How will he läugh outright
When he sees his dwindling flax-field
All full of flowers by night!'

16. "And then outspoke a brownie,[4]
With a lŏng bēard on his chin;
'I have spun up all the tōw,' said he,
'And I want some mōre to spin.

17. "'I've spun a piece of hempen clŏth,
And I want to spin another;
A little sheet for Mary's bed,
And an apron[5] for her mother.'

18. "With that I could not help but läugh,[6]
And I laughed out loud and free;
And then on the top of the Caldon Low
There was no one left but me.

19. "And all on the top of the Caldon Low
The mists were cōld and grāy,

---

[1] **Dank**, damp; moist; wet.

[2] **Blithe**, joyful; gay; sprightly.

[3] **Crŏft**, a small fenced field used for pâsture or crops.

[4] **Brown'ie**, a good natured spirit, who was supposed to do useful things around the house at night, such as thrashing, churning, &c.

[5] **Apron** (ā' pērn).

[6] **Laugh** (läf).

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And nŏthing I saw but the mŏssy stones
That round about me lāy.

20. "But, coming down from the hill-top,
I hĕard afar belōw,
How busy the jolly miller wąs,
And how the wheel did go.

21. "And I peeped into the wĭdōw's field,
And, sųre enough, wĕre seen
The yĕllōw ears of the mildewed corn,
All standing stout and green.

22. "And down by the miller's crŏft I stole,
To see if the flax wĕre sprung;
And I met the weaver at his gate,
With the good news on his tongue.

23. "Now this is all I hĕard, mother,
And all that I did see;
So, prĭthee,[1] make my bed, mother,
For I'm tired as I can be."

III.

31. MOTH AND RUST.

PART FIRST.

AN old wąter-goblin[2] had fōur sons, three of whom were steady-going, well-to-do brŏoks—the first being in the vĭōlet-growing business, the second a scene-maker, while the third had hired himself out to a wool-spinner; but Steme, the youngèst, had all his days been a câre and vexation to his father. He had all the antic[3] tricks of his cousins, the fogs and mists, and the fickle[4] disposition[5] of his mother, who was of the Fire family. One moment he drew himself out to the lengfh of a ġiănt, as if he had been so much gutta-percha[6] or

[1] **Prithee** (prĭth'ē), I pray thee.

[2] **Gŏb' lin,** an evil spirit; an imaginary being, once thought to exert a wonderful power over man.

[3] **An' tic,** wild; odd.

[4] **Fick' le,** changeable; not continuing long of the same mind.

[5] **Dis' po sĭ' tion** (zĭsh'un), natural bent of mind; mŏral character.

[6] **Gutta-percha** (gŭt' tȧ-pēr' chȧ), a hard gum or juice of several trees in the Malayan Islands. It resembles India rubber, and is used for many useful pûrposes.

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India rubber; the next, he made himself so small that you lŏst him altogĕther.

2. Now he sung, rōared, puffed, bĕllōwed, shrieked, and whis*tled*, till the family were wild with his noise. A little ăfter, he was gŏne—mum as a mouse, however you called him; and never any two days ălike, except in the fact that he wąs at all times idle and ūselèss—till one fine morning his fāther, being utterly out of patience, hus*tled* him out of fâiry-land, with, "See here, my lad! it is time you were seeking your fortune."

3. "It is vĕry odd," said Steme to himself. "I am sųre I coųld do something, if there were not some mistake somewhere;"—and coming just then to a house which had on the dōor-plate the words, "WISÈST MAN," he rang the bell, thiųking, perhaps, the question coųld be settled there; but the Wisest Man ōnly shŏŏk his head. "If you coųld have been of any use, somebody would have discovered it befōre," said he.

4. So Steme traveled on till he came to the cōurt of the king, where was a great hubbub; and as no one woųld pay him the least attention, Steme grew sulky, and, coiling himself up, hid ăwāy in the tea-kĕttle. "Now if anybody wants me, let them find me," said he; and you would never have known that he was thêre, unless by the wāy that the kĕttle-cŏver clattered now and then.

5. The cōurt was in a hubbub, because of the king's spectacles; and whether he had changed them at the tailor's, where he ordered the trimming for the Lord High Fiddlestick's green satin gown, or at the jeweler's, where his crown was being mended, or at the grocer's, where he had stopped for a mug of ale, his Royal Hīghnèss was quite unable to decide.

6. Only, these coųld never be the spectacles that usually rested on his royal nose; for whenever he lŏŏked thrǫugh them, he could see nŏthing but mŏth and rust—moths eating the bed-covers, the hangings, the carpets, the silks and velvets, the wool and linen, the lace and embroidery, in ĕvèry part of his Majesty's dominions—rust on the gold and silver, the marble and grănite, the oak and wąlnut, the houses and ships, everywhere in his kingdom.

7. The king grew nervous. "We are all coming to poverty," said his Royal Hīghnèss; and though it was drawing tōward

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Christmas, he did little but peep through the spectacles and look dismal.[1] Of course, all the court looked dismal too. The courtiers[2] got a crick in the neck by going about with heads on one side, like his Majesty.

8. The Lord High Fiddlestick, being of the jolly[3] persuation,[4] was obliged to shut himself up and laugh privately by the hour, to take the fun out of him before waiting on his Royal Highness; while the ladies wore their old gowns to court, and said, where the king could hear them, "Oh, we are obliged to piece and patch in these days. Between that dreadful Moth and Rust we are all coming to poverty, you know."

9. In this dilĕm'mà[5] they sent for the Wisest Man, who came at once, looking so profound[6] that the king took courage, and said, "What shall we do? Tell us, now."—"Hum!" said the Wisest Man, "that is a grave question. Let us go back to first principles. If there was nothing to eat, there would be no moths; and nothing to consume, there would be no rust—do you see?"

10. "Yĕs—cĕrtainly—of course," said all the courtiers; but the king only groaned. "But as there is silk and satin, velvet and linen, gold and diamonds, ĕvĕrywhere in the kingdom, I re'ally don't see what you are to do about it," concluded the Wisest Man, and marched ăwāy home again.

11. This was cold comfort, and the king groaned more deeply than ever; but the king's son said to himself, "If there is no help for it, why can not we contrive to grow rich faster, and so keep ahead of the leak?" So he sent for all the rich men in the kingdom. "How did you grow rich?" asked the prince. "By trading," ănswered they altogether.

12. "Trade more, then, and we shall not all come to poverty," said the prince. "Alas! your Highness!" answered the rich men, sorrowfully, "we send ăwāy now just as much wheat and

[1] **Dis' mal**, gloomy; unhappy.

[2] **Courtier** (kōrt' yer), a member of, or one who attends, the court of a prince; one who flatters to please.

[3] **Jŏl' lў**, full of life and fun; laughter-loving.

Persuasion (pĕr swā' zhun), act of winning over; a creed or belief; a party of the same creed or belief.

[5] **Dilemma** (dĭ lĕm' mà), a state of things in which hinderances are found on every side, and it is difficult to tell what to do; a difficult or doubtful choice.

[6] **Pro found'**, having a deep mind; skilled.

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oil, and bring hōme just as much silk and gold, as we can find horses and wagons for carrying, and houses for stōring."

13. "Work fâster, then," sŭg̈gested the prince. "We work as fast as flesh and blood is able," ănswered the rich men togĕther as befōre.

14. "Now is my time," said Steme to himself. "Here is work a little mōre to my taste than vīōlĕt-growing;"—and he began to clatter the cover of the kĕttle. "Who is there?" âsked the prince. "Steme," gûrgled the kettle. "And what can you do, Steme?" said the prince. "Carry as many tŏns as you like, and run sixty miles an hour," spluttered the kettle.

15. "That is a likely stōry!" cried the prince—"cûrled up thêre in a kĕttle, whoever you are!"—"Try me," said Steme, coming out of the kettle. So the prince ordered a lōad that would have brōken the backs of forty horses to be strapped behind Steme, who darted ŏff with it as if it had been a feather, shrieking, snorting, and puffing, as he always did when his blood was up; and though he had a three-days' joûrney befōre him, he was back in a few hours, fresher than when he started.

IV.

32. MOTH AND RUST.

PART SECOND.

"MORE lōads! mōre tŏns!" bĕllōwed Steme. "Lŏn̲g̲er joûrneys! I want to go fûrther. I want to go fâster. I can run twice as fast! Hụzzä!" swinging his arms, and capering, and jumping all the while, as if he was beside himself.

2. "Ah! this is better," said the prince, setting all the men in the palace to lōad Steme still mōre heavily. "Not much chânce here for Mŏth and Rust." Presently, back came Steme rōaring for more loads.

3. All the men in the kingdom were set at work. Twice as much wheat and oil was sent out, and fōur times as much silk and gold were brought in, as ever befōre. "Not much danger of poverty now," exclaimed the courtiers; and even the king smiled, till he thought to pụt on his spectacles, when he saw more moth and more rust, eating twice as fast as ever before at the wheat and oil, the silk and gold.

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4. "That is because you dōn't work fâst enough," shouted Steme. "Who ever saw such wheels and lōoms? Let me spin! Give me thousands of wheels! I can weave! Give me looms! give me spindles!—millions of spindles—hundreds of thousands of looms!" So men worked night and dāy to make spindles and wheels and looms for Steme; and a thousand workmen could not spin and weave the tenth part of what Steme did in a dāy. "Mōre, more!" cried Steme, buzzing and whĭrring and clicking and whizzing among his wheels and spindles. "Not hălf enough yĕt!"

5. But the king, looking through his spectacles, saw Mŏth and Rust busy as ever at the vĕry wheels and spindles and looms themselves. "Still it is your fault," shouted Steme. "You dōn't get about fast enough. Your horses creep like snails. Give me horses with iron backs—hundreds of them—thousands! I will draw your carriages. Give me paddles—twenty and thirty in a hand! I will row your bōats."

6. So Steme drove the carriages, and rowed the boats; and as people went dashing and tearing about everywhere, they pânted to each other, "What a wonderful nation we have grown to be! no chânce for Moth and Rust now!"

7. But, looking through his spectacles, the king saw mŏths by the million, and rust on ĕvèry thing. "Your fault still!" snorted Steme. "Why don't you read mōre? Why not have more bo͝oks? Let me make your books. Everybody shall have them. Every one shall read and be wise. Some one will then find out the remedy for Moth and Rust."

8. So Steme made books by the ton, and carried them everywhere—thundering continually, "Mōre, more! faster, faster! not hălf enough yĕt!" But still the king saw moths and rust increase, and on Christmas eve he had no heart for Yule-lŏgs[1] and Christmas-trees, but wandered ăwāy in the fŏrest,[2] and walked there by himself, till just at dark he met a strānger.

9. "Who are yo͝u, and where are you going?" âsked the king; for the man had such a broad, jolly, smiling face that the

[1] **Yule** (yo͝ol), Christmas, or the feast held in memory of the birth of our Saviour. *Yule-log*, a large log of wood formerly put on the heärth on Christmas eve, as the foundation or support of the fire.

[2] **F'ŏr' est**, a large tract of land covered with trees; a large wood.

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king knew it was none of his court. "I am Merry Christmas," said the stranger, "and I am going to the cottage in the forest." The king was curious to know why Merry Christmas had passed his palace, where were a hundred Christmas-trees and a Yule-log on every hearth, to stop at the cottage, where they could have nothing more than a pine branch, and he walked on too.

10. In the cottage lived an old woman and a little girl. Against the chimney hung the little one's stocking, and on the table, before the fire, was a chicken nicely browned. The mouths of the dame and the little one watered, for the dame had few chickens, and, as you may believe, they had not roast chicken for dinner every day; but just as Merry Christmas opened the door, there stepped in, before him and the king, a poor little, hungry, shivering boy.

11. "Sit down," said the dame; "we were waiting for you. And let us thank our Lord for all His grace."—"Why, there is hardly meat enough for two," cried the king. "Such a little chicken!"—"But hush!" said Merry Christmas, "I carve!"

12. And, looking at him, the king understood how there would not only be enough for three, but that it would taste better than the choicest bit of turkey that the Lord High Fiddlestick would carve for his Majesty's own plate; and when Merry Christmas sat down on the hearth, there was such a glow in the pine chips, and such a light in the tallow candle, and such a brightness through all the room, that came out of Merry Christmas, and had nothing to do with either fire or candle, that the three at the table rejoiced like birds or babies, without understanding why; and the king knew that the great hall in his palace, with its Yule-log and its chandeliers,[1] would be dark and cold beside the little room.

13. Just then he remembered his spectacles, and, pulling them out, hastily clapped them on his nose and looked about him. "Bless my soul!" cried the king with a start; and, taking off his spectacles, he rubbed them carefully, and looked again; but stare[2] as he would, he saw neither Moth nor Rust.

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[1] **Chandelier** (shăn′ dē lēr′), a frame with branches to hold a number of candles or other lights.

[2] **Stare** (stâr), see Note 2, p. 16.

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14. "How is this?" thought the king, when, looking again and mōre sharply, he spied written on ĕvèry thing in the little rōōm, "We give of what we have to-dāy to whoever needs, and trust to Gŏd for to-mŏrrōw."—"Oh," said Mĕrry Christmas, chuckling, "no preventive like that against Mŏth and Rust;" but the king went hōme sŏrrōwful, for he waṣ vĕry rich.

V.

33. THE WONDERFUL SACK.

PART FIRST.

THE apple-boughs hälf hid the house
Whêre lived the lonely wĭdōw;
Behind it stŏŏd the chĕsṭnut wŏŏd,
Befōre it spread the mĕadōw.

2. She had no money in hĕr till,
She waṣ too poor to bŏrrōw;
With her lame leg she could not beg;
And no one cheered her sŏrrōw.

3. She had no wood to cŏŏk her fōōd,
And but one châir to sit in;
Last spring she lŏst a cow, that cŏst
A whōle year's steady knitting.

4. She had wōrn her fiṇgers to the bōne,
Her back was growing double;
One day the pig tōre up her wig—
But that's not hälf her trouble.

5. Her best black gown was faded brown,
Her shoes were all in tatters,
With not a pâir for Sunday weâr:
Said she, "It little matters!

6. "Nobody âsks me now to ride,
My garments are not fitting;
And with my crutch I câre not much
To hobble ŏff to meeting.

7. "I still preserve my Testament,
And though the *Acts* are missing,

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And *Luke* is tōrn, and *Hebrews* wōrn,
On Sunday 'tis a blessing.

8. "And other dāyṣ I ōpen it
Befōre me on the table,
And thêre I sit, and read, and knit,
As lŏng as I am able."

9. One evening she had closed the book,
But still she sat there knitting;
"Meow-meow!" complained the old black cat;
"Mew-mew!" the spotted kitten.

10. And on the heärth, with sober mīrth,
"Chĭrp, chirp!" replied the cricket.
'T waṣ dark—but hark! "Bow-ow!" the bark
Of Rānġer at the wicket!

11. Is Ranger barking at the moon?
Or what can be the matter?
What trouble now? "Bow-ow! bow-ow!"—
She hears the old gate clatter.

12. "It is the wind that bangs the gate,
And I must knit my stocking!"
But hush!—what's that? Rat-tat! rat-tat!
Alās! thêre's some one knocking!

13. "Dear me! dear me! who can it be?
Whêre, where is my crutch-handle?"
She rubs a match with hasty scratch,
She can not light the candle!

14. Rat-tat! scratch, scratch! the worthlèss match!
The cat growls in the corner.
Rat-tat! scratch, scratch! Up flies the latch—
"Good evening, Mrs. Warner!"

15. The kitten spits and lifts her back,
Her eyes glâre[1] on the strānġer;
The old cat's tail ruffs big and black,
Loud barks the old dŏg Ranger!

[1] **Glare** (glâr), shine with a clear, bright, dazzling light.

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16. Blue bûrns at lâst the tardy match,
And dim the candle glimmers;
Along the floor beside the door
The cold white moonlight shimmers.[1]

17. "Sit down!"—the wĭdōw gives her chair.
"Gĕt out!" she says to Ranger.
"Alâs! I do not know your name."
"No matter!" quōth[2] the stranger.

18. His limbs are strŏng, his bēard is lŏng,
His hâir is dark and wavy;
Upon his back he beârs a sack;
His stâff is stout and heavy.

VI.

34. THE WONDERFUL SACK.

PART SECOND.

"MY way is lŏst, and with the frŏst
I feel my fin̲gers tin̲gle."
Then from his back he slips the sack—
Ho! did you hear it jin̲gle?

2. "Nay, keep your châir! while you sĭt thêre,
I'll take the other corner."
"I'm sŏrry, sīr, I have no fire!"
"No matter, Mrs. Warner!"

3. He shakes his sack—the magic[3] sack!
Amazed the wĭdōw gazes!
Hō, ho! the chimney's full of wood!
Ha,[4] ha! the wood it blazes!

4. Ho, ho! ha, ha! the mĕrry fire!
It sputters and it crackles!
Snap, snap! flash, flash! old oak and ash
Send out a million sparkles.

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[1] **Shĭm'mer**, to shine faintly; to glimmer.

[2] **Quoth** (kwōth), spoke; said.

[3] **Măg'ic**, relating to the hidden wisdom supposed to be possessed by the Măġī, or "wise men from the East," who brought gifts to the infant Jesus; seeming to require mōre than man's power.

[4] **Ha** (hä).

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5. The strānġer sits upon his sack
Beside the chimney-corner,
And rubs his hands befōre the brands,
And smiles on Mrs. Warner.

6. She feels her heart beat fȧst with fear,
But what can be the dānger?
"Can I do aught for you, kind sir?"
"I'm hunġry!" quōth the strānger.

7. "Alȧs!" she said, "I have no fōōd
For boiling or for baking!"—
"I've food," quoth he, "for you and me!"
And gave his sack a shaking.

8. Out rattled knives, and forks, and spōōnṣ!
Twelve eggs, potatoes plenty!
One large soup-dish, two plates of fish,
And bread enough for twenty!

9. And Rachel, cälming her surprise,
As well as she was able,
Saw, following these, two roasted geese,
A tea-urn, and a table!

10. Strange, waṣ it not? each dish was hot,
Not even a plate was brōken;
The clŏth was laid, and all arrayed,
Before a word was spōken!

11. "Sit up! sit up! and we will sup,
Dear mădam, while we're able!"
Said she, "The rōōm is pōōr and small
For such a famous table!"

12. Again the strānger shakes the sack,
The walls begin to rumble!
Another shake! the rȧfters quake!
Yǫu'd thiṅk the roof would tumble!

13. Shake, shake! the room grows high and large,
The walls are painted over!
Shake, shake! out fall four chairs, in all,
A bureau (bū'rō͝), and a sōfȧ.

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14. The strānger stops to wipe the sweat
That down his face is streaming.
"Sit up! sit up! and we will sup,"
Quoth he, "while all is steaming!"

15. The wĭdōw hobbled on hĕr crutch,
He kindly sprang to aid her.
"All this," said she, "is too much for me!"
Quoth he, "We'll have a waiter!"

16. Shake, shake, once mōre! and from the sack
Out popped a little fĕllōw,
With elbows bâre, bright eyes, sleek hâir,
And trousers striped with yĕllōw.

17. His legs were short, his body plump,
His cheek was like a chĕrry;
He tûrned three times; he gave a jump;
His läugh rang loud and mĕrry!

18. He placed his hand upon his heart,
And scraped and bowed so handy!
"Your humble servant, sir," he said,
Like any little dandy.

VII.

35. THE WONDERFUL SACK.

PART THIRD.

THE wĭdōw läughed a lŏng, loud laugh,
And up she started, screaming;
When lō! and lo! the rōom was dark!—
She'd been asleep and dreaming!

2. The strānger and his măgic sack,
The dishes and the fishes,
The geese and things, had taken wings,
Like riches, or like witches!

3. All, all was gŏne! She sat ălōne;
Her hands had dropped their knitting.
"Meow-meow!" the cat upon the mat;
"Mew-mew! mew-mew!" the kitten.

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4. The heärth is bleak—and hark! the creak—
"Chirp, chirp!" the lonesome cricket.
"Bow-ow!" says Ranger to the moon;
The wind is at the wicket.[1]

5. And still she sits, and as she knits
She ponders[2] ō'er the vision:[3]
"I saw it written on the sack—
'A CHEERFUL DISPOSITION.'

6. "I know Gŏd sent the dream, and meant
To teach this useful lesson,
That out of peace and pure content
Springs every ĕarthly blessing!"

7. Said she, "I'll make the sack my own!
I'll shake ăwāy all sŏrrōw!"
She shook the sack for me to-dāy;
She'll shake for you to-mŏrrōw.

8. She shakes out hope; and joy, and peace,
And hăppinĕss come ăfter;
She shakes out smiles for all the world;
She shakes out love and läughter.

9. For poor and rich—no matter which—
For young folks or for old folks,
For strŏng and weak, for proud and meek,
For warm folks and for cold folks;

10. For children coming hōme from school,
And sometimes for the teacher;
For white and black, she shakes the sack—
In short, for every creature.

11. And everybody who has grief,
The sufferer and the mōurner,
From far and near, come now to hear
Kind words from Mrs. Warner.

12. They go to hĕr with heavy hearts,
They go ăwāy with light ones;

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[1] **Wick'et**, a small gate or door.

[2] **Pŏn'der**, to weigh in the mind; to examine or dwell upon with lŏng and câreful attention of an object.

[3] **Vision** (vĭzh'un), that which is seen; sight; a dream.

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They go to hĕr with cloudy brows,
They come away with bright ones.

13. All love her well, and I could tell
Of many a cheering present,
Of fruits and things their friendship brings,
To make her fireside pleasant.

14. She always keeps a chēery fire;
The house is pāintèd over;
She has fōōd in stōre, and châirs for fōur,
A būreau and a sōfă.

15. She says these seem just like her dream,
And tells again the vision:
"I saw it written on the sack,—
'A CHEERFUL DISPOSITION!'"

VIII.

36. THE WONDERFUL PITCHER.

PART FIRST.

ONE evening,[1] in times lŏng ago, Phīlē'mon and his wife Bau'çis,[2] an āgèd couple, sat at thêir cottage dōor, enjoying the cälm and beautiful sunset. They had already eaten thêir frugal[3] supper, and intended now to spend a quiet hour or two before bed-time.

2. So they talked togĕther about their garden, and their corn, and their bees, and their grape-vine which clambered over the cottage wall, and on which the grapes wĕre beginning to tûrn pûrple. But the rude[4] shouts of children and the fierce barking of dŏgs, in the village near at hand, grew louder and louder, until at lăst it was hardly possible for Baucis and Philemon to hear each other speak.

3. "Ah, wife!" cried Philemon, "I fear some poor traveler is seeking hŏspitălity[5] among our neighbors yŏnder, and instead

[1] **Evening** (ē' vn ing).

[2] **Baucis** (bą' sis).

[3] **Frugal** (frō'gal), câreful; prudent; spâring; saving of expenses without meanness.

[4] **Rude** (rōd), cōarse; saucy.

[5] **Hŏs'pi tăl'i ty**, reception and entertainment of guests or strangers without reward; kindness to strangers or guests.

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of giving him fōōd and lodging, they have set their dŏgs at him, as their custom is!"

4. "Well-a-day!" ănswered good Bąuçis, "I do wish our neighbors felt a little mōre kĭndnèss for their fĕllōw-creatures. And ōnly thiṇk of bringing up their children in this nąughty wāy, and patting them on the head when they fling stones at strāngers!"

5. "These children will never come to any good," said Phĭlēmon, shaking his white head. "To tell yọu the truth, wife, I should not wŏnder if some terrible thing were to happen to all the people in the village, unless they mend their manners. But, as for yọu and me, so lŏng as Providence affords us a crust of bread, let us be ready to give hălf to any poor hōmelèss stranger that may come ălŏng and need it."—"That's right, husband," said Baucis; "so we will!"

6. Thêre wąs a confused din[1] which lasted a good while, and seemed to pàss quite thrọugh the breadth of the valley. Sōōn, at the fōōt of the little eminence on which their cottage stood, they saw two travelers approaching on foot. Close behind them came the fierce dogs, snarling at their vĕry heels. A little fûrther ŏff ran a crowd of children, who sent up shrill cries, and flung stones at the two strangers with all their might.

7. Once or twice the younger of the two men (he was a slender and vĕry active figure) tûrned about, and drove back the dŏgs with a stâff which he carried in his hand. His companion, who was a very tall person, walked cälmly along, as if disdaining to notice ēither the naughty children, or the pack of cûrs[2] whose manners the children seemed to imitate.

8. Bōth of the travelers wĕre vĕry humbly clad, and looked as if they might not have money enough in their pockets to pay for a night's lodging. And this, I am afraid, was the rēaṣon why the villagers had allowed their children and dogs to treat them so rụdely.

9. "Come, wife," said Philemon to Baucis, "let us go and meet these poor people. No doubt they feel almost too heavy-hearted to climb the hill."

10. "Go you and meet them," answered Baucis, "while I

[1] **Din**, loud noise; racket.

[2] **Cur** (kēr), a worthless dog.

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make haste within dōors, and see whether we can gĕt them any thing for supper; a comfortable bōwl of bread and milk would do wonders tōward raising their spirits."

11. Accordingly she hās*tened* into the cottage. Phīlē'mon on his part went forward and extended his hand with so hŏspitable an aspect,[1] that there wȧs no need of saying, what nevertheless he did say in the heartiėst tone — "Welcome, strangers! welcome!"

12. "Thank you," replied the younger of the two, in a lively kind of a way, notwithstanding his wēarinėss and trouble. "This is quite another greeting from that we met with yŏnder in the village. Pray, why do you live in such a bad neighborhood?"

13. "Ah!" observed Philemon, with a quiet kindly smile, "Providence pŭt me here, I hope, among other reasons, in order that I may make you what amends[2] I can for the inhŏspitality of my neighbors."

14. "Well said, old fäther!" cried the traveler, läughing; "and if the trŭth must be told, my companion and myself need some amends. These children—the little rascals!—have bespattered us finely with their mud-balls; and one of the cûrs has tōrn my clōak, which was already răggĕd enough. But I hit him ăcrŏss the muzzle[3] with my staff, and I think you may have heard him yelp, even thus far ŏff."

15. By this time Philemon and his two guests[4] had reached the cottage dōor. "Friends," said the old man, "sit down and rest yourselves here on this bench. My good wife, Bauçis, has gŏne to see what you can have for supper. We are poor folks; but you shall be welcome to whatever we have in the cupboard."[5]

16. "Was thêre not," asked the strānger, in a remarkably deep tone of voice, "a lake in very ăncient[6] times, covering the spot where now stands yŏnder village?"

17. "Not in my day, friend," answered Philemon; "and yĕt

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[1] **As'pect**, look, or peculiar appearance of the face; countenance.

[2] **Amĕnds'**, satisfaction for lŏss or injury.

[3] **Mŭz'zle**, the nose or mouth; a fastening for the mouth.

[4] **Guĕst**, a stranger entertained; a visitor.

[5] **Cupboard** (kŭb'erd), a closet with shelves for cups, sauçers, &c.

[6] **Ancient** (ān'shent), old; that happened or lived many years ago.

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I am an old man, as you see. Thêre wĕre always the fields and mĕadōws, just as they are now, and the old trees, and the little stream mûrmûring thr̤ough the midst of the valley. My fäther, or his father befōre him, never saw it otherwise, so far as I know; and doubtlèss it will still be the same, when Philemon shall be gŏne and forgotten."

18. "That is mōre than can be safely foretold," observed the stranger; and there was something vĕry stĕrn in his deep voice. He shook his head, too, so that his dark and heavy cûrls were shaken with the movemènt: "Since the inhabitants of yŏnder village have forgotten the affections of their nature, it wĕre better that the lake should be rippling over their dwellings again."

19. The traveler lŏŏked so stern, that Phīlē'mon was reälly almost frightened; the mōre so, that at his frown the twilight[1] seemed suddenly to grow darker, and that, when he shook his head, there was a roll as of thunder in the âir.

20. But in a mōmènt afterward the stranger's face became so kindly and mild, that the old man quite forgot his terror.[2] Nevertheless, he coụld not help feeling that this elder traveler must be no ordinary person, although he happened now to be attired so humbly, and to be journeying on fŏŏt.

IX.

37. THE WONDERFUL PITCHER.

PART SECOND.

WHILE Bạụçis wạs gĕtting the supper, the travelers bōth began to talk vĕry pleasantly with Philemon. But Philemon, simple and kind-hearted old man as he was, had not many secrets to disclose. He talked, however, about the events of his pȧst life, in the whōle cōurse of which he had never been a scōre[3] of miles from this very spot. His wife Baucis and himself had dwelt in the cottage from thêir yọụth upward, ĕarning their bread by hŏnèst labor, always poor, but still contented.

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[1] **Twī'light**, the faint light seen befōre the rising and âfter the setting of the sun.

[2] **Tĕr'ror**, that which may cause dread; great alarm or fear that agitates the body and mind.

[3] **Scōre**, a notch or mark made to keep an account; twenty.

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2. He told what excellent butter and cheese Baucis had made, and how nice were the vegetables he raised in his garden. He said, too, that because they loved one another so very much, it was the wish of both that death might not separate them, but that they should die, as they had lived, together.

3. As the stranger listened, a smile beamed over his countenance,[1] and made its expression as sweet as it was grand. "You are a good old man," said he to Philemon, "and you have a good old wife to be your help-meet. It is fit that your wish should be granted." And it seemed to Philemon just then, as if the sunset clouds threw up a bright flash from the west, and kindled a sudden light in the sky.

4. Baucis had now got supper ready, and coming to the door, began to make apologies[2] for the poor fare she was forced to set before her guests. "Had we known you were coming," said she, "my good man and myself would have gone without a morsel,[3] rather than you should lack a better supper. But I took the most part of to-day's milk to make cheese; and our last loaf is already half *eaten*. Ah me! I never feel the sorrow of being poor, save when a poor traveler knocks at our door."

5. As Baucis had said, there was but a scanty supper for two hungry travelers. In the middle of the table was the remnant of a brown loaf, with a piece of cheese on one side of it, and a dish of honeycomb on the other. There was besides a pretty good bunch of grapes for each of the guests. A moderately sized *earthen* pitcher, nearly full of milk, stood at a corner of the board; and when Baucis had filled the bowls, and set them before the strangers, only a little milk remained in the bottom of the pitcher.

6. At their very first sitting down, the two travelers both drank off the milk in their two bowls at a draught. "A little more milk, kind mother Baucis, if you please," said the younger traveler, whose name was Quicksilver. "The day has been hot, and I am very much athirst."

7. "Now, my dear people," answered Baucis, in great con-

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[1] **Coun'te nance**, the expression or appearance of the human face; look; aid.

[2] **A pol'o gy**, a regret offered for doing something improper or wrong; an excuse.

[3] **Mor'sel**, a bite; a mouthful · a small piece.

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fusion, "I am so sŏrry and ashamed. But the truth is, thêre is hardly a drop mōre milk in the pitcher. O husband! husband! why didn't we go without our supper?"

8. "Why, it appears to me," cried Quicksilver, starting up from the table, and taking the pitcher by the handle; "it reälly appears to me that matters are not quite so bad as you think them. Here is certainly mōre milk in the pitcher." So saying, and to the vâst astŏnishmènt of Baucis, he proceeded not ōnly to fill his own bōwl, but his companion's likewise, from the pitcher that was supposed to be almost empty.

9. The gōōd wŏman could scârcely believe her eyes. She had cĕrtainly pōured out nearly all the milk, and had peeped in åfterward and seen the bottom of the pitcher as she set it down on the table. "But I am old," thought Baucis to herself, "and apt to be forgĕtful. I suppose I must have made a mistake. At all events, the pitcher can not help being empty now, åfter filling the bōwls twice over."

10. "What excellent milk!" observed Quicksilver, after quåffing[1] the cŏn'tents[2] of the second bōwl. "Excuse me, my kind hōstess,[3] but I must reälly åsk you for a little mōre." Now, Baucis had seen, as plainly as she could see any thing, that Quicksilver had tûrned the pitcher upside down, and had pōured out ĕvèry drop of milk in filling the last bowl. Of cōurse, there could not possibly be any left.

11. However, in order to let him know precisely how the case was, she lifted the pitcher, and made a gesture as if pōuring milk into Quicksilver's bōwl, but without the remōtèst idē'å that any milk would stream fōrth. What was her surprise, thĕrefōre, when such an abundant supply fell bubbling into the bowl, that it was immediately filled to the brim, and overflowed upon the table! "And now a slice of your brown lōaf, Mother Baucis," said Quicksilver, "and a little of that honey!"

12. Baucis cut him a slice, accordingly; and though the lōaf, when she and her husband ate of it, had been rather too dry and crusty to be palatable,[4] it was now as light and moist as if

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[1] **Quaffing**, (kwåf'fing), drinking largely.

[2] **Cŏn'tents**, that which is contained or held.

[3] **Hōst'ess**, a female host; a landlady.

[4] **Păl'a ta ble**, pleasing to the taste; agreeable.

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but a few hours out of the ôven. Tasting a crumb which had fallen on the table, she found it mōre delicious[1] than bread ever was before, and could hardly believe that it was a lōaf of her own kneading and baking. Yĕt, what other loaf could it possibly be?

13. But oh, the hŏney! Never was such honey tasted, seen, or smelt. The pĕrfume[2] flōated around the kitchen, and made it so delightful, that, had you closed your eyes, you would instantly have forgotten the low ceiling and smoky walls, and have fancied yourself in an arbor, with honeysuckles creeping over it.

14. Although good Mother Baucis was a simple old dame, she could not but think that there was something out of the common way in all that had been going on. So, after helping the guests to bread and honey, and laying a bunch of grapes by each of their plates, she sat down by Phīlē'mon, and told him what she had seen, in a whisper. "Did you ever hear the like?" asked she.

15. "No, I never did," answered Philemon, with a smile; "and I rather think, my dear old wife, you have been walking about in a sort of dream. If I had pōured out the milk, I should have seen through the matter at once. There happened to be a little mōre in the pitcher than you thought, that is all."

16. "Ah, husband, say what you will, these are vĕry uncommon people," said Baucis. "Well, well," replied Philemon, still smiling, "perhaps they are. They cĕrtainly do lŏŏk as if they had seen better days; and I am heartily glad to see them making so comfortable a supper."

17. Each of the guests had now taken his bunch of grapes upon his plate. Baucis, who rubbed her eyes in order to see the mōre clearly, was of opinion that the clusters had grown larger and richer, and that each separate grape seemed to be on the point of bûrsting with ripe juice. It was a wonder to her to see how such grapes could ever have been produced from the old stunted vine that climbed against the cottage wall.

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[1] **Delicious** (de lĭsh'us), delightful; most grateful or sweet to the senses.

[2] **Per'fume**, the odor or scent that comes from sweet-smelling substances; sweetness of smell.

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18. Vĕry ăd'mirable grapes these! Pray, my good hōst, whence did you găther them?" observed Quicksilver, as he swạllōwed one ăfter another, without appârently dĭmĭn'ishing his cluster. "From my own vine," answered Phīlē'mon. "Yọu may see one of its brânches twisting ăcrŏss the wĭndōw yŏnder; but wife and I never thought the grapes very fine ones."

19. "I never tasted better," said the guest. "Another cup of this excellent milk, if you please, and I shall then have supped better than a prince." This time, Philemon bestĭrred himself, and took up the pitcher; for he was curious to discover if thêre wạs any reăl'ity in the marvel which Bạuçis had whispered to him. He slyly peeped into it, and was fully satisfied that it contained not so much as a single drop. All at once, however, he beheld a little white fountaĭn, which gushed up from the bottom of the pitcher, and speedily filled it to the

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brim with rich, foaming, sweet-smelling milk. It was lucky that Philemon, in his surprise, did not drop the mĭrăc'ūloŭs[1] pitcher from his hand.

20. "Who are ye, wŏnder-working strāngers?" cried he, ēven mōre surprised than his wife had been. "Your guests, my gŏŏd Philemon, and your friends," replied the elder traveler, in his mild, deep voice, that had something at once sweet and awe-inspiring in it. "Give me likewise a cup of the milk; and may your pitcher never be empty for kind Baucis and yourself, any mōre than for the needy wāyfârer!" The supper being now over, the strangers requested to be shown to their place of repose.

X.

38. THE WONDERFUL PITCHER.

PART THIRD.

THE old man and his wife wĕre stĭrring betimes in the morning, and the strangers likewise arose with the sun, and prepâred to depart. Phĭlē'mon hŏs'pitably entreated them to remain a little lŏnger, until Baucis could milk the cow, and bake a cake upon the heârth, and, perhaps, find them a few fresh eggs for breakfast.

2. The guests, however, seemed to think it better to gĕt over a good part of their joûrney befōre the heat of the day should come on. They thĕrefōre pērsĭsted[2] in setting out immediately, but âsked Philemon and Baucis to walk fōrth with them a short distance, and show them the rōad they were to take.

3. So they all fōur issued[3] from the cottage, chatting together like old friends. It was vĕry remarkable, indeed, how familiar the old couple insensibly[4] grew with the elder traveler, and how their good and simple spirits melted into his, ēven as two drops of water melt into the ocean. And as for the younger, with his keen, quick, läughing wits, he appeared

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[1] **Mĭ răc'ū loŭs,** beyŏnd the common laws of nature; wŏnderful.

[2] **Per sĭst'ed,** continued firm; did not give up or lāy aside.

[3] **Issued** (ĭsh'shọd), proceeded; went out.

[4] **In sĕn'si bly,** so as not to be perceived or made aware of.

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to discover ĕvèry little thôught that but peeped into their minds befōre they suspected it themselves.

4. They sometimes wished, it is true, that Quicksilver had not been quite so quick-witted, and also that he would fling ăwāy his staff, which looked so mysteriously mĭs'chievous,[1] with the snakes always writhing ăbout it. But then, again, he showed himself so very good-humored, that they would have been rejoiced to keep him in the cottage, staff, snakes, and all, ĕvèry day, and the whōle day lŏng.

5. "Ah me! well-a-day!" exclaimed Phīlē'mon, when they had walked a little wāy from their door. "If our neighbors ōnly knew what a blessèd thing it is to show hŏspitălity to străngers, they would tie up all their dŏgs, and never allow their childrèn to fling another stōne."

6. "It is a sin and shame for them to behave so—that it is!" cried good Bauçis. "And I mean to go this vĕry dāy and tell some of them what naughty people they are!"—"I fear," remarked Quicksilver, slyly smiling, "that you will find nône of them at hōme."

7. The elder traveler's brow just then assumed such a grave, stērn, and awful grandeur,[2] yĕt serene[3] withal, that nēither Baucis nor Philemon dâred to speak a word. "When men do not feel toward the hŭmblèst stranger as if he wĕre a brōther," said he, in tones so deep that they sounded like those of an organ, "they are unworthy to exist on ĕarth, which was created as the abode[4] of a great human brotherhood!"

8. Philemon and his wife tûrned tōward the valley, whêre, at sunset, ōnly the dāy befōre, they had seen the mĕadōws, the houses, the gărdens, the clumps of trees, the wide, green-margined street, with children playing in it, and all the tōkens[5] of businèss, enjoymènt, and prosperity. But what was thêir astŏnishmènt! Thêre was no lŏnger any appearance of a village! Even the fĕr'tile[6] vale, in the hŏllōw of which it lāy, had ceased to have existence.

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[1] **Mĭs' chiēv oŭs**, inclined to harm, or to injury that distûrbs.

[2] **Grandeur** (grănd'yor), splendor of appearance; display.

[3] **Se rēne'**, clear and călm; bright.

[4] **A bōde'**, the place whêre one dwells or lives.

[5] **Token** (tō'kn), a sign.

[6] **Fer'tile**, able to produce vĕry much; fruitful.

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9. In its stead, they beheld the broad blue sûrface of a lake, which filled the great bāsin of the valley from brim to brim, and reflected the sûrrounding hills in its bo̤so̤m,[1] with as tra̤nquil[2] an image as if it had been thêre since the creation of the world. For an instant the lake remained pĕrfectly smōōth; then a little breeze sprang up, and ca̤used the wa̤ter to dance, glitter, and sparkle in the ĕarly sunbeams, and to dash with a pleasant rippling mûrmûr against the shōre.

10. "Alás! what has become of our poor neighbors?" cried those kind-hearted old people. "They exist no lo̤ngĕr as men and women," said the elder traveler, in his grand and deep voice, while a roll of thunder seemed to echo it at a distance. "Thêre was nēither use nor beauty in such a life as thêirs; for they never sŏf*tene*d or sweetened the hard lot of mortality[3] by the exercise of kindly affections between man and man. They retained no image of the better life in their bo̤so̤ms; thĕrefōre the lake that there was of old, has spread itself fōrth again to reflect the sky!"

11. "As for yo̤u, good Phīlē'mon," continued he, "and you, kind Ba̤uça̤is, who, with your scanty means have mi̤ngled so much heartfelt hŏspitălity with your reception of the hōmelèss stranger, you have dône well; whêrefōre request whatever favor you have mōst at heart, and it is granted."

12. Philemon and Baucis looked at one another; and then I know not which of the two it was who spoke, but that one uttered the de̤sire of bōth their hearts. "Let us live togĕther while we live, and leave the world at the same instant when we die! for we have always loved one another!"

13. "Be it so!" replied the strānger with majestic kindnèss. "Now, lo͝ok tōward your cottage!" They did so; but what was their surprise on beholding a tall building of white marble, with a wide-ōpen pōrtal, occupying the spot where their humble cottage had so lately sto͝od!

14. "Thêre is your hōme," said the strānger, kindly smiling on them bōth. "Exercise your hŏspitălity in yŏnder palace as freely as in the poor hovel to which you welcomed us lăst

[1] **Bosom** (bṳ'zum).

[2] **Tranquil** (trăngk'wil), quiet; călm; peaceful.

[3] **Mor tăl'i tў**, the state of being môrtal, or subject to death; human nature.

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evening." The old folks fell on thêir knees to thank him; but behold! nêither he nor Quicksilver was thêre.

15. So Phīlē'mon and Bauçis took up their residence in the marble palace, and spent their time, with vâst satisfaction to themselves, in making ĕvèrybody happy and comfortable who happened to pâss that wāy. The milk-pitcher, I must not forgĕt to say, retained its wonderful quality of being never empty when it was desirable to have it full.

16. Thus the old couple lived in their palace a great, great while, and grew older and older, and vĕry old indeed. At length, however, there came a summer morning, when Philemon and Baucis failed to make their appearance, as on other mornings, with one hŏspităble[1] smile overspreading bōth their pleasant faces, to invite the guests of ōvernight' to breakfast. The guests sĕarched everywhere from top to bottom of the spacious[2] palace, and all to no pûrpose; but âfter a great deal of searching, they espied in frŏnt of the pōrtal two venerable[3] trees, which nobody could remember to have seen there the day befōre.

17. Yĕt, there they stood, with their rōōts fâs*tened* deep into the soil, and a huge breadth of foliage[4] overshadowing the whōle front of the edifice.[5] One was an oak, and the other a linden-tree, and their boughs, it was strange and beautiful to see, were so closely intertwined together, that each tree seemed to live in the other tree's embrace.

18. While the guests were marveling how these trees, that must have required at least a century[6] to grow, could have come to be so tall and venerable in a sing̃le night, a breeze sprang up and set their intermingled boughs astir, and then there was a deep, broad mûrmûr in the âir, as if the two trees were speaking. "I am Philemon!" murmured the oak. "I am Baucis!" murmured the linden-tree.

19. But as the breeze grew strŏng̃er, the trees bōth spoke at

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[1] **Hŏs'pi ta ble**, kind to strangers or guests; free-hearted.

[2] **Spā'cioŭs**, wide extended; having large or ample room.

[3] **Vĕn'er able**, deserving of honor and respect; agèd.

[4] **Fō'li age**, leaves; a cluster of leaves, flowers, and branches.

[5] **Ed'i fice**, a large building; a house.

[6] **Century** (sĕnt'yu rĭ), a hundred years; a hundred.

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once: "Philemon! Baucis! Baucis! Philemon!" as if one were bŏth, and both were one, and talking together in the depths of their mutual[1] heart. It was plain enough to perceive that the good old couple had renewed their yo͝uth, and were now to spend a quiet and delightful hundred years or so, Philemon as an oak, and Baucis as a linden-tree.

20. And oh, what a pleasant shade did they fling around them! Whenever a wāyfârer pâssed benēath it, he heard a cheerful whisper of the leaves above his head, and wŏndered how the sound should so much resemble words like these: "WELCOME, WELCOME, DEAR TRAVELER, WELCOME!"

SECTION VIII.

I.

39. GREAT AND SMALL.

A SPARROW caught upon a tree
A fly so fat, his taste grew strŏn͟ger;
His victim, struggling to get free,
Begged but to live a little lŏn͟ger;
The mûrderer ănswered, "Thou must fall,
For I am great, and thou art small."

2. A hawk beheld him at his feast,
And in a mōmènt pounced upon him;
The dying spărrōw wished, at least,
To know what injury he had done him;
The murderer answered, "Thou must fall,
For I am great, and thou art small."

3. The eagle sees the hawk belōw,
And quickly on the gormand[2] seizes—
"O, noble king! pray let me go!
"Mĕrcy! thou pĕckèst me to pieces!"
The murderer answered, "Thou must fall,
For I am great, and thou art small."

[1] **Mūt'u al**, given and received; interchanged; common.

[2] **Gormand** (g͟ar'mand), a glutton; a ravenous or greedy eater.

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4. He feasted; lo! an ărrōw flew
And pierced the eagle's bo̤som thro̤ugh.
Unto the hunter loud screamed he,
"O, tyrant! whêrefōre[1] mûrder me?"
"Ah!" said the murderer, "thou must fall,
For I AM GREAT AND THOU ART SMALL!"

II.

40. CHERRIES OF HAMBURG.

IN the ĕarly part of the sixteenth century chĕrries wēre vĕry râre in Germany. Thêre had been a rot, and it wa̤s with the utmost difficulty that any co̤uld be presĕrved.

2. But a citizen of Hamburg, named Wo̤lf, had in the middle of the town a walled gärden, and in the garden he had găthered the rârèst of chĕrry-trees, and by constant watchfulnèss he had kept ăwāy the dise̤ase from his frṳit, so that he alone possessed healthy cherry-trees, and those in great abundance, beâring the juiçiëst cherries.

3. All who wished chĕrries must go to him for them, and he sold them at the highèst prices, so that ĕvèry sēason he reaped a great harvèst of gold from his cherries. Far and near Wolf's cherry-trees were known, and he grew richer and more famous.

4. One season, when his cherry-trees were in blossom, and giving promise of an abundant crop, a war broke out in the north of Germany, in which Hamburg was invaded. The city was besieged, and so surrounded by the enemy, that no help co̤uld reach it.

5. Slowly they consumed all the provisions that were stōred, and famine[2] was stâring them in the face; nor did they dâre yield to the enemy, for in those days there was little mercy shown to the co̤nquered, and while any hope remained, the people held out, making vain sallies[3] into the enemy's camp, and growing weaker daily, as less and less fōōd remained to them.

6. Meanwhile, the enemy had grown mōre fierce without. The heat was intense, and had dried up the brŏoks and springs

[1] **Wherefore** (whâr'fōr), for what or which reason.

[2] **F'ăm'ine**, want of sufficient fōōd.

[3] **Săl'ly**, a darting or springing fōrth; a marching of troops from a place to attack besiegers.

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in all the country about, so that the besiegers were becoming wild with thirst; it made them more savage, and the commanding general would listen to no terms, but swore to destroy the city, and to put all the inhabitants, soldiers and old men, women and children, to the sword.

7. But would it not be better thus to be killed outright than to suffer the slow death of famine? Wolf thought of these things as he returned one day to his garden in the midst of the city, after a week of fighting with the enemy. In his absence the cherries had ripened fast in the hot sun, and were now superb,[1] fairly bursting with the red juice, and making one's mouth to water at the sight.

8. A sudden thought came into his head as he looked at his cherries, and a hope sprang up that he might yet save his fellow-townsmen. There was not a moment to lose, for twenty-four hours more of suffering would make the people delirious.[2] He brought together all the children of the town, to the number of three hundred, and had them dressed wholly in white. In those days, and in that country, the funeral processions were thus dressed.

9. He brought them into his orchard and loaded each with a branch, heavy with rich, juicy cherries, and marshaling them, sent them out of the city, a feeble procession, to the camp of the enemy. The dying men and women filled the streets as the white-robed children passed through the gates and out into the country.

10. The besieging general saw the procession drawing near, concealed by the boughs they were carrying, and suspected some stratagem.[3] Then he was told that they were the children of Hamburg, who had heard that he and his army were suffering of thirst, and were bringing luscious[4] cherries to quench it. Thereat he was very angry, for he was of a cruel and violent nature, and said that they had come to mock him, and he would surely have them put to death before his eyes, even as he had sworn he would do to all the people of the city.

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[1] **Su perb'**, grand; showy; rich.

[2] **De lir'i ous**, deranged; wandering in mind.

[3] **Strat'a jem**, an artifice or trick by which some advantage is expected to be gained.

[4] **Luscious** (lush'us), sweet; delightful.

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11. But when the procĕssion[1] came befōre him, and he saw the pōōr children, so thin, so pale, so wōrn out by hunger, the rough man's heart was touched; a spring of fatherly love, that had lŏng been choked up in him, brōke fōrth; he was filled with pity, and tears came into his eyes, and what the warriors of the town could not do, the peaceful children in white did—they vanquished[2] the hard heart.

12. That evening the little chĕrry-beârers retûrned to the city, and with them went a great procession of carts filled with provisions for the starving people; and the vĕry next day a treaty of peace was signed.

13. In mĕmòry of this event, the people of Hamburg still keep ĕvèry year a festival, called the Feast of Chĕrries; when the children of the city, clad in white garments, march through the streets, holding green boughs, to which the people, coming out of their houses, hās*ten* to tie bunches of cherries; ōnly now the children are chubby and mĕrry, and they eat the cherries themselves.

III.

41. THE OAK-TREE.

1.

SING for the oak-tree, the monarch of the wŏŏd!
Sing for the oak-tree, that grōwèth green and gŏŏd!
That groweth broad and brânching within the fŏrest shade;
That groweth now, and still shall grow when we are lowly laid!

2.

The oak-tree was an acorn once, and fell upon the ĕarth;
And sun and shower nŏurished it, and gave the oak-tree bĭrth:
The little sprouting oak-tree! two leaves it had at first,
Till sun and shower nourished it, then out the brânches bûrst.

3.

The winds came and the rain fell; the gusty tĕmpèst blew;
All, all were friends to the oak-tree, and strŏnger yet it grew.
The boy that saw the acorn fall, he feeble grew and grāy;
But the oak was still a thriving tree, and strengthened every dāy.

[1] **Procession** (pro sĕsh'un), a train of persons or animals moving in order.

[2] **Vanquished** (văngk'wisht), subdued in battle; beat in any contest.

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4.

Four centuries grows the oak-tree, nor dŏeş its vĕrdure[1] fail;
Its heart is like the iron-wood, its bark like plaited mail.
Now cut us down the oak-tree, the monarch of the wood;
And of its timber stout and strŏng we'll build a vessel good.

5.

The oak-tree of the fŏrest bōth east and west shall fly;
And the blessings of a thousand lands upon our ship shall lie.
She shall not be a man-of-war, nor a pirate shall she be;
But a noble, Christian mĕrchant-ship, to sail upon the sea.

IV.

42. THE LITTLE HERO OF HAARLEM.

AT an ĕarly period in the hĭstòry of Holland, a boy, who is the hero[2] of the following narrative, was born in Häarlem, a town remarkable for its variety of fortune in war, but happily still mōre so for its manufactures and inventions in peace.

2. His father was a *sluicer*—that is, one whose employment it was to ōpen and shut the sluices, or large oak gates, which, placed at cĕrtain regular distances, close the entrances of the canals, and secure Holland from the danger to which it seems exposed—of finding itself under wąter, rather than above it.

3. When water is wąnted, the sluicer raises the sluices mōre or less, as required, and closes them again cârefully at night; otherwise the water would flow into the canals, overflow them, and inundate[3] the whōle country. Even the little children in Holland are fully aware of the importance of a punctual discharge of the sluicer's duties.

4. The boy was about eight years old when, one day, he asked permission to take some cakes to a poor blind man, who lived at the other side of the dike.[4] His father gave him leave, but charged him not to stay too late.

5. The child promised, and set ŏff on his little joûrney. The blind man thąnkfully partook of his young friend's cakes, and

[1] **Verd'ure**, greenness.

[2] **Hē'ro**, a great warrior; the chief pĕrson in a stŏry.

[3] **In ŭn'dāte**, cover with water.

[4] **Dīke**, a mound of ĕarth thrown up to prevent an overflow; a ditch.

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the boy, mindful of his father's orders, did not wait, as usual, to hear one of the old man's stŏries, but as soon as he had seen him eat one muffin, took leave of him to retûrn hŏme.

6. As he went ălŏng by the canals, then quite full, for it was in October, and the autumn rains had swelled the waters, the boy first stopped to pull the little blue flowers which his mother loved so well, then, in childish gayety, hummed some mĕrry sŏng. The rōad gradually became mōre solitary,[1] and soon nēither the joyous shout of the villager, retûrning to his cottage home, nor the rough voice of the carter, grumbling at his lazy horses, was any lŏn̲ger to be hēard.

7. The little fĕllōw now perceived that the blue of the flowers in his hand was scârcely distinguishable from the green of the surrounding herbage,[2] and he looked up in some dismay.[3] The night was falling; not, however, a dark winter-night, but one of those beautiful, clear, moonlight nights, in which ĕvèry object is perceptible,[4] though not as distinctly as by day.

8. The child thought of his father, of his injunction,[5] and was preparing to quit the ravïne[6] in which he was almost buried, and to regain the beach, when suddenly a slight noise, like the trickling of water upon pebbles, attracted his attention. He was near one of the large sluices, and he now carefully examined it, and soon discovered a hole in the rotten wood, through which the water was flōwing.

9. With the instant[7] perception which ĕvèry child in Holland would have had, the boy saw that the water must soon enlarge the hole, through which it was now ōnly dropping, and that utter and gĕnèral ruin would be the consequence of the inundation of the country that must fŏllōw.

10. To see, to throw ăwāy the flowers, to climb from stōne to stone till he reached the hole, and pŭt his fin̲ger into it, was the work of a mōmènt, and, to his delight, he found that he had succeeded in stopping the flōw of the water.

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[1] **Sŏl'i ta ry**, lonely; retired.

[2] **Herbage** (ĕrb'aj), herbs collectively; pâsture; grâss.

[3] **Dis māy'**, lŏss of coŭrage and hope; fear.

[4] **Per cĕp'ti ble**, that can be seen, felt, or known by the senses.

[5] **Injunction** (in jungk'shun), order or command.

[6] **Ravine** (ra vēn'), a deep and narrow hŏllōw, usually wŏrn by water.

[7] **In'stant**, immediate; quick.

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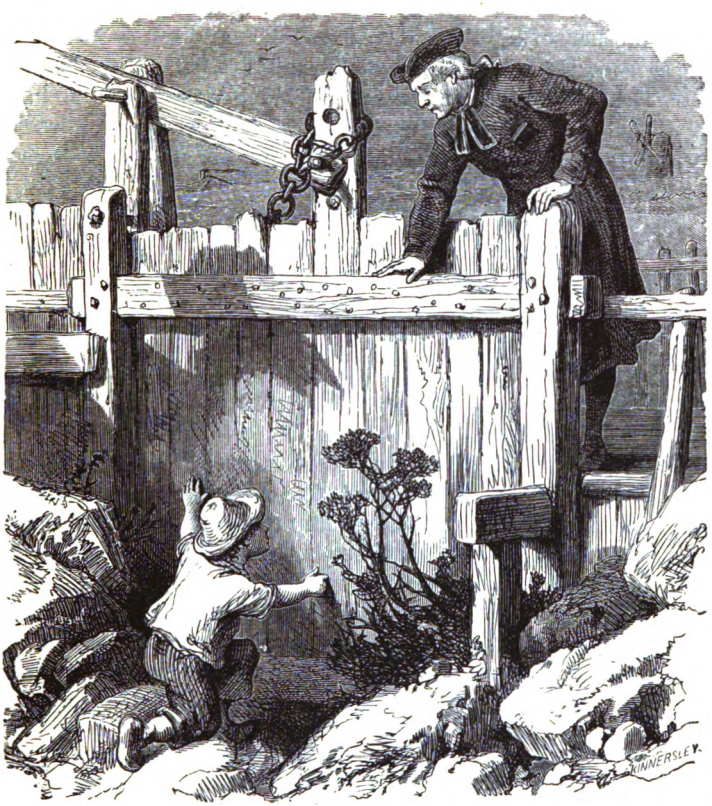

11. This was all vĕry well for a little while, and the child thôught ōnly of the success of his deviçe. But the night was closing in, and with the night came the cold. The little boy looked around in vain. No one came. He shouted—he called loudly—no one ănswered.

12. He resolved to stay thêre all night, but, ălâs, the cold was becoming ĕvèry moment mōre biting, and the pōor fing̲er fixed in the hole began to feel benumbed, and the numbnèss sōōn extended to the hand, and thence thr̲oughout the whōle arm. The pain became still greater, still harder to beâr, but still the boy moved not.

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13. Tears rolled down his cheeks, as he thought of his fäther, of his mŏther, of his little bed, where he might now be sleeping so soundly, but still the little fĕllōw stĭrred not; for he knew that did he remove the small slender finger which he had opposed to the escape of the wąter, not ōnly would he himself be drowned, but his father, his brothers, his neighbors—nay, the whōle village.

14. We know not what fąltering[1] of pûrpose, what momentary failures of coŭrage there might have been during that lŏng and tĕrrible night; but cĕrtain it is that at daybreak he was found in the same painful position by a clĕrgyman, retûrning from an attendance on a death-bed, who, as he advanced, thôught he hĕard grōans, and bending over the dike, discovered a child kneeling on a stōne, writhing from pain, and with pale face and tearful eyes.

15. "In the name of wŏnder, boy," he exclaimed, "what are you doing there?"—"I am hindering the wąter from running out," was the answer, in pĕrfect simplicity, of the child, who, during that whōle night, had been evincing[2] such heroic fôrtitude[3] and undäunted[4] coŭrage.

16. The Muse[5] of hĭstòry, too ŏften blind to trụe glōry, has handed down to posterity many a warrior, the destroyer of thousands of his fĕllōw-men—she has left us in ignorance of this reäl *Little Hero of Haarlem.*

V.

43. THE GOOD TIME COMING.

THERE'S a gŏŏd time cŏming, boys,
A good time coming:
We may not live to see the day,
But ĕarth shall glis*t*en in the ray
Of the good time coming.

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[1] **F'altering** (fą'ter ing), falling short; trembling; heşitātion.

[2] **E vĭnc'ing**, showing clearly.

[3] **For'ti tūde**, that strengfh of mind which enables one to meet danger with coolness and firmness, or to beâr pain or disappointment without mûrmûring or discoŭragement.

[4] **Undaunted** (un dänt'ed), brave; fearless.

[5] **Mūse**, one of the nine goddesses of history, poetry, painting, etc.

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Cannon balls may aid the truth,
But thought's a weapon stronger:
We'll win our battle by its aid;—
Wait a little longer.

2. There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
The pen shall supersede[1] the sword;
And Right, not Might, shall be the lord
In the good time coming.
Worth, not Birth, shall rule mankind,
And be acknowledged stronger;
The proper impulse[2] has been given;—
Wait a little longer.

3. There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
War in all men's eyes shall be
A monster of iniquity[3]
In the good time coming.
Nations shall not quarrel then,
To prove which is the stronger;
Nor slaughter men for glory's sake;—
Wait a little longer.

4. There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
Hateful rivalries[4] of creed[5]
Shall not make their martyrs bleed
In the good time coming.
Religion shall be shorn of pride,
And flourish all the stronger;
And Charity[6] shall trim her lamp;—
Wait a little longer.

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[1] **Su per sēde′**, set aside; take the place of.

[2] **Im′pulse**, sudden force given; impression.

[3] **Iniquity** (in ĭk′we tĭ), want of uprightness; some certain act of wickedness.

[4] **Rī′val rў**, strife to excel, or to secure the same thing that another is trying to obtain.

[5] **Crēed**, articles of faith; a short account of what is believed.

[6] **Chăr′i tў**, love; good-will; act of giving freely.

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5. Thêre's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
And a poor man's family
Shall not be his misery
In the good time coming.
Every child shall be a help
To make his right arm strŏnger;
The happier he the mōre he has;—
Wait a little longer.

6. There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
Little children shall not toil
Under, or above, the soil
In the good time coming;
But shall play in healthful fields
Till limbs and mind grow stronger;
And every one shall read and write;—
Wait a little longer.

7. There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
The people shall be temperate,
And shall love instead of hate,
In the good time coming..
They shall use and not abuse,
And make all vīrtue stronger.
The reformation has begun;—
Wait a little longer.

8. There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
Let us aid it all we can,
Every wọman, every man,
The good time coming.
Smallèst helps, if rightly given,
Make the impulse stronger;
'Twill be strong enough one day;—
WAIT A LITTLE LONGER.

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SECTION IX.

I.

44. ANTONY CANOVA.

CANOVA[1] first saw the light of day in the little Venetian[2] village of Possagno.[3] Falieri[4] the senator was lord of this village. One day he gave a great dinner, and thêre was sêrved up to his guests the image of a lion, beautifully formed in butter.

2. This unexpected dish gave as much surprise to the senator as to his numerous guests. He ordered his cook to come up stairs, that he might congratulate[5] him in presence of the party, so much pleased was he with the marvelous[6] work of art. The cook was introduced into the banqueting-hall, and was so overwhelmed with congratulations, that the tears came into his eyes.

3. "You weep for joy?" said his màster to him. "No, my lord," he replied; "it is through despâir at not having executed the work of art which is the object of so much admiration."

4. "I should like to make the artist's[7] acquaintance," said the senator. The cook withdrew, assuring his master that his wish would be gratified; and in a few minutes retûrned, leading in the artist.

5. He was a little peasant-boy, about ten years old, meanly clad, for his pârents were poor. Poor as they were, however, these worthy people had exposed themselves to great straits,[8] rather than deny to their son lessons in the art of sculpture[9] which a professor had kindly undertaken to give for a vĕry moderate fee.

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[1] **Canova** (kä nō′ vä).

[2] **Ve nē′tian**, of, or pertaining to, Venice, a fortified city of Italy.

[3] **Possagno** (pos sän′ yo).

[4] **Falieri** (fä le ā′ re).

[5] **Con grăt′ū lāte**, to wish joy to.

[6] **Mar′vel ŏŭs**, strange; wonderful; surprising.

[7] **Art′ist**, one who is skilled in some one of the *fine arts*, as painting, sculpture, &c.

[8] **Strāit**, difficulty; distress.

[9] **Scŭlpt′ūre**, the art of carving, cutting, or hewing wood or stone into images or figures, as of men, beasts, or other things.

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6. Antony Cănō'vă had ĕarly ex̤hibited[1] a strŏng faculty for statuary. He modeled[2] clay when he coụld gĕt it, and, with the help of his knife, carved little figures out of all the chips of wood he could lay his hands on.

7. His pârents wĕre acquainted with the cook of Senator Falieri. On the morning of the great dinner, he came to impart the difficulty he had in giving a graceful finish to the table. He had ex̤hąusted[3] all the resōurces of his skill and imagination;[4] but he still wanted one of those effective[5] dishes, capable of producing a great sensation,[6] which rear on a solid basis the reputation[7] of the cook of a great house.

8. The little Canō'va thôught for a minute, and then said: "Do not trouble yourself; I shall soon come to you. Leave it to me, and I shall answer for it that your table will be complete." The boy went as he had promised to the senator's house, showed the cook the design[8] of the figure which he meant to execute, answered for the success of the attempt, and cut the block of butter with that purity of imagination and perfect taste, which he afterwards displayed in cutting blocks of marble.

9. Surprised as the guests had been by the work, they were much more so when they beheld the workman. He was loaded with attentions, and from this time fōrth, Falieri was the pātron[9] of the young Cănō'vă.

10. The happy result of the first attempt of the little peasant-boy, suddenly made his name famous, and opened up for him the rōad to permanent success. Falieri placed him as a pupil in the stūdiō[10] of the best sculptor of the time. Two years

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[1] **Exhibited** (egz hĭb'it ed), held forth or presented to view; displayed.

[2] **Mŏd'eled**, molded; shaped; formed into a pattern.

[3] **Exhausted** (ĕgz ha̤st'ed), used or entirely expended.

[4] **Im ăg'i nā'tion**, the image-making power of the mind; the power to pụt in new forms objects of sense before noticed or seen.

[5] **Ef fĕct'ive**, having the power, or suited, to produce effects.

[6] **Sen sā'tion**, feeling awakened by whatever affects an organ of sense; a state of excited feeling.

[7] **Rĕp'u tā'tion**, the character given to a person, thing, or action; good name.

[8] **De sign'**, a first sketch; a plan.

[9] **Pā'tron**, one who, or that which, countenances, supports, or protects.

[10] **Stū'di o**, the workshop of an artist.

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after—that is to say, when Cănōvă was ōnly twelve years of age —he sent to his pātron a gift of two marble fruit-bāskets of his own workmanship, of remarkable merit, which still adorn the Falieri palace at Venice.

11. You will lĕarn elsewhere the claims of this great artist to the admiration of posterity.[1] All the academies of Europe solicited the honor of enrōlling him among their members. All the kings vied with each other in enriching their nătional muse'ums[2] with the beautiful prŏducts of his genius.[3]

12. He was elected Prince-perpetual of the Academy of St. Luke at Rome—a title conferred on no other artist since his death. The funeral-ceremony with which his remains were honored, was the grăndĕst which had ever occûrred in connection with the fine arts since the death of Răphaĕl.[4]

II.

45. BENJAMIN WEST.

PART FIRST.

SPRINGFIELD, Pennsylvania, in 1738, became the bĭrthplace of a Quaker infant, from whom his pârents and neighbors looked for wonderful things. A famous preacher of the Society of Friends had foretold that he would be one of the mōst remarkable characters that had appeared on the ĕarth since the days of William Penn. On this account the eyes of many people were fixed upon the boy.

2. Some of his ancestors[5] had won great renown in the old wars of Eng̃land and Frânce; but it was probably expected that Ben would become a preacher, and would convert multitudes to the peaceful doctrines of the Quakers. Friend West and his wife were thought to be vĕry fortunate in having a son of such promise.

[1] **Pŏs tĕr'i ty,** ŏffspring to the fûrthest age, or from the same forefather.

[2] **Mū sē'um,** a place where curious things are kept for exhibition.

[3] **Genius** (jēn'yus), the peculiar form of mind with which each person is favored by nature; the high and peculiar gifts of nature which fŏrce the mind to certain fāvorite kinds of labor.

[4] **Răph' a ĕl** was a very great painter, whose works are the admiration of the world. He lived between 1483 and 1520.

[5] **An'ces tor,** one from whom a person descends; a forefather.

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3. Little Ben lived to the ripe age of six years without doing any thing worthy to be told in hĭstȯry. But one summer ăfternoon, in his seventh year, his mother pụt a fan into his hand, and bădе him keep the flies ăwāy from the face of a little babe that lāy fāst asleep in the cradle. She then left the rōōm.

4. The boy waved the fan to and fro, and drove ăwāy the buzzing flies whenever they came near the baby's face. When they had all flown out of the wĭndōw, or into distant parts of the room, he bent over the cradle, and delighted himself with gazing at the sleeping infant.

5. It was, indeed, a vĕry pretty sight. The little personage in the cradle slumbered peacefully, with its waxen[1] hands under its chin, looking as full of blissful[2] quiĕt as if ānġels wĕre singing lullabies in its ear. Indeed, it must have been dreaming about heaven; for, while Ben stooped over the cradle, the little baby smiled.

6. "How beautiful she looks!" said Ben to himself. "What a pity it is that such a pretty smile should not lâst forever!" Now, Ben, at this period of his life, had hĕard but little of that wonderful art by which a look, that appears and vanishes in a mōmènt, may be made to last for hundreds of years. But, though nobody had told him of such an art, he may be said to have invented it for himself.

7. On a table near at hand thêre were pens and paper, and iṇk of two colors, black and red. The boy seized a pen and sheet of paper, and kneeling down beside the cradle, began to draw a lĭkenèss of the infant. While he was busied in this manner, he heard his mother's step approaching, and hastily tried to conceal the paper.

8. "Benjamin, my son, what hast thou been doing?" inquired his mother, observing marks of confusion[3] in his face. At first Ben was unwilling to tell; for he felt as if there might be something wrŏng in stealing the baby's face, and pụtting it upon a sheet of paper.

9. However, as his mother insisted, he finally pụt the sketch into her hand, and then hung his head, expecting to be well

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[1] **Waxen** (wăk'sn), made of wax; wax-like—hence, sŏft; yielding.

[2] **Bliss'ful**, happy in the highest degree; full of joy.

[3] **Con fū'sion** (zhun), state of being confused or made ashamed; shame.

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scolded. But when the good lady saw what was on the paper, in lines of red and black ink, she uttered a scream of surprise and great joy.

10. "Bless me!" cried she. "It is a picture of little Sally!" And then she threw her arms around our friend Benjamin, and kissed him so tenderly that he never afterward was afraid to show his performances to his mother.

11. As Ben grew older he was observed to take vast delight in looking at the hues [1] and forms of nature. For instance, he was greatly pleased with the blue violets of spring, the wild

[1] **Hūe,** tint; dye; cŏlor.

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roses of summer, and the scarlet eärdinal-flowers[1] of ĕarly autumn.

12. In the decline of the year, when the wo͝ods were variegated[2] with all the cŏlors of the rainbow, Ben seemed to desire nŏthing better than to gaze at them from morn till night. The pûrple and golden clouds of sunset were a joy to him. And he was continually endeavoring to draw the figures of trees, men, mountaĭns, houses, cattle, geese, ducks, and tûrkeys, with a piece of chalk, on barn doors or on the floor.

13. In those old times, the Mohawk Indians were still numerous in Pennsylvania. Evĕry year a party of them used to pāy a visit to Springfield, because the wĭgwams[3] of their ancestors had formerly stood there. These wild men grew fond of little Ben, and made him vĕry happy by giving him some of the red and yĕllōw paint with which they were accustomed to adorn their faces.

14. His mother, too, presented him with a piece of indigo. Thus he now had three cŏlors—red, blue, and yĕllōw—and could manufacture green by mixing the yellow with the blue. Our friend Ben was overjoyed, and doubtlèss showed his gratitude to the Indians by taking their līkenèssès in the strange dresses which they wore, with feathers, tomahawks,[4] and bōws and ărrōws.

III.

46. BENJAMIN WEST.

PART SECOND.

ALL this time the young artist had no paint-brushes; nor wĕre there any to be bought, unless he had sent to Phĭladĕlphiă on purpose. However, he was a vĕry ingenious[5] boy, and resolved to manufacture paint-brushes for himself.

2. With this design he laid hold upon—what do you think? Why, upon a respectable old black cat, which was sleeping

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[1] **Car' di nal-flow' er**, a plant which beârs bright red flowers of much beauty.

[2] **Vā'ri e gāt ed**, marked with different colors.

[3] **Wigwam** (wĭg'wŏm), an Indian hut or cabin.

[4] **Tŏm'a hawk**, an Indian hatchet.

[5] **Ingenious** (in jēn'yus), skillful or quick to invent or contrive.

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quietly by the fireside. "Puss," said little Ben to the cat, "pray give me some of the fûr from the tip of your tail?"

3. Though Ben addressed the black cat so civilly, yĕt he was determined to have the fur, whether she were willing or not. Puss, who had no great zeal for the fine arts, would have resisted if she could; but the boy was armed with his mŏther's scissors, and very dexterously [1] clipped ŏff fur enough to make a paint-brush.

4. This was of so much use to him that he applied to Madam Puss again and again, until her warm cōat of fur had become so thin and răggĕd that she could hardly keep comfortable through the winter. Poor thing! she was fŏrced to creep close into the chimney-corner, and eyed Ben with a vĕry rueful [2] look. But Ben considered it mōre necessary that he should have paint-brushes than that puss should be warm.

5. About this period Friend West received a visit from Mr. Pennington, a mĕrchant of Philadĕlphiă, who was likewise a member of the Society of Friends. The visitor, on entering the parlor, was surprised to see it ornamented with drawings of Indian chiefs, and of bĭrds with beautiful plumage,[3] and of the wild flowers of the fŏrest. Nŏthing of the kind was ever seen befōre in the house of a Quaker farmer.

6. "Why, Friend West," exclaimed the Philadelphia merchant, "what has possessed thee to cover thy walls with all these pictures? Whĕre didst thou get them?" Then Friend West explained that all these pictures were painted by little Ben, with no better materials than red and yĕllōw ocher [4] and a piece of indigo, and with brushes made of the black cat's fûr.

7. "Vĕrily," said Mr. Pennington, "the boy hath a wŏnderful faculty. Some of our friends might look upon these matters as vanity; but little Benjamin appears to have been born a painter; and Providence is wiser than we are." The good merchant patted Benjamin on the head, and evidently [5] considered him a wonderful boy.

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[1] **Dĕx'ter ŏŭs ly,** adroitly; skillfully; handily.

[2] **Rueful** (ro͞o'ful), woful; mōurnful; sorrowful.

[3] **Plūm'age,** the collection of plumes or feathers which cover a bĭrd.

[4] **O'cher,** a kind of fine clay of various colors.

[5] **Ev'i dent ly,** easily seen; clearly.

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8. When his pârents saw how much their son's performances wĕre admired, they, no doubt, remembered the prophecy[1] of the old Quaker preacher respecting Ben's future eminence. Yĕt they could not understand how he was ever to become a vĕry great and useful man merely by making pictures.

9. One evening, shortly after Mr. Pennington's retûrn to Philadelphia, a package arrived at Springfield, dĭrĕcted to our little friend Ben. "What can it possibly be?" thought Ben, when it was pŭt into his hands. "Who can have sent me such a great square package as this?"

10. On taking ŏff the thick brown paper which enveloped[2] it, behold! thêre was a paint-box, with a great many cakes of paint, and brushes of various sizes. It was the gift of good Mr. Pennington. There were likewise several squares of canvas, such as artists use for painting pictures upon, and, in addition to all these trĕasures, some beautiful engravings of landscapes. These were the first pictures that Ben had ever seen, except those of his own drawing.

11. What a joyful evening was this for the little artist! At bed-time he put the paint-box under his pĭllōw, and got hardly a wink of sleep; for, all night lŏng, his fancy was painting pictures in the darknèss. In the morning he hŭrried to the garret, and was seen no mōre, till the dinner hour; nor did he give himself time to eat more than a mouthful or two of fōōd befōre he hurried back to the garret again.

12. The next day, and the next, he was just as busy as ever; until at lâst his mother thôught it time to ascertain[3] what he was about. She accordingly fŏllōwed him to the garret.

13. On opening the dōor, the first object that presented itself to her eyes was our friend Benjamin, giving the lâst touches to a beautiful picture. He had copied pōrtions of two of the engravings, and made one picture out of bōth, with such ăd'-mirable[4] skill that it was far more beautiful than the originals.[5]

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[1] **Prŏph' e cy**, a foretelling; that which is foretold.

[2] **En vĕl'oped**, surrounded as a covering.

[3] **As cer tāin'**, find out or lĕarn: make cĕrtain.

[4] **Ad'mi ra ble**, worthy to be admired; having qualities to awaken wonder joined with affection or agreeable feelings.

[5] **O rĭg'i nal**, that which came before all others of its clâss; first copy.

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The grass, the trees, the water, the sky, and the houses were all painted in their proper colors. There, too, were the sunshine and the shadow, looking as natural as life.

14. "My dear child, thou hast done wonders!" cried his mother. The good lady was in an ecstasy[1] of delight. And well might she be proud of her boy; for there were touches in this picture which old artists, who had spent a lifetime in the business, need not have been ashamed of. Many a year afterward, this wonderful production was exhibited at the Royal Academy in London.

IV.

47. BENJAMIN WEST.

PART THIRD.

WELL, time went on, and Benjamin continued to draw and paint pictures, until he had now reached the age when it was proper that he should choose a business for life. His father and mother were in considerable perplexity[2] about their son.

2. According to the ide'as of the Quakers, it is not right for people to spend their lives in occupations that are of no real and sensible advantage to the world. Now, what advantage could the world expect from Benjamin's pictures?

3. This was a difficult question; and, in order to set their minds at rest, his parents determined to consult the preachers and wise men of their society. Accordingly, they all assembled in the meeting-house, and discussed[3] the matter.

4. Finally, they came to a very wise decision. It seemed so evident that Providence had created Benjamin to be a painter, and had given him abilities which would be thrown away in any other business, that the Quakers resolved not to oppose his wishes. They even acknowledged that the sight of a beautiful picture might convey instruction to the mind, and might benefit the heart as much as a good book or a wise discourse.

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[1] **Ec'sta sy**, very great and overmastering joy; a being beside one's self with excitement.

[2] **Per plĕx'i ty**, a troubled or uncertain state of mind; embarrassment; doubt.

[3] **Dis cŭssed'**, examined fully in all its parts; argued.

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5. They thĕrefōre committed the yo̤uth to the dĭrĕction of Gŏd, being well assṳred that He best knew what wa̤s his proper sphere of usefulnèss. The old men laid their hands upon Benjamin's head and gave him their blessing, and the women kissed him affectionately. All consented that he shoṳld go fōrth into the world, and lĕarn to be a painter by studying the best pictures of ăncient and modern times.

6. So our friend Benjamin left the dwelling of his pârents, and his native woods and streams, and the good Quakers of Springfield, and the Indians who had given him his first colors; he left all the places and pĕrsons that he had hitherto known, and retûrned to them no mōre. He went first to Philadelphia, and ăfterward to Europe. Here he was noticed by many great people, but retained all the sobriety[1] and simplicity which he had lĕarned in his childhood.

7. When he was twenty-five years old, he went to London, and established himself there as an artist. In due cōurse of time, he acquired great fame by his pictures, and was made chief painter to King George III., and president of the Royal Academy of Arts.

8. When the Quakers of Pennsylvaniă hĕard of his success, they felt that the early hopes of his parents as to little Ben's future eminence were now accomplished. It is trṳe they shook their heads at his pictures of battle and bloodshed, such as the Death of Wolfe, thi̤nking that these terrible scenes shoṳld not be held up to the admiration of the world.

9. But they approved of the great paintings in which he represented the mĭracles[2] and sufferings of the Redeemer of mankind. He wa̤s afterward employed to adorn a large and beautiful chapel[3] at Windsor Castle with pictures of these sacred subjects.

10. He likewise painted a magnificent[4] picture of Christ Healing the Sick, which he gave to the hŏspital at Philadĕlphiă. It was e̤xhibited to the public, and produced so mṳch profit,

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[1] **So brĭ'e ty**, the habit of soberness or temperance; călmness.

[2] **Mĭr'a cle**, a wonder; an event or effect contrary to the known laws of nature.

[3] **Chăp'el**, a lesser place of worship; a small church; a place of worship not connected with a church.

[4] **Mag nĭf'i cent**, on a large scale; grand in appearance.

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that the hospital was enlarged so as to accommodate thirty more patients.

11. If Benjamin West had done no other good deed than this, yet it would have been enough to entitle him to an honorable remembrance forever. At this very day there are thirty poor people in the hospital, who owe all their comforts to that same picture.

12. We shall mention only a single incident more. The picture of Christ Healing the Sick was exhibited at the Royal Academy in London, where it covered a vast space, and displayed a multitude of figures as large as life. On the wall, close beside this ad'mirable picture, hung a small and faded landscape. It was the same that little Ben had painted in his father's garret, after receiving the paint-box and engravings from good Mr. Pennington.

13. He lived many years in peace and honor, and died in 1820. The story of his life is almost as wonderful as a fairy tale; for there are few stranger transformations[1] than that of a little unknown Quaker boy, in the wilds of America, into the most distinguished English painter of his day.

14. Let us each make the best use of our natural abilities, as Benjamin West did; and, with the blessing of God, we shall arrive at some good end. As for fame,[2] it matters but little whether we acquire it or not.

SECTION X.

I.

48. TEMPERANCE SONG.

1.

WHEN the bright morning star the new daylight is bringing,
And the orchards and groves are with melody ringing,
Their way to and from them the early birds winging,

[1] **Trăns'for mā'tion**, change of form, substance, or condition.

[2] **Fāme**, public report; renown; the condition of being celebrated.

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And their anthems[1] of glădnèss, and thanksgiving singing;
Why do they so twitter and sing, do you think?
Because they've had nothing but water to drink.

2.

When a shower on a hot day in summer is over,
And the fields are all smelling of white and red clover,
And the hŏney-bee—busy and plundering rover—
Is fumbling the blossom leaves over and over,
Why so fresh, clean and sweet are the fields, do you think?
Because they've had nothing but water to drink.

3.

Do you see that stout oak on its windy hill growing,
Do you see what great hailstones that black cloud is throwing?
Do you see that steam war-ship its ocean way going,
Against trade-winds and head-winds like hŭrricanes blowing?
Why are oaks, cloud, and war-ships so strŏng, do you think?
Because they've had nothing but water to drink.

4.

Now if *we* have to work in the shop, field, or study,
And would have a strŏng hand and a cheek that is ruddy,
And would *not* have a brain that is addled[2] and muddy,
With our eyes all banged up, and our noses all bloody—
How shall *we* make and keep ourselves so, do you think?
Why, *we* must have nothing but water to drink.

II.

49. THE DRUNKARD'S SON.

PART FIRST.

SCHOOL was out! "Hurrăh!"[3] screamed all the boys, and up went their caps in the âir, as they all commenced trying the strength of their limbs and trousers, some by climbing up trees, some over fences, some by lēap-frŏg, some by bat and ball; and thus they all separated and went their different ways hōme.

[1] **An'them**, a piece of music set to verses from the Bible, used in church; a sacred song or hymn; sometimes, *a song*.

[2] **Ad'dled**, corrupted; made barren or unfruitful.

[3] **Hurrah** (hǫ rä'), a shout of joy or triumph, or applause.

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2. And James Lawton went his way home, too, though it was not with so light a step as his school-fellows. When the last boy was out of sight, he drew a deep sigh, and drawing his cap down over his eyes, and looking carefully about him in every direction, as if to reassure himself that not one boy lingered to keep him company, moved on.

3. He was an honest boy. He had no thought of stealing any thing on the way—it was not that. He was not afraid of the master; for he was always at the head of his class, and seemed more anxious to understand his lessons than any other boy in school. He was not afraid any big boy would thrash him, nor was he lying in wait for any small boy to thrash. No, James was no such coward.

4. On he moved, with leaden feet, past the old, familiar spots; past the grocer's, with his peanuts, and oranges, and cocoanuts, and nice potted flowers, that he hoped would attract the housewives who came to buy his sugar and tea; past the baker's with his tempting pies and tarts, and piles of sugared cakes, and heaps of candy; past the toyshop, and the tinman's, and the shoestore: he had read all their signs till they were as familiar to him as his own name, and now he had turned the last corner of the street in which was his own house. *Now* it was that the child turned pale, and set his white teeth together, and drew his breath hard.

5. His house was a very pretty one, with a nice little garden spot in front, in which were fragrant flowers, for his mother was very fond of them—almost as fond as she was of James. He had a kind mother, then? Yes; but do you see that crowd of boys, like a little black swarm, round the pretty white gate before his house?

6. You can not see what they are looking at so earnestly inside the fence; but you can hear their shouts and laughter, and so, alas! does James. His face is not white now—it is as red as the daisies in his mother's garden, and his eyes flash like the raindrops on the daisies' bosoms, that the bright sun is now shining upon. Alas! when will there be sunshine in James's house?

7. "Ah, there's Jim now," said a rude boy, loud enough for James to hear. "Here's your drunken father, Jim."

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8. "Stand ăwāy! go hōme! ŏff with you all!" shouted James, in a harsh, fierce voice, that contrasted strangely with his slight figure, and sweet, ĭn'fantīle face; "off with you!" and he walked into the center of the group, where, crouched upon the ground, was a man, vainly trying, on his hands and knees—for he could not stand—to reach the door to get in.

9. His nice brôadclŏth cōat was covered with dĭrt. His hat was crushed in. Bits of straw and grăss were sticking in his thick, black hair. His eyes were red. He did not even see his own little boy, who was crimṣon with shame as he stood over him, and vainly tried to help him to his feet.

10. "Off with you!" shouted James again to the boys, who läughed as his father fell against him, almost knocking him over; "off with you, I say!" bringing his little fo͝ot to the ground with a stamp that made them all start. He then rushed up to the door, rang the bell violently, and turned his head away, to conceal the tears that woṷld no loṉger be kept back. A wọman came to the door—it was the mother, and together they helped in the druṉken husband and father.

III.

50. THE DRUNKARD'S SON.

PART SECOND.

NO wŏnder James dreaded going hōme from schōol! It wạṣ not the first time, nor the second, nor the thĭrd, that he had helped his father in at the area[1] door when he was too druṉk to find his wāy up the frŏnt steps to his own house. Sometimes James, ōnly that he thought of his mother, woṷld have wished himself dead. It was so terrible—the brṷtal läugh and jests of those erṷel boys.

2. Oh! I hope *you* never do such mean things. I have known children who täunted their school-mates with such troubles when they were aṉgry with them, or sometimes, as in this case, for mere spōrt. It is a sign of a base, mean, crṷel nature. The boy or gĭrl who would remind any children of a disagreeable thing of this kind, which is hard enough to beâr

[1] **Area** (ā're à), a sunken space around the basement of a building.

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at best, and twit and tăunt them with it, or pain them by noticing it in any wāy, is a boy or girl to be shunned and avoided.

3. Nero, the tyrant[1] of Rome, who rōasted people for his amusement, must have been such a boy. I am sŏrry to sāy I have known little gĭrls equally malicious[2] and wicked. Bad women they will surely grow up, if not broken of such mean cruelty while they are young.

4. A drunkard is a drunkard all the same, whether he gĕts drunk on bad rum, or on wine; whether he takes his senses away at the club-house, or at the low, corner grocery: he comes to the gutter just as surely in the end. It made no difference to little James that his father got drunk on rich old wine, and sipped it from cut glasses in a handsome apartment: his mother was just as heart-broken, and her children just as miserable as they could be.

5. Dollar after dollar the man was swallōwing; and James might well study hard, and be at the head of his class, for he would need all he could ĕarn to coin into bread and butter, by the time he got old enough to keep his mother, and his little brothers and sisters. And his father *used* to be so kind—that memory came ŏften to the child, to make him patient under his trouble, and to help him to excuse his father for the wrŏng he was doing bōth himself and them.

6. "He was so kind *once!*" James would sob out in his little bed at night. "I remember—" and then he would beguile[3] himself by remembering the walks and rides he used to take with him—the Christmas presents—how pleased father was to hear his lessons well recited—and now! Oh, nobody who has not dropped from such a height of hăppinèss down to that dreadful "now" can tell how bruised the poor heart may be by the fall!

7. Gŏd help little James and all like him, who have sŏrrōws all the greater that they must beâr the bûrden alone; that they are *unspeakable* sorrows, save to Him who will never taunt[4] us with their heavy bûrden, or tûrn to us a câreless ear.

8. You may be sure that when James grew up he never

[1] **Ty'rant**, a cruel măster or ruler.

[2] **Malicious** (ma lĭsh'us), ill-disposed; spiteful.

[3] **Be guile'**, deceive; amuse.

[4] **Taunt** (tănt), reproach with severe or insulting words.

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drank. Long before the beard grew on his soft, white chin, his father's bloated face was hidden under a tombstone. In after years, when young men of his own age locked arms, and, clapping each other on the shoulder as they passed some gilded saloon, said to one another and to him, "Come in and take a drink," you may be sure that the smile died away on his face.

9. James saw—not the bright lights in the saloon window, nor the gay, laughing throng inside—but instead, a form crouching like a beast at his feet, dirt-besmeared, with blood-shot eyes—creeping, crawling, like a loathsome reptile, that has no soul to save—for which there is no heaven, no glorious future after death. Ah, no; James could not "take a drink"—his very soul sickened when they asked him.

V.

51. YOUNG MEN OF EVERY CREED.

YOUNG men of every creed!
Be up and doing now;
The time is come to "run and read,"
With thoughtful eye and brow.

2. Extend your grasp to catch
Things unattained[1] before;
Touch the quick springs of reason's latch,
And enter at her door.

3. The seeds of mind are sown
In every human breast;
But dormant[2] lie, unless we own
The spirit's high behest![3]

4. Look outwardly, and *learn;*
Look inwardly, and *think;*
And Truth and Love shall brighter burn
O'er Error's wasting brink.

5. Give energy to thought,
By musing as ye move;

[1] **Un at tained'**, not gained or done.
[2] **Dor'mant**, sleeping; not used.
[3] **Be hest'**, that which is willed or ordered; command.

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Nor dream unworthy aught,
Or trifling for your love.

6. Plunge in the crowded märt,[1]
Thêre read the thoughts of men;
And human nature's wŏndrous chärt
Shall ōpen to your ken.[2]

7. Shun drŭnkennèss—'tis sin!
The deadliëst, fatal ban[3]
Which ever veiled the light within,
And pa̤lled[4] the soul of man!

8. In Freedom walk sublime,
As Gŏd designed ye sho̤uld;
Pillared props of growing time,
Supporting solid good.

9. Tread the far fŏrest, climb
The sloping[5] hill-wāy side,
And feel your spirits ring their chime
Of gladnèss far and wide.

10. Where'er your footsteps tend,
Where'er your feelings flōw,
Be man and brother to the end—
Compassionate the lōw.

11. Cûrb Ang̤er, Pride, and Hate;
Let Love the watchword be;
Then will your hearts be trṳly great,
God-purified and free!

12. Oh live a life like this,
And you shall know ere lŏng,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strŏng.

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[1] **Mart,** a place of traffic or sale; a market.

[2] **Kĕn,** view; reach of sight or knowledge.

[3] **Băn, cûrse;** great evil.

[4] **Palled** (pa̤ld), depressed; made spiritless.

[5] **Slōp'ing,** bending downward.

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SECTION XI.

I.

52. DOGS.

DOGS are distinguished as being vĕry faithfully attached to man. A celebrated naturalist describes the domestic dŏg as the one "with tail tûrned tōward the left:" and another says, "that the whōle species is become our property; each individual is entirely devoted to his mâster, adopts his manners, distinguishes and defends his property, and remains attached to him even unto death; and all this springs not from mere necessity, nor from restraint, but simply from trụe friendship."

2. It is, indeed, wonderful, and what is almost as curious, the dog is the *only* animal that has fŏllōwed man all over the čarth. Another curious fact has been remarked about the dog —that if he has any white on any part of his tail, it will also be found at the tip. A dog is considered old at the end of five years, and his life râvely exceeds twenty years.

3. Thêre is some doubt as to what was the pârent-stock of this friend of man, for there are no traces of it to be found in a primitive[1] state of nature. No fossil[2] remains of the dog, properly so called, have ever been found. Many suppose the breed to have been derived from the wolf.

4. The New Holland, or Austrăliăn dog, is so wolf-like in its appearance, that it is sometimes called the "New South Wales wolf." Its height, when standing erect, is rather less than two feet, and its length two feet and a-hălf. The head is formed much like that of a fox, the ears short and erect, with whiskers from one to two inches in length on the muzzle, so that it appears much mōre like a wolf than a dog.

5. The shepherd's dog, a variety which wạs mōst probably one of the first that civilized and settled man called in aid to presĕrve his flocks from beasts and bĭrds of prey, is remarkable for its large brain, and its great sagacity.[3] While superior to,

[1] **Prĭm'i tive,** relating to the origin or beginning; first.

[2] **Fŏs'sil,** dug out of the earth; petrified; changed into stōne.

[3] **Sa găc'i ty,** quickness of sight or scent; wisdom.

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it may be ranked with spaniels[1] and hounds, which are among the most useful and intelligent dogs. It is difficult to distinguish the bones of the wolf from those of the shepherd's dog.

6. Dogs are useful in many ways. It is not very unusual to see them trudging along, in villages and cities, carrying with

[1] **Spaniel** (spăn'yel).

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their mouths large bàskets of meat, fruit, or vegetables. A friend of mine has a very noble and useful dŏg. When milk is wanted by the family, they pŭt the money inside a tin can. Away runs the dog with the can and money to the dairy.

7. He never loiters in the streets, looking in at shop-wĭndōws, like too many boys and girls. When the dog finds the gate of the dairy shut, he knocks with his paw, or barks, until the gate is opened. The milkman knows his customer well, and is very attentive to him. When the milk is ready, away the dog goes, but so steadily does he carry the can, that he is rârely known to spill a drop of the milk!

8. A stōry is told of John Godfrey's dog which goes far to prove that dogs use more sense than many men. This man owned a dog which was in the habit of accompanying his màster on his frequent visits to the public-house. The dog was taught by his master to drink malt liquor; and the animal became so used to it, that he would not leave the public-house without it.

9. On one occasion, when Godfrey and one of his companions visited a beershop, his companion said, "John, let us make the dog drunk!" This was agreed upon; mōre than the usual quantity of liquor was given to the animal, which had the desired effect. On reaching the house whêre his màster lodged, the poor animal could not ascend the stâirs leading to his master's room, but kept rolling down as fâst as he got up.

10. This afforded much amusemènt to John Godfrey and his companion. But the poor dog, which lived five years after this occûrrence, as if to mark his dĕtestātion[1] of the worse than uselèss drâught,[2] *would never afterward taste it,* but used to show his teeth and snarl every time a publican's[3] pot was presented to him.

11. Now, the dog probably had but little sense of shame and disgrace. But man should consider every thing that is sinful as bōth a shame and a disgrace. It's a shame for a man willingly to lose all his sense and reason, and act worse than the lowest of the lower animals; but this is what the drunkard

[1] **Dĕt'es tā'tion**, extreme or very great hatred.

[2] **Draught** (drâft), pōtion; drink.

[3] **Pŭb'li can**, the keeper of an inn or public-house; one licensed to retail beer, spirits, or wine.

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dŏes. It's a shame for a man to reel through the streets, and wallōw in the gutter like a pig; but this is what the drunkard does.

12. It's a shame for a man to lose all proper feeling, and become as hard-hearted as a stone; but this is what the drunkard does. It's a shame for a man to neglect his business, and spend his time in idleness, to leave his children beggars, and his wife a broken-hearted wĭdōw; but this is what the drunkard does. It's a shame for a man to gamble, and rob, and mûrder, and commit all kinds of abominations; but these are what the drunkard does.

13. John Godfrey died in a workhouse, the inside of which he would probably have never seen had he followed the exămple of his poor dog. His companion continued for some time the degrading habit of getting intoxicated, and was ŏften reproved by his wife with the unwelcome remark, "You have not hălf the sense of John Godfrey's dog!"

II.

53. THE FIREMAN'S DOG.

"BOB, the Fireman's Dŏg," was probably the mōst wonderful dog of modern times. He was a noble fĕllōw, and a good example to boys and men of quickness, bravery, and honèst work. When the fire-bell rang at the station to "make ready," Bob always started up prŏmptly at the call of duty and ran befōre the ĕngĭne, barking to clear the way, and was mōst useful not ōnly in

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preventing obstructions,[1] but in stimulating[2] the men by his energy.

2. For years he attended the fires of London, but not, as many do, to lŏŏk on and make a noise, and obstruct the workers; not as, I am almost ashamed to sāy, some do to plunder and make a wicked profit out of one of the heaviĕst calamities; not, as others do, to gratify their eyes with a grand and awful sight, as if human affliction wąs to them merely as an exhĭbĭtion of fireworks: no, a helper, and so efficient[3] was the aid he afforded, that the firemen had a brāss collar made for him, on which was engraven,

"Stop me not, but onward let me jog,
I'm Bob, the London fireman's dog."

3. At the time of the great explosion[4] of the firework-maker's premises, in Westminster Rōad, when dread filled all minds, the nature of the materials being vĕry explosive—Bob rushed in, undeterred by the noise, as of a great gun, the smell or the smoke, and when he came out he brought a poor cat in his mouth, and thus saved it from a cruel death.

4. At a fire in Lambeth, when the firemen were told that all the inmates were out of the bûrning premises, Bob was not satisfied with this testimony; he went to a side-door and lis*te*ned, and there, by loud and continual barking, attracted the notice of the firemen. They felt sure, from Bob's agitation, that some one was in the pàssage, and, on bûrsting open the door, a child was found nearly dead from suffocation.[5]

[1] **Obstrŭc'tion**, that which blocks up, or hinders from pàssing.

[2] **Stĭm'u lāt ing**, exciting, or rousing to action.

[3] **Efficient** (ef fĭsh'ent), causing effects; not inactive or slack.

[4] **Explosion** (eks plō' zhun), the act of bûrsting with a loud noise.

[5] **Stŭf'fo ca'tion**, the condition of being stifled, smothered, or choked.

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5. Bob was also an ŏrator.[1] True, he could not utter words, though he could make *himself clearly understood,* which is mōre than all speakers can. Thêre was a meaning and a pûrpose in his mode of expression, and that, I am afraid, is more than can be said of many speakers.

6. Those who talk for talking's sake, those who utter folly and nonsense, and those who abuse their gift of speech by using bad, or rude, or cruel words, are not to be compâred to Bob, who employed evèry sound that he could make for good. "He could all but speak," said the men who loved him; and mōre than speak in the hour of danger, for his loud, sharp bark had a vast deal of meaning in it.

7. But Bob was an orator in the sense of attending public meetings, and giving testimony. At the annual meeting of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which was held in 1860, and on previous occasions, this brave dog went through a series of wonderful performances to show how the fire-ĕngĭnes were pumped, and most kindly and effectually would he give his warning bark, and in his wāy tell the scenes that he had pâssed through.

8. Fine, noble creature! It was sad that a violent death should have been his lot âfter a life spent in mĕrciful actions. But he died at his work, doing his duty.

III.

53. A COMPLETE FAMILY.

MY friend Cabassol used to say that a family, to be quite complete should consist of a father and mother, a son and daughter, and a dŏg. There was a time indeed when he

[1] Or'a tor, a public speaker, especially a noted one.

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never would have said it, but that was when he was a bachelor; for he was the crŭstiëst, mōst growling bachelor that I ever knew.

2. He lived by himself in the country, whêre he smoked his pipe and read his books, and took câre of his garden, or walked over the field with his dŏg. Yĕs, he had a dog, a pĕrfect one, named Medor, and in those days he thought a perfect family consisted of a man and his dog. Indeed he said once, when I was there too, that Medor was his best friend, and yĕt it was I that gave him the dog.

3. Medor had belŏnged to a wĭdōw lady living at *St. Germain*,[1] who thôught the world of him, but was in constant fear lest he should be shot; for Medor was a born hunter, and the fŏrest park at St. Germain was an inviting field for four-footed as well as two-footed hunters. The keepers of the park declared they would shoot Medor if they caught him there again; so his mĭstrèss begged me to save his life by finding for him a new mâster.

4. I thought at once of Cabassol, and I could not have found a better master. He and Medor became at once fâst friends, and understood each other pĕrfectly. They were made for one another, and were always together. If Cabassol went to walk, Medor went with him. If the master ate dinner, the dog had his at the same time; and it reälly seemed as if Cabassol were right, and that they made a perfect family.

5. But one day, when Medor's nose was in the plate, and he seemed to be thinking of nŏthing but his dinner, he suddenly raised his head, and trembling from head to foot, began to howl and whine in the most piteous and unaccountable manner. The door-bell rang; Medor sprang forward, and when Cabassol joined him, he found him rolling in an ecstacy of joy at the feet of a stranger, and leaping up and down as if beside himself.

6. It was, as you have guessed, his old mĭstrèss, who had moved from St. Germain to live in Paris, and had taken this journey for the sake of seeing her old friend Medor. She cried at the welcome her dog had given her. She had come, she said, to âsk him back again, for now that she lived in Paris, there

[1] **St. Germain** (sĕnt jĕr'man), a town of France, ten miles from Paris.

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was no longer any danger of his life from the foresters. Would not Monsieur[1] Cabassol permit her to have Medor again? She would gladly pay whatever he chose to ask for Medor's board during the three years he had been absent from her, and a round sum besides.

7. Cabassol looked at her in a furious manner! Give up his dog? never! "I will not sell my friend at any price," he cried, and gave a rude shrug of his shoulders, which said as plainly as words, "Go about your business, mädame."[2]

8. The lady bitterly reproached him, and grew very angry, not because he had treated her so rudely, which was reason enough—she did not mind that—but because he was likely to make Medor die of grief, by refusing to give him up to her. "See!" she cried, "he has never ceased to regret me. He still loves me and no one else."

9. These last words enraged Cabassol; they aroused his pride, and, determined to show her that Medor loved him best, he said, "Come! I have a plan which will soon show you whether Medor loves you more than me. We will go together to yonder hill which lies between my house and Paris. There we will separate. You shall go down the southern path, and I will take the northern that comes back to my house. Medor shall belong to whichever one of us he chooses to follow."

10. "Very well," said she, "I am agreed;" for she was confident the dog would follow her. Medor did not quite understand the agreement, but he saw that the two people whom he loved best had shaken hands and stopped quarreling, and were now talking politely together. He was full of delight, gamboling about them, and petted by both.

11. Cabassol, though a crusty bachelor, as I said, was, after all, a pleasant companion when he chose; and now, feeling some pity for the lady, who must be disappointed, he began to talk and make himself quite agreeable, for she was his and Medor's guest, after all; and the widow lady, sorry for the loss which she was to cause him, and feeling happy at recovering Medor, was in high spirits, and made herself quite entertaining.

12. When the time came for her to go, the three walked

[1] **Monsieur** (mo sēr'), sir; mister. gentlewoman; a polite form of address to an elderly or married lady.

[2] **Madame** (mä däm'), my lady;

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slowly together to the top of the hill—the two I mean—for Medor was frisking about them in great glee. At the top they separated, and Cabassol went at once down the northern slope, while the lady went down the southern, and Medor bounded after her.

13. But in a moment he perceived that his master was not with them; he ran back to him: then he saw his mistress was not following, but was keeping on in her path; he ran back to her: then to Cabassol, who was still keeping on in his path; then to his mistress; then to Cabassol, then to his mistress; then—and so up and down, backward and forward, the road becoming longer and steeper each time.

14. At last, poor Medor, out of breath, the sweat pouring from him, his tongue hanging out of his mouth, fell down completely exhausted, on the very top of the hill where they had separated; and there, turning his head first to the right and then to the left, he tried to follow, with his eyes at least, the two beings to each of whom he had given half his heart.

15. Cabassol, meanwhile, saw how the poor dog fared, for each time he returned to him he was panting harder. He was seized with pity for him; he resolved to give back Medor to the lady, else he saw that Medor would surely die. He turned up the hill and came to the top.

16. At the same moment the lady came up the hill from the other side; she, too, out of pity for Medor, had resolved to sacrifice her own feelings, and suffer Cabassol to keep the beloved dog. They met at the top over the poor fellow, who was now wagging his tail in a feeble manner, to express his delight.

17. But how could they make the poor animal submit to a new separation? if he were to go with either alone, it would break his heart. Cabassol reflected. He saw only one way of getting out of the difficulty, and that was to marry the lady.

18. Would she have him?—Yes, for Medor's sake. And so they married to save the dog; and Cabassol came to say, as I told you at first, that a perfect family consisted of a father and mother, a son and daughter, and a dog.

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SECTION XII.

I.

55. TWILIGHT.

THE twilight is sad and cloudy;
The wind blows wild and free;
And like the wings of sea-birds,
Flash the white caps of the sea.

2. But in the fisherman's cottage
There shines a ruddier light,
And a little face at the window
Peers out into the night.

3. Close, close it is pressed to the window,
As if those childish eyes
Were looking into the darkness,
To see some form arise.

4. And a woman's waving shadow
Is passing to and fro,
Now rising to the ceiling,
Now bowing and bending low.

5. What tale do the roaring ocean
And the night-wind, bleak and wild,
As they beat at the crazy casement,
Tell to that little child?

6. And why do the roaring ocean,
And the night-wind, wild and bleak,
As they beat at the heart of the mother,
Drive the color from her cheek?

II.

56. A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

SHIPWRECK and death, that high, lonely rock—the dread and scourge[1] of the bay—had often caused. There it stood, right opposite the harbor, off the coast of one of the Orkney Islands, yielding no food nor shelter for beast or bird.

[1] **Scourge** (skĕrj), a lash; a whip; a means of causing suffering.

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2. Fifty years ago there lived on this island a young gĭrl in a cottage with her fäther; and they loved each other very tenderly. One wild night in March, while the father was ăwāy in his fisherman's bōat, the daughter sat at her spinning-wheel in thêir hut, awaiting his retûrn. In vain she looked out on the dark driving clouds, and listened, trembling, to the wind and the sea.

3. The morning light dawned at lâst. One bōat that should have been riding on the troubled waves was missing—her father's boat—it had struck against the "Lonely Rock" and gŏne down. Hälf a mile from his cottage her father's body was washed up on the shōre.

4. In her deep sŏrrōw, this fisherman's orphan did not think of herself alone. She was scârcely mōre than a child, humble, poor and weak; yĕt she said in her heart, that, while she lived, no mōre bōats should be lŏst on the "Lonely Rock," if a light shining through her window would guide them safely into the harbor.

5. And so, âfter watching by the body of her father, according to the custom of her people, until it was buried, she laid down and slept through the day; but when night fell she arose, and lighting a candle, placed it in the wĭndōw of her cottage, so that it might be seen by any fisherman coming from the sea, and guide him safely into harbor.[2] She sat by the candle all night, and trimmed it, and spun; but when the day dawned she went to bed and slept.

6. As many hanks[1] as she had spun befōre for hĕr daily bread, she spun still, and one over, to buy her nightly candle; and from that time to this, for fifty years, through youth, maturity,[2] and old age, she has tûrned night into day, and in the snow storms of winter, through driving mists, deceptive moonlight, and solemn darknèss, that northern harbor has never once been without the light of her candle.

7. How many lives she saved by this candle, and how many meals she won by it for the starving families of the bōatmen, it

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[1] **Hank** (hăngk), a parcel containing two or more skeins of yarn or thread tied together.

[2] **Ma tū'ri ty**, a ripe or pĕrfect state; the maturity of age usually extends from the age of thĭrty-five to fifty; also, a becoming due; the end of the time a note has to run.

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is impossible to say. How many dark nights the fishermen, depending on it, have gŏne fōrth, can not now be told.

8. There it stood, regular as a light-house, steady as constant cârе coụld make it. Always brighter when daylight waned,[1] the fishermen had ōnly to keep it constantly in view and they wēre safe; there wạs but one thing to intercept it, and that was the rock. However far they might have gone out to the sea, they had ōnly to bear down for that lighted windōw, and they were sụre of a safe entrance to the harbor.

9. What do the bōatmen and boatmen's wives thiṇk of this? Do they pay the woman? No; they are very poor; but poor or rich, they know better than that.

10. Do they thaṇk her? No. Perhaps they thiṇk that thanks of thêirs would be inadequate[2] to express their gratitude; or perhaps, lŏng years have made the lighted casement so familiar, that they lo͝ok upon it as a matter of cōurse, and forget for the time the patient watcher within.

11. Sometimes the fishermen lay fish on her threshold[3] and set a child to watch it for her till she wakes; sometimes their wives steal into her cottage, now that she is getting old, and spin a haṇk or two of thread for her while she slumbers; and they teach their children to pạss her hut quietly, and not to sing or shout before her door, lest they should distûrb her. That is all. Their thanks are not looked for—scârcely supposed to be due. Their grateful deeds are mōre than she expects, and as much as she desires.

12. There is many a rock elsewhere, as perilous[4] as the one I have told you of; perhaps there are many such women; but for this one, whose stōry is befōre you, pray that her candle may bûrn a little loṇger, since this record of her charity is trụe.

III.

57. MARY OF DEE.

"O MARY, go and call the cattle hōme,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,

[1] **Wāned,** decreased; lessened.
[2] **In ăd'e quate,** not equal or sufficient.
[3] **Thrĕsh'ōld,** the door-sill; entrance; outset.
[4] **Pĕr'il oŭs,** full of risk; dangerous

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Acrŏss the sands of Dee!"
The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
And all ălōne went she.

2. The creeping tide came up ălŏng the sand,
And ō'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see;
The blinding mist came down and hid the land—
And never hōme came she!

3. "Oh is it weed, or fish, or flōating hâir—
A tress of gōlden hair,
Of drownèd maiden's hair—
Above the nets at sea?
Was never sălmŏn yĕt that shōne so fâir,
Among the stakes on Dee."

4. They rowed hĕr in ăcrŏss the rōlling fōam—
The cruel, crawling foam,
The cruel, hungry foam—
To her grave beside the sea;
But still the bōatmen hear her call the cattle home
Across the sands of Dee.

IV.

58. THE THREE FISHERS.

THREE fishers went sailing ăwāy to the west—
Away to the west as the sun went down;
Each thought on the woman who loved him best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And thêre's little to ĕarn, and many to keep,
Though the harbor-bar be mōaning.

2. Three wives sat up in the light-house tower,
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the night-rack[1] came rōlling up răggèd and brown.

[1] **Răck**, *properly*, moisture; dampness; hence, thin, flying, broken clouds, or any portion of floating vapor in the sky.

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But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbor-bar be mōaning.

3. Three corpses lāy out on the shining sands,
In the morning gleam, as the tide went down;
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands
For those who will never come hōme to the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner 'tis over, the sooner to sleep,
And good-bye to the bar and its mōaning.

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SECTION XIII.

I.

59. IN TIME'S SWING.

FATHER TIME, your footsteps go
Lightly as the falling snōw.
In your swing I'm sĭtting, see!
Push me sŏftly; one, two, three—
Twelve times ōnly. Like a sheet
Spread the snow benēath my feet.
Singing mĕrrily, let me swing
Out of winter into spring.

2. Swing me out, and swing me in!
Trees are bâre, but bĭrds begin
Twittering to the peeping leaves
On the bough beneath the eaves.
Wait—one lilac-bud I saw.
Icy hillsides feel the thaw.
April chased ŏff March to-dāy;
Now I catch a glimpse of Māy.

3. Oh the smell of sprouting grâss!
In a blûr the violets pâss.
Whispering from the wild-wood come
Mayflower's breath, and insects' hum.
Roses carpeting the ground;
Thrushes, ōrioles, warbling sound:—
Swing me lōw, and swing me high,
To the warm clouds of July.

4. Slower now, for at my side
White pond-lilies ōpen wide.
Underneath the pine's tall spire
Cardinal-blossoms bûrn like fire.
They are gŏne: the goldĕn-rod
Flashes from the dark green sod
Crickets in the grass I hear;
Asters light the fading year.

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5. Slower still! October weaves
Rāinbōws of the fŏrest leaves.
Gentians fringed, like eyes of blue,
Glimmer out of sleety dew.
Meadōw-green I sadly miss:
Winds thrǫugh withered sedges[1] hiss.
Oh, 'tis snowing, swing me fâst,
While December shivers pâst!

6. Frŏsty-bēarded Father Time,
Stop your footfall on the rime![2]
Hard your push, your hand is rough;
You have swung me lŏng enough.
"Nay, no stopping," say you? Well,
Some of your best stōries tell,
While you swing me—gently, do!—
From the Old Year to the New.

II.

60. THE SILVER SHIP.

PART FIRST.

DANIEL DESMOND, a white-headed măriner,[3] who for fifty years had followed the sea, had at lâst given up the pursuit, and moored his old hulk in the place of his bĭrth. He wąs living in the old house which his father had built, and whêre his childish memories clustered.

2. That âft'ernōōn his shaggy dŏg, Lion, sole house-companion, had strayed ăwāy, whither he knew not; and Dăniēl shook his head miserably all the evening as he crouched over his fire, which warmed his old bones to be sųre, but seemed unable to send a particle of warmth into his shivering soul. As he sat rubbing his hands slowly over his head, he began to thiņk of his voyages, of the strange lands he had seen.

3. Everywhere that he had been, to be sure, he had thought it not hălf so beautiful as the little hōme on the mountaĭnş; but somehow, now that he was here, the old man was rĕstlèss to

[1] **Sĕdge**, a plant found growing in thick tufts, generally in wet ground.

[2] **Rime**, hōar or white frŏst.

[3] **Măr'in er**, seaman; sailor.

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be elsewhere. He went to the wĭndōw and lŏŏked out, shading his face with his hands. Nŏthing to be seen; it was all black, and thêre was no sign of the faithful Lion.

4. "Dear, dear," he sighed to himself, "if ōnly I coụld take one voyage mōre and sail to some new land, whêre all this trouble shoụld be gŏne, and things woụldn't be quite so black and dismal. Oh, this is a doleful[1] New Year's eve. It dōn't look as if the new year wĕre going to be much better than the old ones," and Daniel fumbled about the rōōm with his tăllōw candle, pụtting things to rights befōre he should go to bed.

5. Even when he had găthered himself up for a night's sleep, he continued to shake his head, and mumble over the forlorn world which he had to live in, when he wạs sụre there was one somewhere which was bright and pure. But where was the bark that would sail to such a world, and take in such a weather-beaten, dreary fellōw? If Daniel had been âsked, he would have shaken his head mōre dolefully than befōre, and yĕt near it was; and now indeed began a wonder.

6. The măriner had shut his eyes upon the old earth with its lēaflèss trees and dingy ground, its gloomy fŏrest hemming in the ōpen clearing, and the open clearing itself, with its stubble and decayed stumps and rotten fences. All that was out of sight, not to be wished back; something better was to come, and that right sōōn. For now there came, without sound, but filling the place with light, a ship of silver, shaped like the new moon, without mâst or sails or rudder, and yĕt flōating on the âir, close by the white-headed mariner.

7. "Come! sail with us, Daniel," he hĕard from a voice, and wondering, but nŏthing lōath,[2] old Daniel stepped abōard and away sailed the silvership thrọugh the âir. He was not alone; for as he sat, feeling a gentle warmth steal through him there, he saw bright figures all about, and one, mōre beautiful than the rest, who had called him to the ship and now stood beside him. It was Neōnĕttă, the fâiry of New Year's night; this was her silver ship, and these her attendants.

8. The light grew brighter and Daniel's eyes got mōre ōpen, for ĕvèry thing now was distiṇct. They had left the dingy ĕarth;

[1] **Dōle'ful**, full of dole or grief; sorrowful; sad.

[2] **Lōath**, reluctant; very unwilling; backward.

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that and the old year had gone ŏff together; they were sailing over a sea of cloud which lay in billōws benēath, while above the bright stars were shining. There was no wind to chill, and yĕt the ship sped on, cutting her wāy over the billowy clouds.

9. But what wĕre all the little attendants doing? Wonderful works they were at, to be sure, for, lŏŏking behind, Dănĭĕl saw a bright train of them, reaching over the ship's side and receiving from little hands glittering balls of ĕvèry hue; they tŏssed them as if in mĕrry spōrt, and a shower of the balls shot across the silver ship. But beyŏnd in the prow[1] was another train of bright fairies, leaning over the side and flinging down the balls into the deep. Once, looking at the wake, the clouds parted, and Daniel saw that the train reached far down in a brilliant flowing line: he could see them flinging up the little balls, which grew brighter and brighter as they neared the ship; but, strange to say, as they shot along to the fairies at the prow, they clung together, and from glittering balls of ĕvèry hue they became starry forms of pure white.

III.

61. THE SILVER SHIP.

PART SECOND.

"THESE are the white star-makers," said Neŏnĕttă, smiling, as old Dănĭĕl looked wonderingly at her. "They are busy now, for we are sailing to a new land, in which I am to be queen, and the white stars are to decorate[2] the country. Are you not weary of the old ĕarth and the bâre trees and răggèd ground?" Daniel nodded vēhemently.[3] "Yĕs, yes," he mumbled, but could not hear himself speak.

2. "Well," she continued, "that is gŏne. I knew you were weary of it, and so I am taking you to my home. Oh, it will be glōrious thêre, so pure and still!" The little lady waved her hands and fâster flew the bright balls, while the white stars dânced thrŏugh the âir, as if they, too, were glad. "What house shall we live in, Daniel?" asked Neŏnĕtta, dancing

[1] **Prow**, the fore part of a ship.
[2] **Dĕc'o rāte**, beautify.
[3] **Vē'he ment ly**, with great fōrce; vĕry eagerly or urgently.

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about him. "Shall it be in one with shining spires and glittering domes, with stars for windōws and crystals for doors?"

3. "Let us have a good fire," mumbled Daniel, who at this moment felt the wind from Neonetta's robe. "No, no," she cried, looking faint; "but we will have a sŏft white carpet, and, when we walk abroad, soft white mantles over our shoulders. But what shall we have to eat, Daniel? We will pluck the boughs and shake ŏff the sweet fruit that grows on the evergreen. And then the music and the pictures! Music so sweet, that it is like the chiming of distant bells, and such pictures as never were seen on the old, dingy earth."

4. Again the little lady flung up her tīny arms, and dânced over the silver ship. Fâster flew the white stars, and the lŏng train of fâiries ascended and descended in a flowing line of changing light. The silver ship sped on, and now the billowy clouds grew thinner, while above, the stars that had shōne, one by one went out before a clearer light which began to spread and spread over the sky.

5. "The new land!" cried Neōnĕttâ, dâncing about old Daniel, who was now peering over the ship's side. "Come with me out of my silver ship," and she reached her hand to him. He looked around: the shining fairies had vanished, but Neonetta was by him. He looked once more. Neonetta was gŏne, and at the same moment vanished the silver ship.

6. Old Daniel sprang up. It was dark about him, but his old legs bōre him, hălf groping, tōward an opening of light. He looked beyŏnd, and there, far away in the distant sky, was sailing the silver ship, now turned to gold. In crescent[1] form it was flōating in the air and sailing away, away, growing fainter and fainter.

7. He looked about him, and found himself in the new land; for instead of the old, dingy earth, there was a pure, white soil, stretching away in gentle ridges. Instead of the naked trees, which he had left in all their dismal bărrennèss, here were fair trees, laden with white fōliage, their boughs weighed down with the heavy white fruit.

8. He tûrned and looked behind him. There stood a little

[1] Crĕs'cent, increasing; curved like the new moon.

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house, all dressed in white, with a white robe flung over it, that hung down from the rōōf and over the wĭndōw top. He looked above and beyŏnd. A mountaĭn raised itself, like a good old man, with splendid brow; while a fŏrest spread around, like a great company of beautiful maidens clad in snowy white.

9. The âir was still, when a chickadee[1] set up its little note of cheer and welcome. Far ŏff he hēard a wagon, with its lōad of wood. As it moved over the new soil, a blissful sound rose in the air, as if in this new land all toil was sweet with music. Then, better still, he hēard a distant bāying.[2] "Ho, ho!" it cried, like a clear bell; "ho! ho!" nearer still, coming through the fŏrest.

10. Old Daniel looked again for the silver ship tûrned golden, but it had gŏne, and in its place bright colors of rose and violet filled the sky, as if no clouds were to hang over this beautiful earth, but glad hues of every kind. He listened still, and heard now the voice of Neonetta calling to him in the distance. "Come!" she cried, "ēre it is too late;" and the voice, even while she spake, grew fainter. "Ho, ho!" sounded the baying, nearer now and nearer. "Come!" cried Neonetta, in faint tones. "Ho, ho!—ho, ho!"

11. Only a moment mōre, Queen Neonetta! for thy enchântment over Daniel. The sun will rise, the cock will crow, good Lion will bound across the snow-covered clearing. But, we will not stāy. Hark! there is Lion again. Ho, ho!

IV.

62. FIRST SNOW-FALL.

THE snow had begun in the glōaming,[3]
And busily, all the night,
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

2. Every pine and fĭr and hemlock
Wōre ermine too dear for an earl,[4]

[1] **Chĭck'a dee**, a bird of North America—named from its note.

[2] **Bāy'ing**, barking, as a dog at his game.

[3] **Glōam'ing**, twilight; dusk.

[4] **Earl** (ērl), a nobleman of England of the same rank as a *count* in France.

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And the poorèst twig on the elm-tree
Wąs ridged inch-deep with pĕarl.

3. From sheds new-rōōfed with Cărrărà[1]
Came Chanticleer's[2] muffled crow;
The stiff rails were sŏf*tened* to swąn's down—
And still wavered down the snow.

4. I stŏŏd and wątched from the wĭndōw
The noiselèss work of the sky,
And the sudden flŭrries of snow-bĭrds,
Like brown leaves whĭrling by.

5. I thôught of a mound in sweet Auburn,[3]
Whêre a little headstone stŏŏd;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the Babes in the Wŏŏd.

6. Up spoke our own little Mābel,
Saying, "Fäther, who makes it snōw?"
And I told of the good All-Father
Who câres for us here belōw.

7. Again I looked at the snow-fall,
And I thought of the leade*n* sky,
That arched ō'er our first great sŏrrōw
When that mound was heaped so high.

8. I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snōw,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scars of our buried wōe.

9. Then with eyes that saw not I kissed her,
And she, kissing back, could not knōw
That my kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snōw.

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[1] **Carrara** (kär rä'rà), a beautiful, white, Italian marble, so called from the name of the city near which it is found—here compared to the covering of snow on the rōōfs.

[2] **Chănt'i cleer**, a cock, so called from the clearness or loudness of his crowing.

[3] **Mount Auburn**, a beautiful burial-place situated about one mile west of Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

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SECTION XIV.

I.

63. WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

IT was the schooner Hĕs'perus
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

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2. Blue were her eyes as the fâiry flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of dāy,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of Māy.

3. The skipper[1] he stood beside the helm;[2]
His pipe was in his mouth;
And he watched how the veering[3] flaw[4] did blow
The smoke, now west, now south.

4. Then up and spake an old sailor,
Who'd sailed the Spanish main:
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.[5]

5. "Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

6. Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the northeast;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

7. Down came the storm, and smote amain[6]
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused like a frighted steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

8. "Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

9. He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

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[1] **Skip'per**, the master of a small trading or merchant vessel.

[2] **Helm**, the instrument by which a ship is steered.

[3] **Veer'ing**, shifting; turning.

[4] **Flaw**, a sudden burst of wind.

[5] **Hur'ri cane**, a fierce storm, marked by the great fury of the wind and its sudden changes.

[6] **A main**, with sudden force.

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10. "O fāther! I hear the chûrch-bells ring;
O say, what may it be?"
"'Tis a fŏg-bell on a rock-bound cōast!"
And he steered for the ōpen sea.

11. "O father! I hear the sound of guns;
O say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that can not live
In such an angry sea!"

12. "O father! I see a gleaming light;
O say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word—
A frozen corpse was he.

13. Lashed to the helm all stiff and stark,[1]
With his face tûrned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

14. Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That sāvèd she might be;
And she thought of Him, who stilled the wave
On the lake of Galilee.

15. And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a shēetèd ghost, the vessel swept
Toward the reef[2] of Norman's Woe.

16. And ever, the fitful[3] gusts between,
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling sûrf[4]
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

17. The breakers were right benēath her bows;
She drifted a dreary wreck;
And a whooping[5] billōw swept the crew,
Like icicles, from hĕr deck.

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[1] **Stark**, strŏng; rugged.

[2] **Rēef**, a chain or line of rocks lying at or near the surface of the water.

[3] **Fĭt'ful**, often and suddenly; changeable.

[4] **Surf** (sĕrf), the swell of the sea which breaks upon the shōre, or upon sand-banks or rocks.

[5] **Whooping** (hoop'ing), crying out with eagerness or enjoyment.

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18. She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool;
But the cruel rocks they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

19. Her rattling shrouds,[1] all sheathed in ice,
With the mast went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank—
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

20. At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,[2]
To see the form of a maiden fair
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

21. The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

22. Such was the wreck of the Hes'perus,
In the midnight and the snow;
Lord save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

II.

64. WRECK OF THE WHITE SHIP.

IN the year 1120, King Henry the First of England[3] went over to Normandy with his son, Prince William, and a great retinue,[4] to have the prince acknowledged as his successor[5] by the Norman nobles,[6] and to contract a marriage between him and the daughter of the Count of Anjou.[7]

2. Both of these things were triumphantly[8] done, with great

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[1] **Shrouds,** a set of ropes, reaching from the mast-heads to the sides of a vessel, to support the masts.

[2] **Aghast** (a gast'), struck with sudden horror or fear.

[3] **England** (ing'gland).

[4] **Ret'i nue,** a train of attendants.

[5] **Suc ces'sor,** one who succeeds or follows; one who fills the place which another has left.

[6] **No'ble,** a person of rank in Europe above the common people; a nobleman.

[7] **Anjou** (an'jo).

[8] **Tri umph'ant ly,** victoriously; with joy and rejoicing.

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show and rejoicing; and on the twenty-fifth of November the whōle retinue prepared to embark at the pōrt of Barfleur[1] for the voyage home. On that dāy, and at that place, thēre came to the King, Fitz-Stephen, a sea-captain, and said:

3. "My liege,[2] my fāther sĕrved your father all his life, upon the sea. He steered the ship with the golden boy upon the prow, in which your father sailed to conquer Eng̃land. I beseech you to grānt me the same ŏffice. I have a fâir vessel in the harbor here, called the White Ship, manned by fifty sailors of renown. I pray you, Sire,[3] to let your servant have the honor of steering you in the White Ship to Eng̃land!"

4. "I am sŏrry, friend," replied the King, "that my vessel is already chōsen, and that I can not, thĕrefōre, sail with the son of the man who served my father. But the Prince and all his company shall go along with you, in the fair White Ship, manned by the fifty sailors of renown."

5. An hour or two ăfterward, the King set sail in the vessel he had chosen, accompanied by ŏther vessels, and, sailing all night with a fâir and gentle wind, arrived upon the cōast of Eng̃land in the morning. While it was yĕt night, the people in some of those ships hĕard a faint wild cry come over the sea, and wŏndered what it was.

6. Now the Prince was a young man of eighteen, who bōre no love to the Eng̃lish, and who had declared that when he came to the throne he would yoke them to the plow like oxen. He went ăbōard the White Ship, with one hundred and forty youthful nobles like himself, among whom were eighteen noble ladies of the highèst rank. All this gay company, with their servants and the fifty sailors, made three hundred souls aboard the fair White Ship.

7. "Give three căsks of wine, Fitz-Stephen," said the Prince, "to the fifty sailors of renown? My fāther, the King, has sailed out of the harbor. What time is thēre to make mĕrry here, and yĕt reach England with the rest?"

8. "Prince," said Fitz-Stephen, "befōre morning, my fifty and the White Ship shall overtake the swiftèst vessel in attendance on your father, the King, if we sail at midnight!" Then,

[1] **Barfleur** (Bar flēr').

[2] **Liege**, a lord or superior.

[3] **Sire**, a father; a king or emperor;—used as a title of honor.

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the Prince commanded to make merry; and the sailors drank out the three casks of wine; and the Prince and all the noble company danced in the moonlight on the deck of the vessel.

9. When, at last, the White Ship shot out of the harbor of Barfleur, there was not a sober seaman on board. But the sails were all set, and the oars all going merrily. Fitz-Stephen had the helm. The gay young nobles and the beautiful ladies, wrapped in mantles of various bright colors to protect them from the cold, talked, laughed, and sang. The Prince encouraged the fifty sailors to row harder yet, for the honor of the White Ship.

10. Crash! A terrific cry broke from three hundred hearts. It was the cry the people in the distant vessels of the King heard faintly in the water. The White Ship had struck upon a rock—was filling—going down! Fitz-Stephen hurried the Prince into a boat, with some few nobles. "Push off," he whispered; "and row to the land. It is not far, and the sea is smooth! The rest of us must die."

11. But as they rowed away fast from the sinking ship, the Prince heard the voice of his sister, Marie, the Countess of Perche,[1] calling for help. He never in his life had been so good as he was then. He cried in an agony, "Row back at any risk! I can not bear to leave her!" They rowed back. As the Prince held out his arms to catch his sister, such numbers leaped in that the boat was overset; and in the same instant the White Ship went down.

12. Only two men floated. They both clung to the main-yard of the ship, which had broken from the mast, and now supported them. One asked the other who he was? He said, "I am a nobleman, Godfrey by name, the son of Gilbert de L'Aigle. And you?" said he. "I am Berold, a poor butcher of Rouen,"[2] was the answer. Then they said together, "Lord be merciful to us both!" and tried to encourage one another, as they drifted in the cold benumbing sea on that unfortunate November night.

13. By and by, another man came swimming toward them, whom they knew, when he pushed aside his long wet hair, to

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[1] Perche (pĕrsh). [2] Rouen (rọen).

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be Fitz-Stephen. "Whêre is the Prince?" said he. "Gŏne! Gone!" the two cried together. "Nēither he, nor his brother, nor his sister, nor the King's niece, nor her brother, nor any one of all the brave three hundred, noble or commoner,[1] except we three, has risen above the water!" Fitz-Stephen, with a ghâstly[2] face, cried, "Wōe! woe to me!" and sunk to the bottom.

14. The other two clung to the yard for some hours. At length, the young noble said faintly, "I am exhausted, and chilled with the cold, and can hold no longer. Farewell, good friend! Gŏd preserve you!" So he dropped and sunk; and of all the brilliant crowd, the poor butcher[3] of Rouen alone was saved. In the morning some fishermen saw him flōating in his sheepskin cōat, and got him into their bōat—the sole relater of the dismal tale.

15. For three days no one dâred to carry the intelligence to the King. At length, they sent into his presence a little boy, who, weeping bitterly, and kneeling at his feet, told him that the White Ship was lŏst, with all on bōard. The King fell to the ground like a dead man, and never, never âfterward was seen to smile.

III.

65. HE NEVER SMILED AGAIN.

THE bark that held a prince went down,
The sweeping waves rolled on;
And what was England's glōrious crown,
To him that wept a son?
He lived—for life may lŏng be bōrne,
Ere sŏrrōw break its chain:
Why comes not death to those who mōurn?
He never smiled again!

2. Thêre stŏŏd proud forms befōre his throne,
The stately and the brave;
But which could fill the place of one—
The one beneath the wave?

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[1] **Cŏm'mon er**, one of the common people; one belōw the rank of nobility.

[2] **Ghastly** (gâst'lў), like a ghost in appearance; death-like; pale.

[3] **Butcher** (bŭch'er).

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Before him passed the young and fair,
In pleasure's reckless train;
But seas dashed o'er his son's bright hair—
He never smiled again!

3. He sat where festal-bowls went round;
He heard the minstrel[1] sing;
He saw the tourney's[2] victor crowned,
Amidst the knightly ring:
A murmur of the restless deep
Was blent with every strain;
A voice of winds that would not sleep—
He never smiled again!

4. Hearts in that time closed o'er the trace
Of vows once fondly poured,
And strangers took the kinsman's place,
At many a joyous board.
Graves which true love had bathed with tears
Were left to Heaven's bright rain;
Fresh hopes were born for other years—
HE NEVER SMILED AGAIN!

SECTION XV.

I.

66. *THE VOICE OF THE GRASS.*

HERE I come creeping, creeping every where;
By the dusty roadside,
On the sunny hill-side,
Close by the noisy brook,
In every shady nook,
I come creeping, creeping every where.

[1] **Min'strel**, one of an order of men, in the middle ages, who obtained their living by singing to the harp verses of their own, or, sometimes, those written by others.

[2] **Tourney** (tēr'nĭ), a mock fight in which a number of persons were engaged.

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2. Here I come creeping, smiling every whêre;
All round the ōpen dōor,
Whêre sit the agèd poor;
Here where the children play,
In the bright and mĕrry May,
I come creeping, creeping every where.

3. Here I come creeping, creeping every where;
In the noisy city street
My pleasant face you'll meet,
Cheering the sick at heart
Toiling his busy part—
Silently creeping, creeping every where.

4. Here I come creeping, creeping every where;
You can not see me coming,
Nor hear my low sweet humming;
For in the starry night,
And in the glad morning light,
I come quietly creeping every where.

5. Here I come creeping, creeping every where;
More welcome than the flowers
In Summer's pleasant hours;
The gentle cow is glad,
And the mĕrry bīrd not sad,
To see me creeping, creeping every where.

6. Here I come creeping, creeping every where;
When you're numbered with the dead,
In your still and nărrōw bed,
In the happy Spring I'll come
And deck your silènt hōme—
Creeping, silently creeping every where.

7. Here I come creeping, creeping every where;
My humble song of praise
Most joyfully I raise
To Him at whose commànd
I beautify the land,
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

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II.

67. THE IVY GREEN.

OH, a dainty[1] plant is the Ivy green,
That ĕrēepèth ō'er ruins old!
Of right choice fōōd are his meals I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
The walls must be crumbled, the stones decāyed,
To plĕasure his dainty whim;
And the mōld'ring dust that years have made
Is a mĕrry meal for him.
Crēeping whēre no life is seen,
A râre old plant is the Ivy green.

2. Fâst he stealèth on, though he weârs no wings,
And a stânch[2] old heart has he!
How closely he twinèth, how tightly he clings
To his friend, the huge[3] oak tree!
And slyly he trailèth alŏng the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves,
And he joyously twines and hugs around
The rich mold of dead men's graves.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

3. Whōle ages have fled, and thêir works decayed,
And nations scattered been;
But the stout old Ivy shall never fade
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant in its lonely days
Shall fatten upon the pâst;
For the stateliëst building man can raise
Is the Ivy's fōōd at lâst.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

---

[1] **Dāin'ty**, nice; requiring things agreeable to the taste; hard to please.

[2] **Stanch** (stânch), strŏng and tight; steady; firm.

[3] **Hūge**, very large or great.

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III.

68. GREEN THINGS GROWING.

1.

OH! the green things grōwing! the green things growing!
The fresh, sweet smell of the green things growing!
I would like to live, whether I läugh or grieve,
To wạtch the happy life of the green things growing.

2.

Oh! the fluttering and pattering of the green things growing!
Talking each to each when no man's knowing;
In the wonderful white of the wēird moonlight,
Or the gray dreamy dawn when the cocks are crowing.

3.

I love, I love them so, the green things growing!
And I thiṇk that they love me without false showing;
For by many a tender touch they comfort me so much,
With the mute, mute comfort of green things growing.

4.

And in the full wealth of their blossoms' glōwing,
Ten for one I take they're on me bestowing.
Ah! I shoṵld like to see, if Gŏd's will it might be,
Many, many a summer of my green things growing.

5.

But if I must be găthered for the ānġels' sōwing—
Sleep out of sight awhile—like the green things growing;
Though ĕarth to earth retûrn, I think I shall not mōurn,
If I may change into green things growing.

SECTION XVI.

I.

69. MIDSUMMER.

THROUGH all the lŏng midsummer-dāy
The meadōw-sides are sweet with hay.
I seek the coolèst sheltered seat
Just whêre the field and fŏrest meet,

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Where grow the pine-trees tall and bland,
The ancient oaks austere[1] and grand,
And fringy roots and pebbles fret
The ripples of the rivulet.[2]

2. I watch the mowers as they go
Through the tall grass, a white-sleeved row;
With even stroke their scythes they swing,
In tune their merry whetstones ring;
Behind the nimble youngsters run

[1] **Au'stēre**, harsh; rough.

[2] **Riv'u let**, a small river or brook.

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And tŏss the thick swąths[1] in the sun;
The cattle graze; while, warm and still,
Slopes the broad pâsture, bâsks the hill,
And bright, when summer breezes break,
The green wheat crinkles[2] like a lake.

3. The butterfly and humble-bee
Come to the pleasant woods with me;
Quickly befōre me runs the quail,
The chickens skulk behind the rail,
High up the lone wood-pigeon sits,
And the woodpecker pecks and flits.

4. Sweet woodland music sinks and swells,
The brooklèt rings its tinkling bells,
The swarming insects drone and hum,
The pärtridge beats his throbbing drum,
The squĭrrel leaps among the boughs,
And chatters in his leafy house,
The ōriole flashes by; and, look!
Into the mirror of the brook,
Where the vain blue-bird trims his cōat,
Two tīny feathers fall and flōat.

5. As silently, as tenderly,
The down of peace descends on me.
Oh, this is peace! I have no need
Of friend to talk, of book to read:
A dear Companion here abides;
Close to my thrilling heart He hides;
The holy silence is His voice:
I lie and lis*t*en, and rejoice.

II.

70. SUMMER RAIN.

MEN begin to lŏŏk at the signs of the weather. It is lŏng since much rain fell. The ground is a little dry. The rōad is a good deal dusty. The gard*e*n bakes. Transplanted

[1] **Swath** (swąth), a line of grăss or grain formed in mowing or cradling.

[2] **Crinkles** (krĭngk'lz), runs in and out in short bends or tûrns.

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trees are thĭrsty. Wheels are shrinking and trees are looking dangerous.

2. Men speculate on the clouds; they begin to calculate how lŏng it will be, if no rain falls, befōre the potātōes will suffer; the oats, the corn, the grăss—every thing! To be sure, nŏthing is yet suffering; but then——

3. Rain, rain, rain! All dāy, all night steady raining. Will it never stop? The hay is out, and spoiling. The rain washes the garden. The ground is full. All things have drunk their fill. The springs revive, the mĕadōws are wet; the rivers run discolored with soil from ĕvèry hill.

4. Smoking cattle reek under the sheds. Hens, and fowl in gĕnèral, shelter and plume. The sky is leaden. The clouds are full yĕt. The lŏng fleece covers the mountains. The hills are capped in white. The âir is full of moisture.

5. Rain, rain, rain! The wind rōars down the chimney. The bĭrds are silènt. No insects chirp. Closets smell moldy. The barometer[1] is dŏggèd.[2] We thump it, but it will not gĕt up. It seems to have an understanding with the weather. The trees drip, shoes are muddy, carriage and wagon are splashed with dĭrt. Păths are sŏft. So it is. When it is clear we want rain, and when it rains we wish it would shine.

6. But, âfter all, how lucky for grumblers that they are not allowed to meddle with the weather, and that it is pŭt above their reach. What a scrambling, selfish, mischief-making time we should have, if men undertook to parcel out the seasons and the weather according to their sĕvèral humors or interests!

7. But if one will but lŏŏk for enjoyment, how much thĕre is in ĕvèry change of weather. The formation of clouds—the various signs and signals, the uncertain wheeling and marching of the fleecy cohorts,[3] the shades of light and gray in the broken heavens—all have their plĕasure to an observant[4] eye. Then come the wind-gust, the distant, dark cloud, the occasional

---

[1] **Ba rŏm'e ter**, an instrument for finding out the reăl or probable changes of weather, or the hight of any ascent.

[2] **Dŏg'ged**, sourly obstinate.

[3] **Cō'hort**, a body of about five or six hundred soldiers; any band or body of warriors.

[4] **Ob serv'ant**, taking notice; cârefully attentive; obedient.

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fiery streak shot down through it, the run and hŭrry of men whose work may suffer!

8. Indeed, sĭr, your humble sĕrvant, ēven, wąs stĭrred up on the day after "*Fourth of July.*" The grâss in the old orchard wąs not my best. Indeed, we grumbled at it considerably while it was yĕt standing. But being *cut* and the rain threatening it, one would have thought it gold, by the nimble way in which we tried to save it!

9. Blessèd be horse-rakes! Once hälf a dozen men, with half a dozen rakes, would have gŏne whisking up and down, thrusting out and pulling in the lŏng-handled rake, with slow and laborious prŏcess. But now no more of that.

10. See friend Turner, mounted on the wheeled horse-rake, riding about as if for plĕasure. Up go the steel teeth and drop their collected lōad, down go his feet, and the teeth are at work again; and at every ten or fifteen feet, the wĭndrōw forms. It is easy times when *men* ride and *horses* rake! No mōre hand-rakes, and no more *revolving* horse-rakes!

11. Meanwhile the clouds come bōwling[1] noiselessly thrǫugh the âir, and spit here and there a drop preliminary.[2] But the hay is cocked, the sides dressed down, and all is ready—except the *hay-covers!*

12. Alâs for our negligence! The manufacturers had ŏffered to send us some for trial, and we had forgotten to say, "Send them ălŏng!" And now, with our hay out and the rain coming, we mōurned our cârelèssness. With good hay-covers, our two dozen little hay-cocks would have been as snug as if in the barn.

13. Well, if one thing suffers, another gains! See how the leaves are wąshed, the grâss drinks, corn drinks, the gärden drinks, every thing drinks. It's our opinion that every thing except man is läughing and rejoicing.

14. Trees shake thêir leaves with a sŏfter sound. Rocks look moist and sŏft, at least where the mŏss grōws. Even the solitary old pine-tree chords his harp, and sings sŏft and lōw melodies with plaintive[3] undulations![4]

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[1] **Bōwl'ing**, rolling, as a ball.

[2] **Pre lĭm'i na ry**, introductory; preparatory; before.

[3] **Plāint'ive**, serious; sad.

[4] **Un'du lā'tion**, a vibration or a waving motion.

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15. A good summer storm is a rain of riches. If gold and silver rattled down from the clouds, they would hardly enrich the land so much as soft, long rains. Every drop is silver going to the mint.

16. The rōōts are machinery, and cătching the willing drops, they assay[1] them, refine them, roll them, stamp them, and tûrn them out coined berries, apples, grains, and grâsses! When the heavens send clouds, and they bank up the horī'zon, be sure they have hidden gold in them.

17. All the mountaĭns of California are not so rich as are the sŏft mines of heaven, that send down trĕasures upon man without tâsking him, and pōur riches upon his field without spade or pickax—without his sēarch or notice.

18. Well, let it rain, then! No matter if the joûrney is delayed, the picnic spoiled, the visit adjourned. Blĕssèd be rain—and rain in summer! And blessed be He who waterèth the ēarth, and enrichèth it for man and beast!

III.

71. THE SUMMER RAIN.

OH the rain, the beautiful rain!
Chēerily, mĕrrily falls,
Beating its wings 'gainst the wĭndōw-pane,
Trickling down the walls—
Over the mĕadōw with pattering feet,
Kissing the clover-blossoms sweet,
Singing the blue-bells fâst asleep,
Making the pendent[2] willōws weep—
Over the hillside brown,
Over the dusty town,
Merrily, cheerily, comèth it down,
The rain, the summer rain!

2. Oh the rain, the welcome rain!
Sŏftly,[3] kindly, it falls

[1] **Assāy'**, subject to examination, in order to lēarn the amount of a cērtain pōrtion.

[2] **Pĕnd'ent**, supported from above; supported; hanging.

[3] **Sŏft'ly**, see Note 5, p. 16.

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On tīny flower and thĭrsting plain,
And vine by the cottage-walls;
Lāughingly tipping the lily's cup,
It fillèth the crystal chăliçe[1] up,
Joyously greeting the ĕarth that thrills
Thr̥ough her thousand veins of găthering rills—
Over the vĭōlet's bed,
Over the sleeping dead,
Comèth with kindly tread
The rain, the gentle rain!

3. Oh the rain, the cheering rain!
Drifting slowly, sweetly down,
Whêre spreading fields of golden grain
The sloping hillsides crown;
Flecking with dimples the lake's cälm face,
Quickening the schoolboy's tardy pace,
Caressing a bud by a wayside stōne,
Leaving a *gem* as it pàsses on,
In the daisy's breast,
On the thistle's crest,[2]
And the buttercup richly blest
By the rain, the generous rain!

SECTION XVII.

I.

72. LUCY.

THREE years she grew in sun and shower;
Then Nature said—"A lovelier flower
On ĕarth wa̤s never sōwn:
This child I to myself will take;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my ōwn.

2. "Myself will to my darling be
Bōth law and impulse: and with me

[1] **Chalice** (chăl'ĭs), a cup or bowl. [2] **Crĕst**, a tuft or plume for the head.

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The gĭrl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

3. "She shall be spōrtive as the fawn
That, wild with glee, ăcrŏss the lawn
Or up the mountaĭn springs;
And hĕrs shall be the breathing bālm,
And hers the silence and the cälm
Of mute[1] insensate[2] things.

4. "The floating clouds thêir state shall lend
To her; for her the willōw bend;
Nor shall she fail to see,
Even in the motion of the storm,
Grace that shall mold the maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

5. "The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rĭvūlèts dânce their wayward round;
And beauty born of mûrmûring sound,
Shall pâss into her face.

6. "And vital[3] feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately hight,
Her vĭrgin bo͝som swell;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell."[4]

7. Thus Nature spake—the work was done.
How soon my Lucy's race was run!
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm and quiet scene,
The memory of what has been
And never mōre will be.

---

[1] **Mūte**, not spoken; silent.

[2] **In sĕn'sate**, wanting sense; foolish.

[3] **Vī'tal**, belonging or relating to life; necessary to life; living.

[4] **Dĕll**, a small, retired valley.

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II.

73. DEATH OF LITTLE PAUL.

PART FIRST.

LITTLE PAUL rose no mōre from his little bed. He lāy thêre, lis*t*ening to the noises in the street, quite tranquilly; not câring much how the time went, but wạtching it and watching ĕvèry thing.

2. When the sunbeams struck into his rōom thrọugh the rus*t*ling blinds, and quivered on the opposite wall, like golden wạter, he knew that evening wạs coming on, and that the sky was red and beautiful.

3. As the reflection died ăwāy, and a gloom went creeping up the wall, he watched it deepen, deepen, deepen into night. Then he thôught how the lŏng unseen streets were dotted with lamps, and how the peaceful stars were shining overhead.

4. His fancy had a strange tendency to wander to the river, which he knew was flowing thrọugh the great city; and now he thought how black it was, and how deep it wọuld look reflecting the hōsts of stars; and, mōre than all, how steadily it rolled away to meet the sea.

5. As it grew later in the night, and footsteps in the street became so râre that he coụld hear them coming, count them as they pâssed, and lose them in the hŏllōw distance, he would lie and watch the many-colored ring about the candle, and wait patiently for dāy.

6. His ōnly trouble was the swift and rapid river. He felt fōrced, sometimes, to try to stop it—to stem it with his childish hands, or choke its way with sand; and when he saw it coming on, resistlèss, he cried out! But a word from Flŏrence, who was always at his side, restōred him to himself; and, leaning his poor head upon hĕr breast, he told Floy of his dream, and smiled.

7. When day began to dawn again, he watched for the sun; and when its cheerful light began to sparkle in the room, he pictured to himself—pictured! he *saw*—the high chûrch towers rising up into the morning sky, the town reviving, waking, starting into life once mōre, the river glis*t*ening as it rolled (but rolling fâst as ever), and the country bright with dew.

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8. Familiar sounds and cries came by degrees into the street belōw; the sĕrvants in the house wĕre roused and busy; faces lo͝oked in at the door, and voices ăsked his attendants sŏftly how he was. Paul always answered for himself, "I am better. I am a great deal better, thank you! Tell pāpä so!"

9. By little and little, he got tired of the bustle of the day, the noise of carriages and carts, and people pāssing and re-passing, and would fall asleep, or be troubled with a restlĕss and uneasy sense again. "Why, will it never stop, Floy?" he would sometimes ăsk her. "It is beâring me away, I think!"

10. But she could always soothe and reassure him; and it was his daily delight to make her lay her head down on his pillōw, and take some rest. "You are always watching me, Floy. Let me watch *you*, now!"

11. They would prop him up with cushions in a corner of his bed, and there he would recline, the while she lay beside him—bending forward ŏft*en*times to kiss her, and whispering to those who were near, that she was tired, and how she had sat up so many nights beside him. Thus the flush of the day, in its heat and light, would gradually decline; and again the gōld*e*n water would be dancing on the wall.

12. The people around him changed unaccountably, and what had been the doctor would be his father, sitting with his head leaning on his hand. This figure, with its head leaning on its hand, returned so ŏft*e*n, and remained so long, and sat so still and solemn, never speaking, never being spoken to, and rârely lifting up its face, that Paul began to wŏnder languidly if it were reäl.

13. "Floy! What *is* that?"—"Whêre, dearèst?"—"Thêre! at the bottom of the bed."—"There's nŏthing there, except papa!"

14. The figure lifted up its head and rose, and coming to the bedside, said:—"My own boy! Don't you know me?"

15. Paul lo͝oked it in the face. Before he could reach out bōth his hands to take it between them and draw it tōward him, the figure tûrned away quickly from the little bed, and went out at the door.

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III.

74. DEATH OF LITTLE PAUL.

PART SECOND.

LITTLE PAUL, next time he observed the figure sitting at the bottom of the bed, called to it. "Dōn't be so sŏrry for me, dear papă. Indeed, I am quite happy!"

2. His father coming and bending down to him, he held him round the neck, and repeated those words to him several times, and very ĕarnestly; and he never saw his father in his room again at any time, but he called out, "Don't be so sorry for me! Indeed, I am quite happy!" This was the beginning of his always saying in the morning that he was a great deal better, and that they were to tell his father so.

3. How many times the golden water dânced upon the wall, how many nights the dark river rōlled tōward the sea in spite of him, Paul never sought to know. If their kindnèss, or his sense of it, could have increased, they were mōre kind, and he more grateful, every day; but whether there were many days or few, appeared of little moment now to the gentle boy.

4. One night he had been thinking of his mother and her picture in the drawing-room down stâirs. The train of thought sugĝested to him to inquire' if he had ever seen his mother. For he could not remember whether they had told him yes or no; the river running very fâst, and confusing his mind.

5. "Floy, did I never see mammă?"—"No darling, why?"—"Did I never see any kind face, like a mamma's, looking at me when I was a baby, Floy?"—"O yes, dear!"—"Whose, Floy?"—"Your old nûrse's. Often."

6. "And where is my old nurse? Show me that old nurse, Floy, if you please!"—"She is not here, darling. She shall come to-mŏrrōw."—"Thank you, Floy!"

7. Little Dombey closed his eyes with those words, and fell asleep. When he awoke, the sun was high, and the broad day was clear and warm. He awoke, mind and body, and sat upright in his bed. He saw them now about him. There was no gray mist before them, as there had been sometimes in the night. He knew them every one, and called them by their names.

8. "And who is this? Is this my old nûrse?" âsked the

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child, regarding with a rādiant[1] smile a figure coming in. Yĕs, yes. No other stranger would have shed those tears at sight of him, and called him her dear boy, her pretty boy, her own poor blighted child.

9. No other woman would have stooped down by his bed, and taken up his wasted hand, and put it to her lips and breast, as one who had some right to fondle it. No other woman would have so forgotten everybody there but him and Floy, and been so full of tenderness and pity.

10. "Floy! this is a kind, good face! I am glad to see it again. Don't go away, old nurse. Stay here! Good bye!"—"Good bye, my child?" cried Mrs. Pipchin, hŭrrying to his bed's head. "Not good bye?" "Ah, yĕs! Good bye!—Where is papä?" His father's breath was on his cheek before the words had parted from his lips. The feeble hand wāved in the âir, as if it cried "Good bye!" again.

11. "Now lay me down; and, Floy, come close to me, and let me see you." Sister and brother wound their arms around each other, and the golden light came streaming in, and fell upon them, locked together. "How fäst the river runs, between its green banks and the rushes, Floy! But, it's very near the sea now. I hear the waves! They always said so!"

12. Presently he told her that the motion of the bōat upon the stream was lulling him to rest. Now the boat was out at sea. And now there was a shōre befōre him. Who stood on the bank!—

13. He put his hands together, as he had been used to do, at his prâyers. He did not remove his arms to do it, but they saw him fold them so, behind his sister's neck. "Mammä is like you, Floy. I know her by the face! But tell them that the picture on the stairs at school is not dĭvīne enough. The light about the head is shining on me as I go!"

14. The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nŏthing else stĭrred in the rōōm. The old, old fashion! The fashion that came in with our first garmènts, and will läst unchanged until our race has run its cōurse, and the wide firmamènt is rolled up like a serōll.[2] The old, old fashion—DEATH!

[1] **Rā'dĭ ant**, beaming with brightness; shining.

[2] **Scrōll**, a roll of paper; a writing formed into a roll.

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IV.

75. SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

INTO a ward[1] of the whitewąshed halls,
Whêre the dead and dying lāy,
Wǫunded[2] by bayonets,[3] shells, and balls,
Somebody's darling[4] was bōrne one day;
Somebody's darling, so young and brave,
Weâring yĕt on his pale, sweet face,
Sōōn to be hid by the dust of the grave,
The linger̃ing light of his boyhood's grace.

[1] **Ward** (wąrd), a rōōm or dĭvĭsion of a hospital.

[2] **Wounded,** (wǫnd′ed), stabbed, shot, or otherwise hûrt by violence.

[3] **Bāy′o net,** a short, pointed iron instrument, or a broad dagger, attached to a gun with a ring fitted to go over the muzzle of the piece.

[4] **Dar′ling,** one dearly beloved; a fāvorĭte.

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2. Mattèd[1] and damp are the cûrls[2] of gold,
Kissing the snow of that fâir young brow;
Pale are the lips of delicate mōld—
Somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from his beautiful blue-veined brow,
Brush all the wandering waves of gold;
Crŏss his hands on his bo̤som now;
Somebody's darling is still and cold.

3. Kiss him once for somebody's sake,
Mûrmûr a prayer sŏft and lōw;
One bright curl from its fâir mates take;
They were somebody's pride you know;
Somebody's hand has rested thêre;
Wȧs̤ it a mother's sŏft and white?
And have the lips of a sister fâir
Been baptized in the waves of light?

4. Gŏd knows best! he was somebody's love;
Somebody's heart enshrined[3] him there;
Somebody wȧfted his name above,
Night and morn, on the wings of prayer.
Somebody wept when he marched ȧwāy,
Looking so handsome, brave, and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his fŏre*h*ĕad[4] lay;
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

5. Somebody's wa̤tching and waiting for him,
Yearning to hold him again to her heart;
And there he lies, with his blue eyes dim,
And the smiling childlike lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;
Carve on the wood*e*n slab at his head,
"SOMEBODY'S DARLING SLUMBERS HERE."

[1] **Măt'ted**, twisted together; entangled.
[2] **Curl**, (kērl).
[3] **En shrined'**, preserved with câre and affection; cherished.
[4] **Forehead** (fŏr'ed).

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SECTION XVIII.

I.

76. THE LOST BIRD.

MY bīrd has flown ăwāy,
Far out of sight has flown, I know not whêre;
Look in your lawn, I prāy,
Ye maidens, kind and fâir,
And see if my belôvèd bird be thêre.

2. His eyes are full of light;
The eagle of the rock has such an eye;
And plumes, exceeding bright,
Round his smooth temples[1] lie,
And sweet his voice and tender as a sigh.

3. Lŏŏk where the grâss is gāy
With summer blossoms, haply[2] there he cowers;[3]
And sĕarch, from sprāy to spray,
The leafy laurel bowers,
For well he loves the laurels[4] and the flowers.

4. Find him, but do not dwell,
With eyes too fond, on the fair form you see,
Nor love his sŏng too well;
Send him, at once, to me,
Or leave him to the âir and liberty.

5. For ōnly from my hand
He takes the seed into his golden bēak,
And all unwiped shall stand
The tears that wet my cheek,
Till I have found the wanderer I seek.

---

[1] **Tĕm'ple**, that flat pŏrtion of the head between the forehead and ear.

[2] **Hăp'lў**, by hap, chance, or accident; it may be.

[3] **Cow'er**, to sink by bending the knees; to crouch; to squat; to bend down through fear.

[4] **Laurel** (la'rel), an evergreen shrub, called also *sweet-bay*. The American laurel is sometimes called *kalmia*, *ivy bush*, and in some places *calico-bush*.

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6. My sight is darkened ō'er,
Whenē'er I miss his eyes, which are my day,
And when I hear no mōre
The music of his lay,
My heart in utter sadnèss faints away.

II.

77. CHICKENS.

A CHICKEN is beautiful, and round, and full of cunning wāys; but he has no resōurces[1] for an emērgency.[2] He will lose his reckoning and be quite out at sea, though ōnly ten steps from hōme. He never knows enough to tûrn a corner. All his intelligence is like light, moving only in straight lines.

2. He is impetuous[3] and timid, and has not the smallèst presence of mind or sagacity to discern[4] between friend and foe. He has no confidence in any ĕarthly power that dŏes not reside in an old hen. Her cluck will he fŏllōw to the lâst ditch, and to nŏthing else will he give heed.

3. I am afraid that the Interpreter was drawing too strong a conclusion, when he led Christiäna[5] and her children "into another room, where was a hen and chickens, and bid them observe a while. So one of the chickens went to the trough to drink, and ĕvèry time she drank she lifted up her head and her eyes tōward heaven. 'See,' said he, 'what this little chick dŏth, and lĕarn of her to acknowledge whence your mĕrcies come, by receiving them with looking up.'"

4. Doubtlèss the chick lifts her eyes tōward heaven, but a close acquaintance with the race would put any thing but acknŏwledgmènt in the act. A gratitude that thanks Hĕaven for favors received, and then runs into a hole to prevent any other pĕrson from shâring the benefit of those favors, is a vĕry questionable kind of gratitude, and cĕrtainly should be confined to the bipeds[6] that wear[7] feathers.

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[1] **Re sōurc'es,** supplies; means.

[2] **E mer'gen cy,** a sudden or unforeseen condition of things; any event which calls for prompt action or remedy.

[3] **Im pĕt'ū oŭs,** fierce; hasty.

[4] **Discern** (diz zĕrn'), to see or understand the difference.

[5] **Christiana** (krĭs'tĭ ăn'à).

[6] **Bī'ped,** an animal having two feet, as man.

[7] **Wear,** (wâr), see Note 2, p. 16.

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5. Yĕt, if you take ăwāy selfishnèss from a chicken's mŏral nature, and foolishnèss from his mental, you have a vĕry charming little creature left. For, apart from their excessive greed, chickens seem to be affectionate. They have sweet social wāys. They huddle together with fond caressing chatter, and chĭrp sŏft lullabies.

6. Their toilet performances are full of ĭnterèst. They trim each other's bills with great thŏroughnèss and dexterity,[1] much better indeed than they dress their own heads; for their bungling, awkward little claws make sad work of it.

7. It is as much as they can do to stand on two feet, and they naturally make several revolutions[2] when they attempt to stand on one. Nŏthing can be mōre ludicrous[3] than their ĕarly ĕffōrts to walk. They do not reälly walk. They sight their object, waver, balance, decide, and then tumble forward, stopping all in a heap as soon as the original impetus[4] is lŏst—generally some way ahead of the place to which they wished to go.

8. It is delightful to watch them as drowsinèss films their round, bright, black eyes, and the dear old mother crōōns[5] them under her ample wings, and they nestle in pĕrfect harmony.[6] How they manage to bestow themselves with such limited accommodations, or how they manage to breathe in a rōōm so close, it is difficult to imagine. But breathe and bestow themselves they do. The deep mother-heart and the broad mother-wings take them all in.

9. They penetrate[7] her feathers, and ōpen for themselves unseen little doors into the mysterious, brooding, beckoning darknèss. But it is lŏng befōre they can arrange themselves satisfactorily. They chirp, and stir, and snuggle, trying to find the warmèst and sŏftèst nōōk.[8]

10. Now an uneasy head is thrust out, and now a whōle tīny body, but it sōōn re-enters in another quarter, and at length the

[1] **Dex tĕr'i tў**, readiness, skill, and ease in using the limbs; quickness and skill.

[2] **Rĕv'o lū'tion**, the act of tûrning on a center; the motion of a body round a fixed point.

[3] **Lū'dĭ croŭs**, droll; läughable.

[4] **Im'pe tŭs**, force of motion.

[5] **Croon**, soothe by singing softly.

[6] **Har'mo ny**, peace and friendship; agreement.

[7] **Pĕn'e trate**, to enter into.

[8] **Nook** (nǫk), a corner; a retired place.

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stĭr and chĭrr grow still. You see ōnly a collection of little legs, as if the hen were a banyan-tree, and presently even they disappear; she settles down comfortably, and all are wrapped in a slumberous silence.

11. And as I sit by the hour, wątching their winning wāyş, and see all the steps of this sleepy subsidence,[1] I can but remember that outbûrst of love and sorrow from the lips of Him who, though He came to ĕarth from a dwelling-place of ineffable[2] glōry, called nŏthing unclean because it was common.

12. He found no hōmely[3] detail[4] too homely or too trivial[5] to illustrate the Father's love, but from the bĭrds of the âir, the fish of the sea, the lilies of the field, the stōnes in the street, the foxes in their holes, the patch on a cōat, the oxen in the fŭrrow, the sheep in the pit, the camel under his bûrden, drew lessons of dĭvīne pity and patience, of heavenly duty and delight.

13. Standing in the presence of the great congregation, seeing, as never man saw, the hўpŏcrisy[6] and the iniquity găthered befōre Him—seeing too, alas! the calamities[7] and the wōe that awaited this doomed people, a gŏd-like pity overbeârs His righteous indignation[8] and cries out in passionate appeal, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killèst the prophets, and stonèst them which are sent unto thee, how ŏften would I have găthered thy chĭldrĕn together, even as a hen gătherèth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!"

III.

78. THE BIRD'S QUESTION.

BEHIND us at our evening meal
The grāy bĭrd ate his fill,
Swung downward by a sinġle claw,
And wiped his hŏokèd bill.

[1] **Sub sĭd'ĕnce**, the act of falling into a state of quiet.

[2] **In ĕf'fa ble**, unspeakable.

[3] **Hōme'ly**, belonging to hōme; familiar; plain.

[4] **De'tāil**, narrative or account.

[5] **Trĭv'i al**, of little importance or worth; trifling; common.

[6] **Hў pŏc'ri sў**, the act of pretending to be other and better than one is; the taking upon one's self a false appearance of real goodness or religion.

[7] **Cą. lăm'i ty**, a great misfortune or cause of misery.

[8] **In'dig nā'tion**, the feeling caused by that which is unworthy or disgraceful: anġer.

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2. He shook his wings and crimson tail,
And set his head aslânt,
And in his sharp, impatient way,
Asked, "What dŏes Charlie want?"

3. "Fie, silly bird!" I answered, "tuck
Your head benēath your wing,
And go to sleep;"—but ō'er and o'er
He âsked the selfsame thing.

4. Then, smiling, to myself I said:—
How like are men and bīrds!
We all are saying what he says,
In action or in words.

5. The boy with whip and top and drum,
The gīrl with hōōp and doll,
And men with lands and houses, ask
The question of Poor Poll.

6. However full, with something mōre
We fain[1] the bag would cram;
We sigh above our crowded nets
For fish that never swam.

7. No bounty of indulgent Heaven
The vague[2] desire can stay;
Self-love is still a Tartar mill
For grinding prayers alway.

8. The dear Gŏd hears and pities all;
He knowèth all our wants;
And what we blindly âsk of Him
His love withholds or grants.

9. And so I sometimes think our prâyers
Might well be mĕrged[3] in one;
And nest and pĕrch and heärth and chûrch
Repeat, "THY WILL BE DONE."

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[1] **Fain**, gladly.
[2] **Vague**, unsettled; uncĕrtain.
[3] **Merged** (mĕrjd), swallowed up; sunk; lŏst.

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IV.

79. MINISTRY OF THE DOVES.

ZENAIDA DOVE is the name which has been given by Prince Charles Buonaparte, the ornithologist,[1] to a râre and beautiful bīrd, found on the shores of southern Florida, and among the rocky islets or "keys" of the Gulf of Mexico.

2. This creature is vĕry beautiful in its delicate form, and in its coloring of a warm and rosy gray, barred with brown and white on back and wing; its breast beârs a shield of pure and bright blue, bordered with gold, its cheeks are marked with ultramarīne,[2] and its slender legs and feet are deep rose-color tipped with black nails.

3. Innocent and gentle, like others of its tribe, this little creature flits to and fro, in small family groups, over the rocky islets, and alŏng the warm, sandy beaches of the Gulf. There are certain keys, where it loves especially to alight, attracted by the springs which here and there gush up pure and fresh among the cŏral[3] rocks.

4. The low note of this bird is mōre than usually sweet, pure, and mōurnful in its tone. But the doves are not the ōnly visitors of those rare springs. A few years since, pirates[4] hąunted[5] the same spots, seeking, like the birds, water from their natural fountains.

5. It chânced one day that a party of those fierce outlaws came to a desolate key to fill their wąter-câsks, êre sailing on some fresh cruise of violence. A little flock of the rosy-gray doves—and their flocks are ever few and râre—were flitting and cooing in peace about the rocky basin when the pirates appeared; in affright they took wing, and flew ăwāy. The casks

[1] **Or'ni thŏl'o ġist**, one who is familiar with the form, structure, and habits of bīrds; one who describes birds.

[2] **Ul'tra ma rine'** (rēne), a beautiful blue pigment or paint.

[3] **Cŏr'al**, a hard substance like shell [carbonate of lime], which is made by very small creatures, and forms their habitation. It is sometimes red, but mōre abundant in white. It is made by the little creatures into the shape of brânches of trees, and when alive they appear like flowers on the branches. Also, a plaything made of coral.

[4] **Pī'rate**, a freebooter or robber on the high seas.

[5] **Haunted** (hânt'ed), frequented; resorted to, or visited, ŏft*en*.

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wĕre filled, and the ruffian[1] crew rowed their bōat ŏff to their crâft lying at anchor in the distance.

6. For some reason, appârently accidental, one of the band remained awhile on the island ălōne. In a quiet evening hour, he threw himself on the rocks, near the spring, lŏŏking over the broad sea, where here and there a low desert islet rose from the deep, while the vessel, with which his own fate had lŏng been connected, lay idle, with fûrled canvas, in the ŏffing.[2]

7. Presently the little doves, seeing all quiet again, retûrned to their fâvorĭte spring, flitting to and fro in peace, uttering to each other their low gentle notes, so caressing, and so plaintive. It may have been that in the wild scenes of his tûrbulent[3] career the wretched man had never known the fōrce of solitude.[4] He was now gradually overpowered by its mysterious[5] influences, pressing upon heart and mind.

8. He felt himself to be ălōne with his Maker. The works of the Holy One surrounded him—the pure heavens hanging over his guilty head, the sea stretching in silent grandeur far into the unseen distance. One object alone, bearing the mark of man, lay within rānge of his eye—that guilty craft, which, like an evil phantom,[6] hôvered in the ŏffing, brooding sin.

9. The sounds most familiar to him for years had been cûrse, and rĭbald[7] jest, and brutal threat, and shriek of death. But now those little doves came hovering about him, uttering their guĭlelèss notes of tĕndernèss and innocence. Far away, in his native wŏŏds, within sight of his father's rōōf, he had ŏften lis*te*ned in boyhood to other doves, whose notes, like these, were pure and sweet. Hōme memories, lŏng banished from his breast, retûrned. The image of his Christian mother stood before him.

10. Those little doves, still uttering their low, pure, inoffensive note, seemed beâring to him the far-off echoes of every

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[1] **Ruffian** (rŭf'yan), brutal; savagely noisy or rough; mûrderous.

[2] **Off'ing**, that part of the sea which is far enough from the shōre for deep water.

[3] **Turbulent** (tĕr'bu lent), riotous; unquiet; disturbed; restless.

[4] **Sŏl'i tude**, a state of being alone; a lonely life or place.

[5] **Mȳs tē'ri ous**, secret; not easily understood.

[6] **Phăn'tom**, a specter; a ghost.

[7] **Rĭb'ald**, low; base · mean; filthy; disgusting.

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sacred word of devout faith, of pure precept, of generous feeling, which, in happier years, had reached his ear. A fearful consciousness of guilt came over the wretched man. His heart was utterly subdued. The stĕrn pride of manhood gave wāy. A powerful tide of contrition[1] swept ăwāy all evil barriers. Bitter tears of remorse[2] fell upon the stōne on which his head rested. And that was to him the tûrning point of life.

11. He rose from the rock a penitent,[3] firmly resolved to retrace his steps—to retûrn to better things. By the blessing of Gŏd, the resolution was adhered to. He broke away from his evil cōurses, thrust temptation aside, returned to his native soil to lead a life of penitence and honèst toil.

12. Many years later, a stranger came to his cabin, in the wild fŏrests of the southern country, a man venerable in mien,[4] shrewd and kindly in countenance—wandering thrŏugh the woods on pleasant errands of his own. The birds of that region were the stranger's object.

13. The inmate of the cabin had much to tell on this subject; and, gradually, as the two were thrown together in the solitude of the fŏrest, the heart of the penitent opened to his companion. He avowed that he loved the bīrds of heaven: he had cause to love them—the doves, especially; they had been as friends to him; they had spoken to his heart in the mōst solemn hour of life. And then came that sinĝular confession.

14. The traveler was Audubon,[5] the great ornithologist, who has left on record in his works this striking incident. In olden times, what a beautiful ballad[6] would have been written on such a theme:[7] fresh and wild as the breeze of the fŏrest, sweet and plaintive as the note of the dove!

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[1] **Contrition** (kon trĭsh'un), penitence; deep sorrow for sin.

[2] **Remorse** (re mȧrs'), the keen pain caused by a sense of guilt; gnawing regret.

[3] **Pĕn'i tent**, one who feels pain, sorrow, or regret, on account of sin, or offenses of any kind.

[4] **Mien**, âir; manner; look; outward appearance.

[5] **John James Audubon**, the most noted of American ornithologists was born on a plantation in Louisiana, May 4, 1780, and died in the city of New York, Jan. 27, 1851.

[6] **Băl'lad**, a popular sŏng in simple, homely verses.

[7] **Thēme**, a subject on which a pĕrson writes or speaks; a short composition or writing.

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SECTION XIX.

I.

80. MY DOVES.

MY little doves have left a nest
Upon an Indian tree,
Whose leaves fantastic[1] take their rest
Or motion from the sea;
For, ever thêre, the sea-winds go
With sunlit paces to and fro.

2. The tropic flowers looked up to it,
The tropic stars looked down,

[1] **Fan tăs'tic, fanciful; not real; changeable.**

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And thêre my little doves did sit,
With feathers sŏftly brown,
And glittering eyes that showed their right
To general Nature's deep delight.

3. And Gŏd them tąught, at every close
Of mûrmûring waves beyŏnd,
And green leaves round, to interpose
Thêir ehōral voices fond,
Intĕrpreting that love must be
The meaning of the earth and sea.

4. Fit ministers! Of living loves,
Thêirs hath the cälmèst fashion,
Their living voice the lĭkèst moves
To lifeless intonation,[1]
The lovely monotone of springs
And winds, and such insensate things.

5. My little doves were tā'en ăwāy
From that glad nest of thêirs,
Acrŏss an ocean rolling grāy,
And tempest-clouded âirs.
My little doves—who lately knew
The sky and wave by warmth and blue.

6. And now, within the city prişon,
In mist and chillnèss pent,[2]
With sŭddèn upward look they lis*t*en
For sounds of pąst content—
For lapse[3] of water, swell of breeze,
Or nut-frųit falling from the trees.

7. The stīr without the glōw of passion,
The triumph of the mart,
The gold and silver as they clash on
Man's cold metallic[4] heart—
The rōar of wheels, the cry for bread—
These ōnly sounds are hĕard instead.

[1] **In'to nā'tion**, the peculiar kind of voice as regards tone; the act or manner of modulating the voice musically.

[2] **Pĕnt**, closely confined; shut up.

[3] **Lăpse**, an easy, gliding motion.

[4] **Me tăl'lic**, like, or composed of metal; hard.

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8. Yĕt still, as on my human hand
Thêir fearlèss heads they lean,
And almost seem to understand
What human musings mean,
(Their eyes, with such a plaintive shine,
Are fâs*tene*d upwardly to mine !)

9. Sŏft falls their chânt[1] as on the nest
Benēath the sunny zone ;
For love that stĭrred it in their breast
Has not aweary grown,
And 'nēath the city's shade can keep
The well of music clear and deep.

10. And love that keeps the music, fills
With pastoral[2] memories.
All echoing from out the hills,
All droppings from the skies,
All flowings from the wave and wĭnd
Remembered in their chant I find.

11. So teach ye me the wisèst part,
My little doves ! to move
Along the city-ways with heart
Assŭred by holy love,
And vocal with such sŏngs as own
A fountaĭn to the world unknown.

12. 'Twąs hard to sing by Bābel's[3] stream—
Mōre hard in Babel's street !
But if the sōullèss creatures deem
Their music not unmeet
For sunlèss walls—let *us* begin,
Who weâr immortal wings within.

II.

81. A CITY STREET.

I LOVE the wŏŏds, the fields, the streams,
The wild flowers fresh and sweet,

[1] **Chant** (chânt), melody ; sŏng.
[2] **Pas'tor al**, relating to shepherds, or the country.
[3] **Bā'bel**, the name of the city whêre the confusion of lan̆guag̈es took place ; disorder.

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And yĕt I love no less than these
The crowdèd city street;
For häunts of men, whêre'er they be
Awake my deepèst sympathy.

2. I see within the city street,
Life's most extreme estates;
The gôrgeous dōmes of palaces,
The dismal prişon grates;
The heärths by household vīrtues blest,
The dens that are the sērpent's nest.

3. I see the rich man, proudly fed
And richly clothed, pâss by;
I see the shivering houselèss wretch
With hunger in his eye;
For life's sevērèst contrasts meet
For ever in the city street!

4. Hence is it that a city street
Can dēepèst thôughts impart,
For all its people, high and lōw,
Are kindrèd to my heart;
And with a yearning love I shâre
In all their joy, their pain, their câre!

III.

82. THE CITY.

NOT in the solitude alone
May man commune with Heaven, or see
Only in savage wood
And sunny vale, the present Deity;
Or ōnly hear his voice
Where the winds whisper and the waves rejoice.

2. Even here do I behōld
Thy steps, Almighty!—here, amidst the crowd,
Through the great city rōlled,
With everlâsting mûrmûr deep and loud—
Choking the wāys that wind
'Mongst the proud piles, the work of human kind.

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3. Thy golden sunshine comes
From the round heaven, and on their dwellings lies,
And lights their inner hōmes;
For them thou fill'st with âir the unbounded skies,
And gĭvèst them the stōres
Of ocean, and the harvèsts of its shōres.

4. Thy Spirit is around
Quickening the restlèss mâss that sweeps ălŏng;
And this etĕrnal sound—
Voices and footfalls of the nŭmberlèss thrŏng—
Like the reṣounding sea,
Or like the rainy tempèst, speaks of thee.

5. And when the hours of rest
Come, like a cälm upon the mid-sea brine,
Hushing its billōwy breast—
The quiet of that moment too is thine;
It breathes of Him who keeps
The vâst and helplèss city while it sleeps.

SECTION XX.

I.

83. THE CAT'S PILGRIMAGE.

PART FIRST.

THE cat set ŏff by herself to lĕarn how to be happy, and to be all that a cat coṵld be. It waṣ a fine sunny morning. She determined to try the mĕadōw first, and, after an hour or two, if she had not succeeded, then to go ŏff to the wood.

2. A blackbird was piping ăwāy on a thornbush as if his heart was running over with happinèss. The cat had breakfasted, and so was able to lis*t*en without any mixture of feeling. She didn't sneak. She walked ẖoldly up under the bush, and the bird, seeing she had no bad purpose, săt still and sung on.

3. "Good morning, blackbird; you seem to be enjoying yourself this fine day."—"Good morning, cat."—"Blackbird,

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it is an odd question, perhaps. What ought one to do to be as happy as you?"—"Do your duty, cat."—"But what is my duty, blackbird?"—"Take câre of your little ones, cat."—"I hav'n't any," said she. "Then sing to your mate," said the bĭrd.—"Tom is dead," said she.—"Poor cat!" said the bird. "Then sing over his grave. If your sŏng is sad, you will find your heart grow lighter for it."

4. "Mĕrcy!" thought the cat. "I could do a little singing with a living lover, but I never hĕard of singing for a dead one. But you see, bird, it isn't cat's nature. When I am crŏss, I mew. When I am pleased, I pûrr; but I must be pleased first. I cān't purr myself into happinèss."

5. "I am afraid there is something the matter with your heart, my cat. It wants warming; good-bye." The blackbird flew away. The cat looked sadly after him. "He thinks I am like him; and he doesn't know that a cat is a cat," said she. "As it happens now, I feel a great deal for a cat. If I hadn't a heart I shouldn't be unhappy. I'll try that great fat fĕllōw."

6. The ox lay placidly[1] chewing, with content beaming out of his eyes and playing on his mouth. "Ox," she said, "what is the way to be happy?"—"Do your duty," said the ox. "Bother," said the cat, "duty again! What is it, ox?"—"Get your dinner," said the ox.—"But it is got for me, ox; and I have nŏthing to do but to eat it."—"Well, eat it, then, like me."—"So I do; but I am not happy for all that."—"Then you are a vĕry wicked, ungrateful cat."

7. The ox munched away. A bee buzzed into a buttercup under the cat's nose. "I beg your pardon," said the cat, "it isn't curiosity—what are you doing?"—"Doing my duty; dōn't stop me, cat."—"But, bee, what is your duty?"—"Making honey," said the bee.—"I wish I could make honey," sighed the cat.—"Do you mean to say you cān't?" said the bee. "How stupid you must be! What do you do, then?"—"I do nothing, bee. I can't gĕt any thing to do."

8. "You wōn't get any thing to do, you mean, you lazy cat! You are a good-for-nothing drone. Do you know what we do to our drones? We kill them; and that is all they are fit for. Good morning to you."

[1] **Plăc'id ly**, călmly; quietly.

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9. "Well, I am sure," said the cat, "they are treating me civilly; I had better have stopped at home at this rate. Stroke my whiskers! heartless! wicked! good-for-nothing! stupid! and only fit to be killed. This is a pleasant beginning, anyhow. I must look for some wiser creatures than these are. What shall I do? I know. I know where I will go."

II.

84. THE CAT'S PILGRIMAGE.

PART SECOND.

IT was in the middle of the wood. The bush was very dark, but she found him by his wonderful eye. Presently, as she got used to the light, she distinguished a sloping roll of feathers, a rounded breast, surrounded by a round head, set close to the body, without an inch of neck intervening. "How wise he looks!" she said. "What a brain! what a *fore*head! His head is not long, but what an expanse,[1] and what a depth of earnestness!"

2. The owl sloped his head a little on one side; the cat slanted hers upon the other. The owl set it straight again, the cat did the same. They stood looking this way for some minutes;[2] at last, in a whispering voice, the owl said, "What are you who presume to look into my repose? Pass on upon your way, and carry elsewhere those prying eyes."

3. "O, wonderful owl," said the cat, "you are wise, and I want to be wise; and I am come to you to teach me." A film floated backward and forward over the owl's eyes; it was his way of showing that he was pleased. "I have heard in our schoolroom," went on the cat, "that you sat on the shoulder of Pallas,[3] and she told you all about it."

4. "And what would you know, O my daughter?" said the owl.—"Everything," said the cat, "everything. First of all, how to be happy."

5. "Mice content you not, my child, even as they content not me," said the owl. "It is good."—"Mice, indeed!" said

[1] **Ex pănse'**, that which is spread out; a wide extent of space.

[2] **Minute** (mĭn'it).

[3] **Păl'las**, worshiped in ancient Greece as the goddess of wisdom. In Rome she was called Minerva.

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the cat; "no, parlor cats don't eat mice. I have better than mice, and no trouble to gĕt it; but I want something mōre."

6. "The body's meat is provided. You would now fill your soul."—"I want to improve," said the cat. "I want something to do. I want to find out what the creatures call my duty."

7. "You would lĕarn how to employ those happy hours of your lēisure—rather how to make them happy by a worthy use. Meditate, O cat! meditate! meditate!"—"That is the very thing," said she. "Meditate! that is what I like above all things. Only I want to know how: I want something to meditate about. Tell me, owl, and I will bless you ĕvĕry hour of the day as I sit by the parlor fire."

8. "I will tell you," answered the owl, "what I have been thinking of ever since the moon changed. You shall take it hōme with you and think about it too; and the next full moon you shall come again to me: we will compâre our conclusions."—"Delightful! delightful!" said the cat. "What is it?—I will try this minute."

9. "From the beginning," replied the owl, "our race have been considering which first existed, the owl or the egg. The owl comes from the egg, but likewise the egg from the owl."—"Mĕrcy!" said the cat.—"From sunrise to sunset I ponder on it, O cat! When I reflect on the beauty of the complete owl, I think that must have been first, as the cause is greater than the effect. When I remember my own childhood, I incline the other wāy."

10. "Well, but how are we to find out?" said the cat.—"Find out!" said the owl. "We can never find out. The beauty of the question is, that its solution[1] is impossible. What would become of all our delightful reasonings, O unwise cat! if we were so unhappy as to know?"—"But what in the world is the good of thinking about it, if you cān't, O owl?"

11. "My child, that is a foolish question. It is good, in order that the thoughts on these things may stimulate wonder. It is in wonder that the owl is great."—"Then you don't know any thing at all," said the cat. "What did you sit on Pallas's shoulder for? You must have gone to sleep."—"Your tone is

[1] **So lū'tion**, the act of separating the parts of any body; the unfolding or clearing up of a difficult question.

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over flippant,[1] cat, for phĭlŏsophy.[2] The highest of all knowledge is to know that we know nŏthing."

12. The cat made two great arches with hĕr back and her tail. "Bless the mother that laid you," said she. "You wĕre dropped by mistake in a goose nest. You wōn't do. I don't know much, but I am not such a creature as you, anyhow. A great white thing!" She straightened her body, stuck her tail upon end, and marched ŏff with much dignity.

13. But, though she respected herself rather mōre than befōre, she was not on the way to the end of her difficulties. She tried all the creatures she met without advâncing a step. They had all the old story, "Do your dūty." But each had its own, and no one could tell her what hers was. Only one point they all agreed upon—the duty of getting their dinner when they were hungry. The day wōre on, and she began to think she would like hers.

III.

85. THE CAT'S PILGRIMAGE.

PART THIRD.

IT was a great day in the fox's cave. The ĕldèst cub had the night befōre brought hōme his first goose, and they were just sĭtting down to it as the cat came by. "Ah, my young lady! what, you in the woods? Bad feeding at home, eh? Come out to hunt for yourself?"

2. The goose smelt excellent; the cat couldn't help a wistful[3] look. She was ōnly come, she said, to pay her respects to her wild friends. "Just in time," said the fox. "Sit down and take a bit of dinner; I see you want it. Make rōōm, you cubs; place a seat for the lady."

3. "Why, thank you," said the cat, "yĕs; I acknowledge it is not unwelcome. Pray, dōn't distûrb yourselves, young foxes. I am hungry. I met a rabbit on my way here. I was going to eat him, but he talked so prettily I let him go.

4. The cubs looked up from their plates, and bûrst out

[1] **Flĭp'pant,** smooth, rapid, and confident, without thôught or knowledge; empty; pert.

[2] **Phĭ lŏs'o phy,** love of wisdom.

[3] **Wĭst'ful,** very attentive; longing or desirous; wishful.

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läughing. "For shame, young rascals," said the fäther. "Whêre are your manners? Mind your dinner, and don't be so rude."

5. "Fox," she said, when dinner was over, and the cubs were gŏne to play, "you are vĕry clever.[1] The other creatures are all stupid."[2] The fox bowed. "Your family were always clever," she continued. "I have hĕard about them in the books they use in our schōōlrōōm. It is many years since your ancestor stole the crow's dinner."—"Don't say stole, cat; it is not pretty. Obtained by superior ability."

6. "I beg your pardon," said the cat; "it is all living with those men. That is not the point. Well, but I want to know whether you are any wiser or any better than foxes wĕre then."—"Reälly," said the fox, "I am what Nature made me. I don't know. I am proud of my ancestors, and do my best to keep up the credit of the family."

7. "Well, but fox, I mean do you improve? do I? do any of you? The men are always talking of doing their duty, and that, they say, is the way to improve and to be happy. And as I was not happy, I thought that had, perhaps, something to do with it, so I came out to talk to the creatures. They also had the old chânt—duty, duty, duty; but nŏne of them could tell me what mine was, or whether I had any."

8. The fox smiled. "Another leaf out of your schoolroom," said he. "Cän't they tell you there?"—"Indeed," she said, "they are vĕry absûrd.[3] They say a great deal about themselves, but they ōnly speak disrespectfully of us. If such creatures as they can do their duty, and improve, and be happy, why cän't we?"

9. "They say they do, do they?" said the fox. "What do they say of me?" The cat hesitated. "Don't be afraid of hûrting my feelings, cat. Out with it."

10. "They do all justice to your abilities, fox," said she; "but your morality,[4] they say, is not high. They say you are a rogue."—"Morality!" said the fox. "Very mŏral and good

[1] **Clĕv'er**, having talent, smartness, or skill; good-natured.

[2] **Stū'pid**, very dull; wanting in sense or understanding.

[3] **Ab surd'**, opposed to truth.

[4] **Mor ăl'i tў**, sense of obligation or duty; the character of an action or practice which makes it good.

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they are. And you reälly believe all that? What do they mean by calling me a rogue?"

11. "They mean you take whatever you can gĕt, without cāring whether it is just or not."—"My dear cat, it is vĕry well for a man, if he cän't bear his own face, to paint a pretty one on a panel and call it a lōōking-glāss; but you don't mean that it deceives you."

12. "Teach me," said the cat. "I fear I am weak."—"Who get justice from the men unless they can fōrce it. Ask the sheep that are cut into mutton. Ask the horses that draw their plows. I don't mean it is wrŏng of the men to do as they do; but they need not deny it."

13. "You surprise me," said the cat.—"My good cat, there is but one law in the world. The wēakèst goes to the wall. The men are sharper-witted than the creatures, and so they get the better of them and use them. They may call it just if they like; but when a tiger eats a man, I guess he has just as much justice on his side as the man when he eats a sheep."

14. "And that is the whōle of it," said the cat. "Well, it is vĕry sad. What do you do with yourself?"—"My duty, to be sure," said the fox; "use my wits and enjoy myself. My dear friend, you and I are on the lucky side. We eat and are not eaten."

15. "Except by the hounds now and then," said the cat.—"Yes; by brutes that forget their nature, and sell their freedom to the men," said the fox, bitterly. "In the meantime my wits have kept my skin whōle hitherto, and I bless Nature for making me a fox and not a goose."

16. "Are you happy, fox?"—"Happy! yĕs, of cōurse. So would you be if you would do like me, and use your wits. My good cat, I should be miserable as you if I found my geese ĕvèry dāy at the cave's mouth. I have to hunt for them, lie for them, sneak for them, fight for them; cheat those old fat farmers, and bring out what there is inside me; and then I am happy—of cōurse I am."

17. "It has a rough end, this life of yours, if you keep clear of the hounds, fox," said the cat.—"What! a rope in the yard! Well, it must end some day; and when the farmer cătches me I shall be getting old, and my brains will be taking

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leave of me; so the sōoner I go the better, that I may disgrace myself the less. Better be jolly while it lâsts. than sit mewing out your life and grumbling at it as a bōre."[1]

18. "Well," said the cat, "I am vĕry much oblīged to you. I suppose I may even gĕt home again. I shall not find a wiser friend than you, and perhaps I shall not find another good-natured enough to give me so good a dinner. But it is very sad."—"Think of what I have said," answered the fox. "I'll call at your house some night; you will take me a walk round the yard, and then I'll show you."

19. "Not quite," thought the cat, as she trotted ŏff; "one good tûrn deserves another, that is true; and you have given me a dinner. But they have given me many at home, and I mean to take a few mōre of them; so I think you mustn't go round our yard."

20. "Ah! I see everybody likes what he was bred to," sighed the cat. "Train the cat as a cat should go, and she will be happy and âsk no questions. As for me, I must not seek for what is impossible. Since I have been bred to nŏthing, I must try to like that; but I consider myself an unfortunate cat."

SECTION XXI.

I.

85. BEAVER AND LEAPING PANTHER.

PART FIRST.

GORHAM,[2] in 1745, was a small frŏntier[3] settlement of Maine, about nine or ten miles from Pōrtland, lying dĭrĕctly in the Indian trail. War had just commenced between the mother country and Frânce; and thêre was no lŏnger any doubt that the neighboring savages, who had suddenly disappeared, were gŏne to Cănada to receive instructions and arms, from whence they would soon reäppear as mercilèss and subtle[4]

[1] **Bōre**, a person or thing that wearies by being dull, stupid, or often seen or heard.

[2] **Gorham** (gō'ram).

[3] **Frŏnt'iēr**, lying on the outer part; bordering.

[4] **Subtle** (sŭt'l), sly in design; artful; cunning.

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foes. The settlers, now completely aroused and sure of immediate danger, set instantly to work upon the garrison[1] and other defenses.

2. One morning, about the middle of September, Hugh McLellan, one of the settlers, said to his son: "William, I want you to dig a potato-hole in the western field; you will find four stakes there, that I have stuck up to mark it out. Dig it four feet deep. I'll give you two days to do it in. It is easy digging, and if you do it in less time, you may have the rest of it

[1] **Găr′rĭ son,** a strong place in which soldiers are kept to defend a town against an enemy, or to keep its people under control; a body of soldiers stationed in a fort or fortified town for defense or security.

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to yŏursĕlf. I am going to hang the gates of the stockade,[1] which will take me two days, and then our fōrt will be finished."

3. The middle of the fĭrst ăft'ernōōn' sōōn came; so eager was William to finish his stĭnt, in order that he might have time to beat up the quarters of a wolf which Bose had discovered, that he had forgotten to take his gun with him. He had buried himself to his shoulders in the pit, and was working as for dear life, when, hearing a noise, he stood up on his shovel, and looking over the heap of ĕarth he had thrown out, saw that all the cattle were in the field and making for the corn.

4. Having driven them out, he began to pŭt up the fence which ran alŏng the edge of the woods; but scârcely had he put up the first rail, when, happening to look up, he beheld an Indian in his war-paint within a few feet of him. It was evident to William, at the first glânce, that his intentions were by no means hŏstĭle;[2] his gun, though within reach of his hand, was placed against the butt of a pine, while its owner, with arms folded upon his chest, stood gravely regarding him.

5. William thôught he had never beheld a grander sight than this warlike savage. But he coŭld scârcely credit the testimony of his senses, when, thrŏugh the thick cōat of paint, he vĕrily thought he perceived the features of his old playmate—in short, that the stĕrn, collected being befōre him was no other than the Indian[3] lad whose lăugh, but a few months ago, rang shrilly through the fōrest, and than whom nône had been mōre light-hearted and frolicsome.

6. In that brief period he seemed to have increased bōth in heīght and bulk, and, though but little older than William, to have lēaped at once from a boy to the estate of a man. In a tone of mingled doubt and anxiety, William exclaimed, "Beaver, can this be you?" The Indian extended his hand in silence, which William eagerly grâsped. Drawing himself up with all the dignity of a chief who counted his scâlps by scōres, Beaver thus addressed his wŏndering playmate:—

7. "Leaping Panther, lis*t*en! Two moons[4] ago, I was a boy, and played with the boys. I helped the squaws to pound the

[1] **Stŏck ād'**, a line of posts or stakes set in the ĕarth as a fence to stop an enemy.

[2] **Hŏs'tĭle**, warlike; unfriendly.

[3] **Indian** (ĭnd'yan).

[4] **Moon**, a mônth.

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corn, gĕt the wŏŏd for the fire, carry the canoes, and bring to the wĭgwąm the meat the hunters had killed. Now I am a warrior. I have struck the war-post of my tribe; I have lis*tened* to the agèd men, into whose ears the Great Spirit has whispered in their dreams, when the moose has lain down to rest, and the souls of the dead come back to ăsk why their blood is not avenged. I have hĕard the great war-chiefs tell their deeds—how they struck the enemies of our tribe, bound them to the stake, and made them cry like squaws; and I have seen their scars of battle.

8. "When I too shall have tăke*n* many scălps, the măide*n*s of my nation will contend to cook my fōōd, light my pipe, and bring the meat to my lodge when I retûrn from the hunt, to cover my moccasins and my leggins with ornaments, and pound my corn. Then I shall weâr the eagle's feather, and be counted with the chiefs at the council-fire.

9. "When the Măster of Life calls me, I shall go to the southwest, where are the happy hunting-grounds of my fathers. There is no snow, there are no cold winds, but the leaves are always green, the flowers never fade, there is much game, and there bad Indians never come.

10. "Once we were children togĕther; then we were like brothers. It is not so lŏng ago that it should be forgotten. We slept by the same fire, played in the same brook, drank from the same gōurd, dĭvĭded what we took in hunting; one blanket covered us bōth. Those were happy days; they were too short for our plĕasures, and we were sŏrry to see the sun go down." As he uttered these words, his voice became musical, and his tones assumed an indescribable pāthos,[1] that melted into the vĕry heart of his auditor,[2] and brought the tears to his eyes.

11. Pausing, he plucked from a rotte*n* stump beside him two small hemlocks, whose rōōts,[3] as they grew side by side, were twisted one around the other; holding them up, he said: "My heart is now sŏft, though it is the heart of a warrior.[4] It is soft, because I call to mind that once we were like these plants. We grew side by side, and as our roots became bigger, they

[1] **Pā'thos**, passion; warmth of feeling or action; that which awakens tender feelings.

[2] **Au'dĭ tor**, a hearer or listener.

[3] **Root** (rọt).

[4] **Warrior** (wąr'yer), a soldier.

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grew closer together; but now, like these, we must also be separated." Teâring them asunder, he flung them in opposite dĭrĕctions. "We must now seek each other's lives.

12. "Leaping Panther, lis*t*en! Yọur people have taken ăwāy our hunting-grounds, and cut down the trees so that we have no meat for our squaws and our little ones. The blood of our young men, shed by you, and not yĕt avenged by us, cries in our ears so that we can not sleep. Thērefōre we have dug up the hatchet. We shall not bury it again till we make it red with the white man's blood.

13. "Had I wished to kill you, without alarming your people, I coụld have dŏne it with the bow or the tomahawk. If any of our old playmates had been here instead of myself, your scalp would have now been hanging at his gĭrdle, or drying in the smoke of the wigwam. But as I wạtched you my heart grew sŏft. I said, 'I will speak to my brother. I will lŏŏk in his eyes. We will teâr our hearts asunder, and then we will seek each other's blood.' Do not therefore be afraid, but speak. The ears of the Beaver are op*e*n."

II.

87. BEAVER AND LEAPING PANTHER.

PART SECOND.

"I AM not afraid of you, Beaver, though you are older than I am, have gun, knife, and tomahawk, and look so frightful in your paint, while I am bârehanded. Your mother called me Leaping Panther, because I wạs so quick; I coụld jump on you and throttle you, befōre you could draw a knife, or cock a gun at me. Notwithstanding all your big talk about being a warrior, and striking the war-post, you never have seen (and it's my opinion you never will see) the day when I coụldn't lay you on your back at rough and tumble, or at close hugs—and let you have bōth 'under-holds' into the bargain.

2. "In respect to yọur shooting me unawares, I freely say that you might have done it, just as easy as you can shoot a squirrel, and in that I owe you my life. But that is no more than I shọuld have expected at your hands. It is your nature,

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Beaver; you are a brave, good, true-hearted boy, and it's only your Indian bringing up that will ever make you any thing else."

3. "But tell me, Beaver, did the cattle tear that fence down?"—"No; I tore it down."—"That you might shoot me, when I came to drive them out?"—"No; but I was afraid of being seen; and I took that way to draw you to my ambush."[1]

4. "It was well planned, and you are rightly called Beaver, for the beaver is wise, and I doubt not you will be a great chief. But you have taught me a lesson. I will let the cattle eat the corn before I will go to drive them out again without a gun.

5. "Well," continued William, "if your heart grew soft when you saw me this morning, so did mine the day after you went away. You know we—you and I and Conuwass—were going to hunt porcupines in the hard woods on Watson's hill, and your mother was going to work me a belt just like yours. I got up early, and tied Bose up—for the old fool will shake a porcupine, and get his nose full of quills—caught my gun, and ran with all my might to your wigwam. When I got there, you were all, all gone. Then I went down to the brook. There I found the rafts and the canoes, and all the things just as we had left them. Then, down to the swimming-place. But when I saw your tracks there, oh, it brought every thing right up, and the place looked so lonesome, I couldn't stay, but went back home.

6. "I went into the barn to untie Bose, and when he saw the gun in my hand, he began to jump up on me, and lick my face, thinking he was going a-hunting. I said, 'Bose, you will never more have any such good times as we have had, because Beaver is gone, and we shall never see him again.' I had managed to hold in till then, but the minute I spoke your name the tears would come. I sat down and cried like a baby." In the course of this conversation the boys had drawn nearer and nearer to each other, until at length they seated themselves side by side on a log, and somehow their hands got locked together.

7. "That was wrong, Panther; only squaws do that."—"I don't see why a man shouldn't cry, as well as laugh, especially if he can't help it."—"He should do neither; a warrior should never behave as a squaw; he should be like a rock."

[1] **Am'bush**, a concealed place where soldiers or enemies lie in wait to attack by surprise; the act of so attacking; troops thus concealed.

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8. "I know what you mean," was the reply. "You think it makes against a man's courage to have a tender heart; but it don't. Now, there's my mother. If the sun should fall right out of the sky, it wouldn't scare her. For all that I saw her cry when she thought Mrs. Watson was going to die. Father is tender too; but your whole tribe couldn't frighten him, or make him cry, unless he wished. There is our Alec—Little Snapping Turtle. When he gets very angry, then look out for yourself; he'll let you have hot coals, hatchet, any thing that comes to hand; but nothing scares him."

9. "You can never be a warrior, Panther, while you feel thus."—"I never want to be."—"Don't want to be?"—"No. I had rather hoe corn, or hunt, than fight, just for the sake of fighting. I think it is just the poorest business a man can follow, except it is his duty."

10. "I see, Panther, the Great Spirit has given to the white man a different heart from the Indian's. I love to kill—every Indian does; I love to see blood run; I would like to eat the flesh and drink the blood of the enemies of my tribe." While he spake the savage gleamed from his whole face; his eyes glared, his nostrils dilated, and his features, seen through the terrors of the war-paint, were those of a fiend.

11. The instincts of his companion, nursed at the breast of a Christian mother, and imbued with the principles of religion, revolted at this display of a wolfish nature. He coolly replied: "I wouldn't. I should rather drink buttermilk. If an Indian had injured me, I should want satisfaction from him; it would not do me any good to kill some other Indian, who never had injured me, just because he was an Indian; or to murder a little innocent babe in the cradle, because his father or grandfather had injured me or my grandfather before he was born."

12. "That is our custom," replied the Beaver. "Our fathers and wise men have always done so, and taught us to do so, and therefore it is right."—"I don't care who taught it, or whose custom it is," replied his sturdy antagonist. "It isn't right, anyhow. It's contrary to Scripture, and the Catechism too.

13. "You say that after this we must seek each other's lives because our fathers have injured one another. I've heard my father and mother say, a hundred times, that they never lost so

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much as a hen, or a kĕrnel of corn, by the Indians, and that, so far as that was concerned, they didn't want any better neighbors than the Indians—that they should have starved to death one winter but for the Indians. I am sure no Indian will say that we ever wrŏnged him, or took his land; for we bought our land and paid for it. No more did our ancestors; for they are all on the other side of the sea, and never saw an Indian."

14. "Do not think, Panther, that the Indians do not know what is just. I have hĕard my people talk, and I know that, if you were living here ălōne, and no other white people here, no Indian would lift his tomahawk against you; and if you were hungry, they would share with you their provisions, be it little or much. They know vĕry well that you are not like the white men who were in the Narragansett war, who had their land given them because they killed the Indians; that you bought your land, although you bought it of those who killed the Indians; but that was not your fault. They know, too, that your speech and your actions are different from theirs, and that there is no Indian blood on your hands. But if you go with the rest to fight the Indians, you must expect them to kill you."

15. "I expect you to kill me if you can, in a fâir stand-up fight, or an ambush, when our peoples ambush one another. But I dōn't see why we that have been like brothers together should pick each other out, and go skulking around, in the places where we used to play, to kill one another." After a lŏng silence, the Beaver, rising, replied:—

16. "Panther, I have thôught of your words, and they are gŏŏd. Not one of my tribe but would have slain you to-day. If the warriors knew that I had not dŏne thus, they would blush with shame. When I set out on the war-păth, I said: 'I will speak to the Panther; after that, he will be on his watch; then my heart will be very hard. I know where he works, where he hunts, and where he plays. I will ambush him every step he takes. I will kill the dog, and then I shall the more easily kill him. I will hang his scalp at my girdle, and the warriors of my nation will rejoice. They will say that Beaver will be a great chief. He has slain the Panther, whose claws were almost grown, who could throw the tomahawk, and shoot the eye out of a squirrel, and who would have slain many of our people.'

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17. "But your words have changed my heart, as the maple-leaves change beneath the fingers of the frost. We will not stain with each other's blood the places where we have hunted and fished, and played together. Only when our tribes meet on the war-path will we be foes. When the Beaver thinks of the Panther, and of the long summer days they have hunted and played together, and sat by the same fire, it shall be like a pleasant dream—there shall be no blood on it. Is it well?"

18. William was touched to the very heart, and, being less able to control his feelings, his eyes filled with tears, and his voice trembled, as he replied, *"It is well!"* The Indian resumed his gun, and, extending his hand to William, they exchanged a parting grasp, and he was soon lost in the depths of the forest.

SECTION XXII.

I.

88. THE SHEPHERD'S HOME.

MY banks they are furnished with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
My grottoes[1] are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with sheep.
I seldom have met with a loss,
Such health do my fountains bestow;
My fountains are bordered with moss,
Where the harebells and violets grow.

2. Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound;
Not a beech's more beautiful green,
But a sweet-brier entwines it around;
Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
More charms than my cattle unfold;
Not a brook that is limpid[2] and clear,
But it glitters with fishes of gold.

[1] Grŏt'to, a covered opening in the earth; a cave.

[2] Lĭm'pid, marked by transparency or clearness; shining

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3. One would think she might like to retire
To the bower I have labored to rear;
Not a shrub that I hĕard hĕr admire,
But I hāsted and planted it there.
Oh how sudden the jessamine strove
With the līlac to render it gāy!
Already it calls for my love
To prune the wild brânches ăwāy.

4. From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,
What strains of wild melody flow!
How the nightingales warble their loves
From thickets of roses that blow!
And when her bright form shall appear,
Each bīrd shall harmoniously join
In a concert so sŏft and so clear,
As—she may not be fond to resign.

5. I have found out a gift for my fâir,
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed;
But let me such plunder forbeâr,
She will say 'twas a barbarous deed;
For he ne'er could be true, she averred,
Who would rob a poor bird of its young;
And I loved her the mōre when I hĕard
Such tĕndernèss fall from her tongue.

6. I have heard her with sweetnèss unfold
How that pity was due to a dove;
That it ever attended the bold,
And she called it the sister of love.
But her words such a plĕasure convey,
So much I her accents ădōre,
Let her speak, and whatever she say,
Methinks I should love her the mōre.

II.

89. TO-MORROW.

IN the downhill of life, when I find I'm declining,
May my lot no less fortunate be

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Than a snug elbow-chair can afford for reclining,
And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea;
With an ambling[1] pad-pony[2] to pace o'er the lawn,
While I carol away idle sorrow,
And blithe as the lark that each day hails the dawn
Look forward with hope for to-morrow.

2. With a porch at my door, both for shelter and shade too,
As the sunshine or rain may prevail;
And a small spot of ground for the use of the spade too,
With a barn for the use of the flail:
A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,
And a purse when a friend wants to borrow;
I'll envy no nabob[3] his riches or fame,
Nor what honors await him to-morrow.

3. From the bleak northern blast may my cot be completely
Secured by a neighboring hill;
And at night may repose steal upon me more sweetly
By the sound of a murmuring rill;
And while peace and plenty I find at my board,
With a heart free from sickness and sorrow,
With my friends may I share what to-day may afford,
And let them spread the table to-morrow.

4. And when I at last must throw off this frail covering
Which I've worn for threescore-years-and-ten,
On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep hovering,
Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again:
But my face in the glass I'll serenely survey,
And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow;
For this old worn-out stuff, which is threadbare to-day,
May become everlasting to-morrow.

III

90. A WISH.

MINE be a cot beside the hill;
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear;

[1] **Am'bling**, moving by lifting together the two legs on one side; pacing.

[2] **Pad-pō'ny**, an easy-paced pony.

[3] **Nā'bob**, a viceroy in India; a very rich man.

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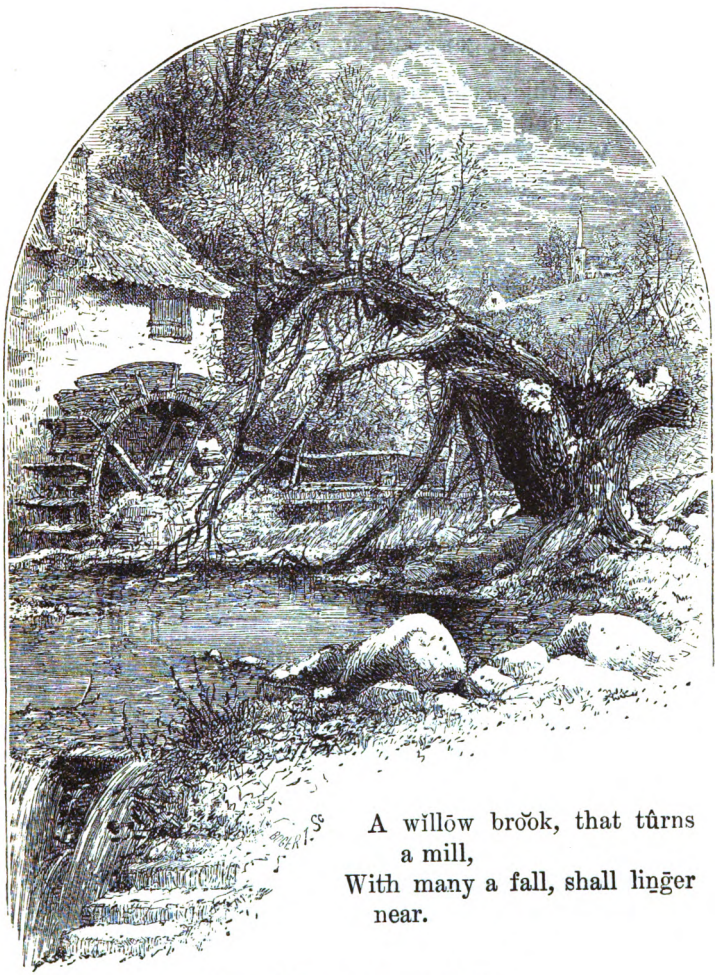

A wĭllōw brŏŏk, that tûrns a mill,
With many a fall, shall lĭn̄ger near.

2. The swa̤llōw ŏft ben̄eath my thatch,
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And shâre my meal, a welcome guest.

3. Around my ivied pōrch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drin̤ks the dew;

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And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing,
In russet gown and apron blue.

4. The village chûrch, among the trees,
Where first our marriage vows were given,
With mĕrry peals shall swell the breeze,
And point with taper spire to heaven.

SECTION XXIII.

I.

91. FIRST IMPRESSION OF A STAR.[1]

SHE had been told that Gŏd made all the stars
That twinkled up in heaven, und now she stŏŏd
Wątching the coming of the twilight on,
As if it wĕre a new and pĕrfect world,
And this were its first eve.

2. She stood ălōne
By the lōw wĭndōw, with the silken lash
Of her sŏft eye upraised, and her sweet mouth
Hălf parted with the new and strange delight
Of beauty that she could not comprehend,
And had not seen befōre.

3. The pûrple folds
Of the low sunset clouds, and the blue sky
That looked so still and delicate above,
Filled her young heart with gladnèss, and the eve
Stole on with its deep shadōws, and she still
Stood looking at the west with that half smile,
As if a pleasant thought were at her heart.

4. Presently, in the edge of the lăst tint
Of sunset, where the blue was melted in
To the faint golden mĕllownèss, a star

[1] **Illustrated,** see the *Frontispiece.*

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Stood suddenly. A läugh of wild delight
Bûrst from her lips, and pŭtting up her hands,
Her simple thought broke fōrth expressively—
"FATHER! DEAR FATHER! GOD HAS MADE A STAR!"

II.

92. THE STARS.

NO cloud obscures the summer sky,
The moon in brightnèss walks on high,
And, set in ăzure,[1] every star,
Shines, a pure ġem of hĕaven, afar!

2. Child of the ĕarth! Oh, lift thy glănce
To yŏn bright fĭrmament's[2] expănse!
The glōries of its realms explōre,
And gaze, and wŏnder, and ădōre!

3. Dŏth[3] it not speak to every sense
The marvels of Omnipotence?[4]
See'st thou not thêre the Almighty's name
Inscribed in characters of flame?

4. Count ō'er those lamps of quenchlèss light,
That sparkle thrǫugh the shades of night;
Behold them! Can a mortal bōast
To number that celestial[5] hōst?

5. Mark well each little star, whose rays
In distant splendor meet thy gaze;
Each is a world, by God sustained,
Who from etĕrnity hath reigned.

6. Each, shining not for ĕarth ălōne,
Hath suns and planets of its own,
And beings, whose existence springs
From Him, the all-powerful King of kings.

---

[1] **Azure** (ăzh'er), light-blue; sky-colored.

[2] **Fir'ma ment**, the region of the air; the sky or heavens.

[3] **Doth** (dŭth).

[4] **Om nĭp'o tence**, one who is all-powerful; Gŏd.

[5] **Celestial** (se lĕst' yal), belŏnging, or relating, to the regions of âir; heavenly.

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7. Haply, those glōrious beings knōw
Nor stain of guilt, nor tear of wōe![1]
But, raising still the adoring voice,
For ever in their Gŏd rejoice.

8. What then art thou! O, child of clay!
Amid creation's grandeur, say?
E'en as an insect, on the breeze,
E'en as a dewdrop, lŏst in seas!

9. Yĕt fear thou not; the Sôvereign[2] hand,
Which spread the ocean and the land,
And hung the rolling spheres in âir,
Hath e'en for thee a Fäther's câre.

10. Be thou at peace!—the all-seeing eye,
Pervading[3] ĕarth, and air, and sky,
The sēarching glânce which nône may flee,
Is still, in mĕrcy, tûrned on thee.

SECTION XXIV.

I.

93. ICHABOD'S RIDE.

ICHABOD, heavy-hearted and crest-fallen, pursued his travel homewards, alŏng the sides of the lŏfty hills which rise above Tarrytown. The hour was as dismal as himself. Far below him the Tappan Zee spread its dusky and indistinct waste of wąters, with here and thêre the tall mâst of a sloop riding quietly at anchor under the land. In the dead hush of midnight, he could even hear the barking of the wątch-dŏg from the opposite shōre of the Hudson; but it was so vague and faint as ōnly to give an idēâ of his great distance from this faithful companion of man. Now and then, too, the lŏng-drawn crowing of a cock, accidentally awakened, would sound

[1] **Wōe**, misery; sorrow; grief.

[2] **Sovereign** (sŭv'er in), above all others; highest in power.

[3] **Per vād'ing**, pâssing thrŏugh; spreading through the whōle extent of a thing.

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far, far ŏff, from some farm-house away among the hills. No signs of life occûrred near him, but occasionally the mel'ancholy chirp of a cricket, or perhaps the guttural twang of a bụll-frŏg from a neighboring marsh, as if sleeping uncomfortably, and tûrning suddenly in his bed.

2. The night grew darker and darker, the stars seemed to sink deeper in the sky, and driving clouds occasionally hid them from his sight. He had never felt so lonely and dismal. In the center of the rōad stood an enormous tulip-tree, which towered like a giant above all the other trees of the neighborhood, and formed a kind of landmark. It was connected with the tragical stōry of the unfortunate André,[1] who had been taken prisoner hard by, and was universally known by the name of Major André's Tree. The common people regarded it with a mixture of respect and superstition.

3. As Ichabod approached this fearful tree, he began to whistle. He thought his whistle was answered. It was but a blăst sweeping sharply thrọugh the dry brănches. As he approached a little nearer, he thought he saw something white hanging in the midst of the tree He paused, and ceased whistling; but on looking mōre nărrōwly, perceived that it was a place where the tree had been scăthed by lightning, and the white wood laid bâre. Suddenly he hĕard a groan. His teeth chattered, and his knees smote against the saddle. It was but the rubbing of one huge bough upon another as they were swayed about by the breeze. He pâssed the tree in safety, but new perils lay before him.

4. About two hundred yards from the tree a small brook crŏssed the rōad, and ran into a marshy and thickly-wooded glen, known by the name of Wiley's Swạmp. A few rough lŏgs, laid side by side, served for a bridge over this stream. To pâss this bridge was the sevērèst trial. It was at this identical spot that the unfortunate André was captured, and this has ever since been considered a hăunted stream, and fearful are the feelings of the school-boy who has to pâss it alone âfter dark.

---

[1] **John Andre** (ăn'drā), a British officer of merit, but chiefly known as an accomplice in the treason of Benedict Arnold. Captured by the Americans, he was executed at Tappan, N. Y., Oct., 1780.

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5. As he approached the stream, his heart began to thump. He summoned up, however, all his resolution, gave his horse hälf a score of kicks in the ribs, and attempted to dash briskly acrŏss the bridge. But instead of starting fôrward, the perverse old animal made a lateral[1] movement, and ran broadside against the fence. Ichabod, whose fears increased with the delay, jerked the reins on the other side, and kicked lustily with the contrary foot. It was all in vain. His steed started, it is trŭe, but it was ōnly to plunge to the opposite side of the rōad into a thicket of brambles and ąlder bushes.

6. The schoolmåster now bestowed bōth whip and heel upon the starveling ribs of old Gunpowder, who dashed forward, snuffling and snorting, but came to a stand just by the bridge with a sŭddennèss which had nearly sent his rider sprawling over his head. Just at this moment a plashy tramp on the bank of the stream, by the side of the bridge, caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod. In the dark shădōw of the grove, on the margin of the murmuring brook, he beheld something huge, misshapen, black, and towering. It stĭrred not, but seemed găthered up in the gloom, like some ġīgăntic monster ready to spring upon the traveler.

7. The hair of the affrighted pĕdagŏgue rose upon his head with terror. What wąs to be dŏne? To turn and fly was now too late. Summoning up, thĕrefore, a show of coŭrage, he demanded, in stammering accents, "*Who are you?*" He received no reply. He repeated his demand in a still more agitated voice. Still there was no answer. Once more he cudgeled the sides of the inflexible Gunpowder, and, shutting his eyes, broke fōrth with involuntary fervor into a psälm tune. Just then the shadowy object of alarm pŭt itself in motion, and, with a scramble and a bound, stood at once in the middle of the rōad.

8. Though the night was dark and dismal, yet the form of the unknown might now, in some degree, be ascertained. He appeared to be a horseman of large dĭmĕnsions, and mounted on a black horse of powerful frame. He made no ŏffer of mŏlestā'tion or sociability, but kept alōōf on one side of the road. Ichabod, who had no relish for this strange midnight compan-

[1] **Lăt'er al**, proceeding from, or dĭrĕcted to, the side.

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ion, now quickened his steed in hopes of leaving him behind. The stranger quickened his horse to an equal pace. Ichabod pulled up, and fell into a walk, thinking to lag behind. The other did the same. His heart began to sink within him. He endeavored to resume his psälm tune, but his parched tongue clove to the rōōf of his mouth, and he could not utter a stave.[1]

9. There was something in the moody and dŏggĕd silence of this pertinācious[2] companion that was mysterious and appalling. It was soon fearfully accounted for. On mounting a rising ground, which brought the figure of his fĕllōw-traveler in relief against the sky, gigantic in height, and muffled in a cloak, Ichabod was hŏrror-struck on perceiving that he was headless! But his horror was still more increased on observing that the head, which should have rested on his shoulders, was carried before him on the pŏmmel of his saddle! His terror rose to desperation. He rained a shower of kicks and blows upon Gunpowder, hoping by a sudden movement to give his companion the slip. But the spectre started full jump with him. Away then they dashed, through thick and thin, stones flying and sparks flashing at every bound.

10. An opening in the trees now cheered him with the hopes that the chûrch bridge wąs at hand. The wavering reflection of a silver star in the bọsom of the brook told him that he was not mistaken. "If I can but reach that bridge," thought Ichabod, "I am safe." Just then he hĕard the black steed panting and blowing close behind him; he even fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another convulsive kick in the ribs, and old Gunpowder sprang upon the bridge; he thundered over the reṣounding planks; he gained the opposite side; and now Ichabod câst a look behind to see if his pursuer should vanish, according to rụle, in a flash of fire and brimstone. Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups (stŭr'rups), and in the vĕry act of hûrling his head at him. Ichabod endeavored to dodge the hŏrrible missile, but too late. It encountered his crānĭŭm with a tremendous crash. He was tumbled hĕadlŏng into the dust, and Gunpowder, the black steed, and the goblin-rider pâssed by like a whirlwind.

11. The next morning the old horse wąs found without his

[1] **Stāve**, part of a psälm.

[2] **Per ti nā'cioŭs**, firm; unyielding.

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saddle, and with the bridle under his feet, soberly cropping the grâss at his mâster's gate, while near the bridge, beyond which, on the bank of a broad part of the brook, where the water ran deep and black, was found the hat of the unfortunate Ichabod, and close beside it—*a shattered pumpkin!*

II.

94. GREEN APPLES.

PULL down the bough, Bob! Is n't this fun?
Now give it a shake, and—thêre goes one!
Now pụt your thumb up to thē other, and see
If it is n't as mĕllōw as mellow can be!
I know by the stripe
It must be ripe!
That's one apiece for yọu and me.

2. Green, are they? Well, no matter for that.
Sit down on the grâss, and we 'll have a chat;
And I 'll tell you what old Parson Bute
Said last Sunday of unripe frụit.[2]
'Life," says he,
"Is a bountiful[3] tree,
Heavily laden with beautiful fruit.

3. "For the yọuth thêre's love, just streaked with red,
And great joys hanging just over his head;
Hăppinèss, honor, and great estate,
For those who patiently work and wait;—
Blessings," said he,
"Of every degree,
Ripening čarly, and ripening late.

4. "Take them in seaṣon, pluck and eat,
And the fruit is whōlesòme, the fruit is sweet;
But, O my friends!—" Here he gave a rap
On his desk like a regular thunder-clap,

---

[1] **Per ĕn' nĭ al**, thrọugh or beyŏnd a year; hence, lâsting for all time.

[2] **Fruit** (frọt).

[3] **Boun'ti ful**, generous; free in giving; plentiful.

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And made such a bang,
Old Deacon Lang
Woke up out of his Sunday nap.

5. Green fruit, he said, God would not bless;
But half life's sorrow and bitterness,
Half the evil and ache and crime,
Came from tasting before their time
The fruits Heaven sent.
Then on he went
To his *Fourthly* and *Fifthly*:—was n't it prime?

6. But, I say, Bob! we fellows don't care
So much for a mouthful of apple or pear;
But what we like is the fun of the thing,
When the fresh winds blow, and the hang-birds bring

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Home grubs, and sing
To their young ones, a-swing
In their bȧsket-nest, tied up by its string.

7. I like apples in vārious wāys:
They 're first-rate rōasted befōre the blāze
Of a winter fire; and, oh my eyes!
Are n't they nice, though, made into pies?
I scârce ever saw
One, cooked or raw,
That was n't good for a boy of my size.

8. But shake yo͝ur fru͝it from the orchard tree,
And the tune of the bro͝ok, and the hum of the bee,
And the chĭpmu͝nks chippering every minute,
And the clear sweet note of the gay little linnet,
And the grȧss and the flowers,
And the lŏng summer hours,
And the flavor of sun and breeze, are in it.

9. But this is a hard one! Why did n't we
Leave them another week on the tree?
Is yo͝urs as bitter? Give us a bite!
The pulp is tough, and the seeds are white,
And the taste of it puckers
My mouth like a sucker's!
I vow, I believe the old parson was right!

III.

95. SOMEBODY.

THERE'S a meddlesome "Somebody" going about,
And playing his pra͝nks, but we cän't find him out;
He's up stâirs and down stairs from morning till night,
And always in mischief, but never in sight.

2. The rogues I have read of, in sŏng or in tale,
Are caught at the end, and conducted to jail;
But "Somebody's" tracks are all covered so well,
He never has seen the inside of a cell.

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3. Our young folks at hŏme, at all seasons and times,
Are rehĕarsing[1] the roll[2] of "Somebody's" crimes;
Or, fâst as their feet and tongues can well run,
Come to tell the lâst deed the sly scamp has done.

4. "'Somebody' has taken my knife," one will sāy;
"'Somebody' has carried my pencil ăwāy;"
"'Somebody' has gŏne and thrown down all the blocks;"
"'Somebody' āte up all the cakes in the box."

5. It is "Somebody" breaks all the pitchers and plates,
And hides the boys' sleds, and runs ŏff with their skates,
And tûrns on the wạter, and tumbles the beds,
And steals all the pins, and melts all the dolls' heads.

6. One night a dull sound, like the thump of a head,
Announced that one youngster wạs out of his bed;
And he said, hälf asleep, when âsked what it meant,
"'Somebody' is pushing me out of the tent!"

7. Now, if these high crimes of "Somebody" dōn't cease,
We must summon in the detective[3] polĭce;[4]
And they, in their wisdom, at once will make known,
The culprit belŏngs to no house but our own.

8. Then shoụld it tûrn out, âfter all, to be trụe,
That our young folks themselves are "Somebody" too,
How queer it would look, if we saw them all go
Marched ŏff to the station-house, six in a rōw!

IV.

96. *TOM TWIST.*

TOM TWIST wạs a wonderful fĕllŏw,
No boy was so nimble and strŏng;
He coụld tûrn ten somersets backward,
And stand on his head all dāy lŏng.

[1] **Rehearsing** (re hērs' ing), reciting; repeating; telling.

[2] **Rōll**, a piece of writing which may be rolled up; a list.

[3] **De tĕct'ive**, fitted for, or skilled in, uncovering, bringing to light, or finding out.

[4] **Police** (po lēs'), a body of ŏfficers whose duty it is to keep good order, and discover and prevent wrŏngs.

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No wrestling, or leaping, or running,
This tough little ûrchin could tire;
His muscles wĕre all guttà-pêrchà,[1]
And his sinews bundles of wire.

2. Tom Twist liked the life of a sailor,
So ŏff, with a hop and a skip,
He went to a Nantucket căptaĭn,
Who took him on bōard of his ship.
The vessel was crowded with seamen,
Young, old, stout and slim, short and tall,
But in climbing, swinging, and jumping,
Tom Twist was ahead of them all.

3. He could scamper all through the rigging,
As spry and as still as a cat,
While as for a leap from the maintop
To deck, he thôught nŏthing of that:
He dânced at the end of the yard-arm,
Slept sound in the bend of a sail,
And hung by his legs from the bōwsprit,
When the wind was blowing a gale.

4. The vessel went down in a tempest,
A thousand fathoms or mōre;
But Tom Twist dived under the breakers,
And, swimming five miles, got ăshōre.
The shore was a cannibal island,
The natives were hungry enough;
But they felt of Tommy all over,
And found him entirely too tough.

5. So they pŭt him into a boy-cōōp—
Just to fatten him up, you see—
But Tommy crept out, very slyly,
And climbed to the top of a tree.
The tree was the nest of a condor,
A bĭrd with prodigious[2] big wings,

[1] **Gutta-percha** (gŭt'tà pĕr'chà), a hard juice or gum of trees found in the Malayan islands. It is somewhat like India-rubber.

[2] **Prodigious** (pro dĭd' jŭs), marvelous; huge; very large.

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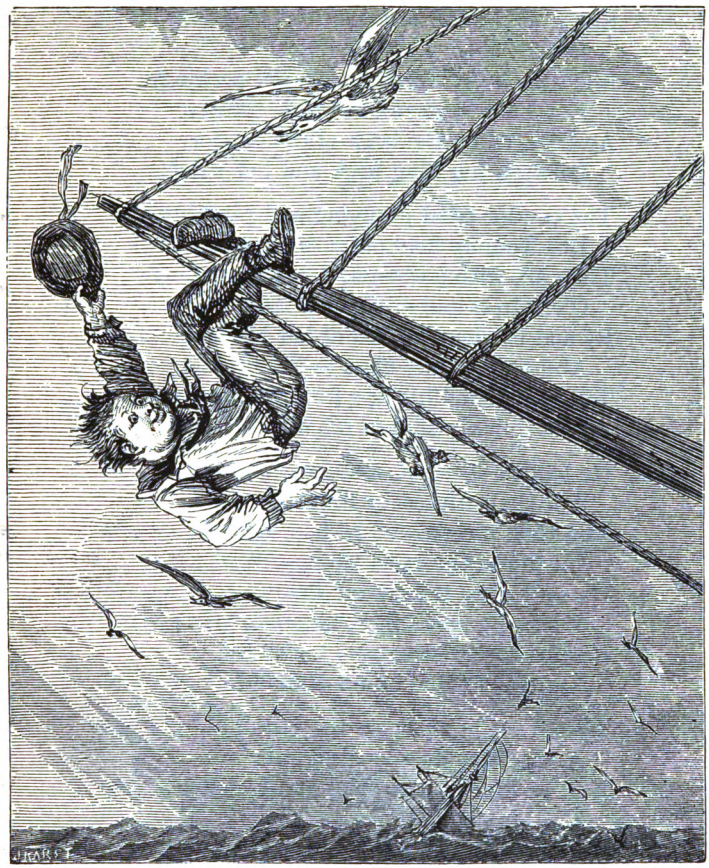

Which lived upon boä-constrictors[1]
And other dĭgĕstible[2] things.

6. The condor flew hōme in the evening,
And there lay friend Tommy so snug,

---

[1] **Bō'a-con stric'tor**, a large and strŏng snake, sometimes thĭrty or forty feet lŏng, found in the tropical parts of America—so named from its crushing its prey in its coils.

[2] **Dĭ ġĕst'ĭ ble**, capable of being worked over and pụt in form for ready use; such as may be prepared in the stomach for change into blood —said of the fo͝od.

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She thought she had pounced on a very
Remarkable species of bug;
She soon woke him up with her pecking,
But Tommy gave one of his springs,
And lēaped on the back of the condor,
Between her lŏng neck and her wings.

7. The condor tried plunging and pitching,
But Tommy held on with firm hand,
Then ŏff, with a scream, flew the condor,
O'er fŏrest and ocean and land.
By and by she got tired of her bûrden,[1]
And flying quite close to the ground,
Tom untwisted his legs from the creature,
And quickly slipped ŏff with a bound.

8. He landed all right, and feet fōremōst,
A little confused by his fall,
And then ascertained he had lighted
On top of the great Chīnēse Wall.
He walked to the city of Pekin,
Where he made the Chinamen grin;
He turned ten somersets backward,
And they made him a Mandarīn.[2]

9. Then Tom had to play the Celestial,[3]
And to dangle a long pigtail;
And he dined on puppies and kittens,
Till his spirits began to fail.
He sighed for his native country,
And he lŏnged for its ham and eggs;
And in tûrning somersets backward
His pigtail would cătch in his legs.

10. He sailed for his dear hōme and harbor.
The house of his mother he knew;
He climbed up the lightning-rod quickly,
And came down the chimney-flue.

---

[1] **Burden** (bĕr'dn), that which is borne or carried; a heavy load.

[2] **Mandarin** (măn'da rēn'), a Chinese ŏfficer, either civil or military.

[3] **Celestial** (se lĕst'yal), an inhabitant of heaven; a Chinese.

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His mother in slumber lay dreaming
That she never would see him mōre,
When she opened her eyes, and Tommy
Stood thêre on the bedrōōm flōor!

11. Her nightcap flew off in amazement,[1]
Her hâir stood on end with surprise.
"What kind of a ghost or a spirit
Is this that I see with my eyes?"—
"I am your mōst dutiful[2] Tommy."—
"I will not believe it," she said,
"Till you tûrn ten somersets backward,
And stand hälf an hour on your head."

12. "That thing I will do, dēarèst mother."
At once, with a skip and a hop,
He tûrned the ten somersets backward,
But then was unable to stop!
The tenth took him out of the wĭndōw,
His mother jumped from her bed,
To see his twĕntiĕth somerset
Take him over the kitchen shed;

13. Thence, ăcrŏss the patch of potātōes
And beyŏnd the chûrch on the hill;
She saw him, tumbling and turning,
Turning and tumbling still—
Till Tommy's body dĭmĭnĭshed[3]
In size to the head of a pin,
Spinning ăwāy in the distance,
Where it still continues to spin!

---

[1] **A măze'ment**, the act or condition of being filled with fear, sudden surprise, or wonder, at what is not understood.

[2] **Dū' tĭ ful**, performing duties; respectful; willing to obey.

[3] **Dĭ mĭn' ished**, became or appeared less or smaller.

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SECTION XXV.

I.

96. THE WINDY NIGHT.

ALOW[1] and alōōf,[2]
Over the rōōf,
How the midnight tempests howl!
With a dreary[3] voice, like the dismal[4] tune
Of wolves that bāy[5] at the desert moon;
Or whistle and shriek
Through limbs that creak.
"Tu-who! Tu-whit!"
They cry, and flit,
"Tu-whit! Tu-who!" like the solemn owl!

2. Alow and aloof,
Over the roof,
Sweep the moaning winds ămāin,
And wildly dash
The elm and ash
Clattering on the wĭndōw sash
With a clatter and patter,
Like hail and rain,
That well might shatter
The dusky pane!

3. Alow and aloof,
Over the roof,
How the tempests swell and rōar!
Though no foot is astīr,
Though the cat and the cûr
Lie dozing ălŏng the kitchen floor,
There are feet of âir
On ĕvèry stâir—
Through every hall!

---

[1] **A lōw′**, in a low place, or a lower part.

[2] **Aloof** (ă lo͝of′), at a small distance.

[3] **Drōar′y**, causing sad or lonely feelings.

[4] **Dĭs′mal**, dark; sorrowful; sad.

[5] **Bāy**, bark, as a dog at his game.

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Through each gusty door
There's a jos*t*le and bus*t*le,
With a silk*e*n rus*t*le
Like the meeting of guests at a festival.

4. Álow and aloof,
Over the roof,
How the stormy tempests swell!
And make the vane
On the spire complain;
They heave at the steeple with might and main,
And bûrst and sweep
Into the belfry, on the bell!
They smite it so hard, and they smite it so well,
That the sexton tŏsses his arms in sleep,
And dreams he is ringing a funeral knell!

II.

98. *HOW THE WATER COMES DOWN.*

HERE it comes sparkling,
And thêre it lies darkling.
Here smoking and frŏthing,
Its tumult and wrăth in,
It has*t*ens ălŏng conflicting strŏng;
Now striking and raging,
As if a war waging,
Its caverns and rocks ămóng.

2. Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and flinging,
Showering and springing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Tûrning and twisting
Around and around;
Collecting, disjecting,[1]
With ĕndlèss rebound;

[1] **Dis jĕct'ing, throwing apart; scattering.**

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Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in,
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and dĕafening the ear with its sound.

3. Receding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And brightening and whitening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pōuring and rōaring,
And waving and raving,

4. And tŏssing and crŏssing,
And flowing and growing,
And running and stunning,
And hŭrrying and skŭrrying,
And glittering and flittering,
And găthering and feathering,
And dinning and spinning,
And foaming and roamin̄g,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And guggling and struggling,
And heaving and cleaving,
And thundering and floundering,

5. And falling and crawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
Dĭvīding and gliding and sliding,

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And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
And clattering and battering and shattering.

6. And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And cûrling and whīrling, and pûrling and twīrling.

7. Retreating and meeting and beating and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
Advâncing and prâncing and glâncing and dâncing,
Recoiling, turmoiling, and toiling and boiling,
And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing;

8. And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending—
All at once and all ō'er, with a mighty uprōar,
And in *this* wāy the water comes down at Lodore.

SECTION XXVI.

I.

99. *MY SCHOOL-GIRL HEROINE.*

I KNEW a little maid—as sweet
As any seven years' child you'll meet
In mansion[1] grand or village street,
However charming they be:
She'll never know of this my vĕrse
When I her simple tale rehĕarse;—
A cottage-girl, made baby-nurse
Unto another baby.

2. Till then how constant she at school!—
Her tīny hands of work how full!
And never câreless, never dull,
As little scholars may be.

[1] **Mansion** (măn'shun), a place whêre one lives; a large house.

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Her absence questioned, with cheek red
And gentle lifting of the head,
"Ma'am, I could not be spared," she said;
"I had to mind my baby."

Her baby; ŏft ălŏng the lane
She'd carry it with such sweet pain,
On summer holidays—full fain
To let bŏth work and play be:
But, at the school hour told to start,
She'd tûrn with sad dĭvīdèd heart
'Twixt scholar's wish and mother's part—
"I can not leave my baby!"

4. One day at school came rumors dire[1]—
"Lizzie has fallen into the fire!"
And ŏff in haste I went to inquire,
With anxious fear o'erflowing;
For yester-afternoon at prayer,
My little Lizzie's face did wear
The look—how comes it, whence or where?—
Of children who are—*going*.

5. And almost as if bound for flight
To say new prayers in angels' sight,
Poor Lizzie lay—so wan, so white,
So sadly idle seeming:
Her active hands now hĕlplèss bound,
Her wild eyes wandering vaguely[2] round,
As up she started at each sound,
Or slept, and moaned in dreaming.

6. Her mother gave the piteous tale:
"How that child's coŭrage did not fail,
Or else poor baby—" She stopped, pale,
And shed tears without number;
Then told how at the fireside warm,
Lizzie, with baby on her arm,
Slipped—threw him from her—safe from harm,
Then fell— Here in her slumber

[1] **Dire**, greatly to be feared; dreadful.

[2] **Vāgue'ly**, unfixedly; uncertainly.

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7. Lizzie shrieked, "Take him!" and uptŏssed
Her poor burnt hands, and seemed hälf lŏst,
Until a smile her features crŏssed
As sweet as angels' may be.
"Yes, ma'am," she said in feeble tone,
"I'm ill, I know"—she hushed a moan—
"But"—here her look a queen might own—
"But, ma'am, I saved my baby!"

II.

100. IN SCHOOL-DAYS.

STILL sĭts the school-house by the rōad,
A răggĕd beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs[1] grow,
And blackberry vines are running.

2. Within, the måster's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;[2]
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial;

3. The charcoal frescos[3] on its wall;
Its dōor's wōrn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!

4. Lŏng years ăgō a winter sun
Shōne over it at setting;
Lit up its western wĭndōw-pānes,
And lōw eaves' icy fretting.

5. It touched the tangled gōldĕn cûrls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed,
When all the school were leaving.

6. For near her stŏŏd the little boy
Her childish favor singled;
His cap pulled lōw upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

[1] **Sumach** (shọ'măk).
[2] **Official** (ŏf fĭsh'al).
[3] **Frĕs'co**, a way, or kind, of painting dône on plastered walls.

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7. Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered;—
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

8. He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
He heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

9. "*I'm sorry that I spelt the word:*
I hate to go above you,
Because"—the brown eyes lower fell—
"*Because, you see, I love you!*"

10. Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing.
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing!

11. He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
Like her—because they love him.

III.

101. DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

PART FIRST.

1.

'TWAS in the prime of summer time, an evening calm and cool,
And four-and-twenty happy boys came bounding out of school:
There were some that ran, and some that leapt like troutlets in a pool.

2.

Away they sped with gamesome minds, and souls untouched by sin;
To a level mead[1] they came, and there they drave the wickets[2] in:
Pleasantly shone the setting sun over the town of Lynn.

---

[1] **Mēad**, a meadow.

[2] **Wĭck'et**, a small gate-like framework, made of three rods set upright in the ground, with one or two rods across on the top, at which the ball is thrown in playing cricket.

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3.

Like spŏrtive deer they cōursed about, and shouted as they ran—
Turning to mirth all things of earth, as ōnly boyhood can;
But the usher[1] sat remote from all, a mĕl'ancholy man!

4.

His hat was ŏff, his vest apart, to cătch heaven's blessèd breeze;
For a burning thought was in his brow, and his bosom ill at ease;
So he leaned his head on his hands, and read the book between his knees!

5.

Leaf after leaf he turned it ō'er, nor ever glanced ăsīde;
For the peace of his soul he read that book in the gōlden eventide:
Much study had made him vĕry lean, and pale, and lĕaden-eyed.

6.

At last he shut the ponderous[2] tome;[3] with a fast and fervent[4] grasp
He strained the dusky covers close, and fixed the brazen hasp:
"O, Gŏd! could I so close my mind, and clasp it with a clasp!"

7.

Then leaping on his feet upright, some moody turns he took—
Now up the mead, then down the mead, and past a shady nook—
And lo! he saw a little boy that pōred upon a book!

8.

"My gentle lad, what is 't you read—romance[5] or fairy fable?
Or is it some histŏric page, of kings and crowns unstable?"[6]
The young boy gave an upward glance—"It is the death of Abel."

9.

The usher took six hasty strides, as smit with sudden pain;
Six hasty strides beyŏnd the place, then slowly back again;
And down he sat beside the lad, and talked with him of Cain;

10.

And, lŏng since then, of bloody men, whose deeds tradition[7] saves;
Of lonely folk cut ŏff unseen, and hid in sudden graves;
Of hŏrrid stabs, in groves forlorn,[8] and murders done in caves;

---

[1] **Ush'er**, an assistant or under-teacher of a school.

[2] **Pŏn'der ŏŭs**, very heavy.

[3] **Tōme**, a large and heavy bŏŏk.

[4] **Fer'vent**, hot; warm in feeling; excited; ēarnest.

[5] **Ro mănce**, a sort or novel; any untrue and wonderful stōry.

[6] **Un stā'ble**, not fixed; easily moved, shaken or overthrown.

[7] **Tra dĭ'tion**, an unwritten stōry pâssed down from father to son, or from age to age.

[8] **For lorn**, miserable; forsaken.

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11.

And how the sprites[1] of injured men shriek upward from the sod—
Ay, how the ghostly hand will point to show the burial clod;
And unknown facts of guilty acts are seen in dreams from Gŏd?

12.

He told how murderers walk the earth beneath the curse of Cain—
With crimson clouds before their eyes, and flames about their brain:
For blood has left upon their souls its everlasting stain!

[1] **Sprīte**, an apparition; a spirit.

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13.

"And well," quŏth he, "I know, for truth, their pangs must be extreme—
Wŏe, woe, unutterable[1] woe—who spill life's sacrèd stream!
For why? Methought last night I wrought a murder in a dream!

14.

"One that had never done me wrŏng—a feeble man and ōld;
I led him to a lonely field—the moon shōne clear and cōld:
Now here, said I, this man shall die, and I will have his gōld!

15.

"Two sudden blows with a raggèd stick, and one with a heavy stōne!
One hŭrried gash with a hasty knife—and then the deed was done:
There was nothing lying at my foot but lifelèss flesh and bōne!

16.

"Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone, that could not do me ill;
And yĕt I feared him all the mōre, for lying there so still:
There was a manhood in his look, that murder could not kill!

17.

"And lo! the universal[2] air seemed lit with ghastly flame—
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes were looking down in blame:
I took the dead man by the hand, and called upon his name!

18.

"O, Gŏd! it made me quake[3] to see such sense within the slain!
But when I touched the lifelèss clāy, the blood gushed out amain!
For every clot,[4] a burning spot was scorching in my brain!

19.

"My head was like an ardent[5] coal, my heart as solid ice;
My wretchèd, wretched soul, I knew, was at the devil's price;
A dozen times I grōaned; the dead had never groaned but twice!

---

[1] **Un ŭt'ter a ble,** beyŏnd what words can express; unspeakable.

[2] **Universal** (ū'nĭ vĕrs'al), reaching or affecting the whōle; all-reaching; being, or regarded as, a whole.

[3] **Quake** (kwāk), to tremble; to shake with fear, cold, or strong feeling; to shudder.

[4] **Clŏt,** a lump of sŏft matter.

[5] **Ar'dent,** hot or burning.

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IV.

102. DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

PART SECOND.

1.

"AND now from fōrth the frowning sky, from the heaven's tŏpmost height,
I heard a voice—the awful voice of the blood-avenging sprite:
'*Thou guilty man! take up thy dead and hide it from my sight!*"

2.

"I took the dreary body up, and cast it in a stream—
A sluggish water, black as ink, the depth was so extreme—
My gentle boy! remember this is nothing but a dream!

3.

"Down went the corpse with a hŏllōw plunge, and vanished in the pool;
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands, and washed my fōrehĕad cool,
And sat among the urchins[1] young that evening in the school!

4.

"O, Heaven! to think of their white souls, and mine so black and grim![2]
I could not share in childish prayer, nor join in evening hymn:
Like a devil of the pit I seemed, 'mid holy cherubim![3]

5.

"And Peace went with them one and all, and each călm pĭllōw spread;
But Guilt was my grim chămberlaĭn[4] that lighted me to bed,
And drew my midnight curtains round, with fingers bloody red!

6.

"All night I lāy in agony,[5] in anguish[6] dark and deep;
My fevered eyes I dared not close, but stared aghast at sleep;
For sin had rendered unto her the keys of hell to keep!

7.

"All night I lay in agony, from weary chime to chime,
With one besetting hŏrrid hint, that racked me all the time—
A mighty yearning, like the first fierce impulse unto crime!

---

[1] **Ur'chin,** a mis'chievous little fellow; a child.

[2] **Grĭm,** of forbidding or fear-awakening appearance; frightful.

[3] **Chĕr'u bĭm,** angels noted for their knowledge and beauty.

[4] **Chām'ber laĭn,** one who has charge of the chambers, as in a hotel.

[5] **Ag'o nў,** extreme or very great pain of body or mind.

[6] **An'guish,** extreme pain ēither of body or mind; bitter sorrow.

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8.

"One stern, tyrannic[1] thought, that made all other thoughts its slave;
Stronger and stronger every pulse did that temptation crave—
Still urging me to go and see the dead man in his grave!

9.

"Heavily I rose up—as soon as light was in the sky—
And sought the black accursèd pool with a wild misgiving eye;
And I saw the dead in the river bed, for the faithless stream was dry!

10.

"Merrily rose the lark, and shook the dewdrop from its wing;
But I never marked its morning flight, I never heard it sing;
For I was stooping once again under the horrid thing.

11.

"With breathless speed, like a soul in chase, I took him up and ran—
There was no time to dig a grave before the day began:
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves, I hid the murdered man!

12.

"And all that day I read in school, but my thought was other where!
As soon as the mid-day task was done, in secret I was there;
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves, and still the corse was bare!

13.

"Then down I cast me on my face, and first began to weep;
For I knew my secret then was one that earth refused to keep:
On land or sea, though he should be ten thousand fathoms[2] deep

14.

"So wills the fierce avenging sprite, till blood for blood atones!
Ay, though he's buried in a cave, and trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh—the world shall see his bones!

15.

"O, God! that horrid, horrid dream besets me now awake!
Again—again, with a dizzy brain, the human life I take;
And my red right hand grows raging hot, like Cranmer's[3] at the stake.

---

[1] **Tyr'annic**, unjustly severe; cruel; overpowering.

[2] **Fath'om**, a measure of length, containing six feet.

[3] **Thomas Cranmer**, the first Protestant archbishop of Canterbury, England, was born July 2, 1489. He was burned at the stake March 21, 1556. When the flames were rising around him, he is said to have held his right hand into them until it was consumed.

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16.

"And still no peace for the rĕstlèss clay will wave or mold allow:
The hŏrrid thing pursues my soul—it stands before me now!"
The fearful boy looked up, and saw huge drops upon his brow!

17.

That vĕry night, while gentle sleep the urchin's eyelids kissed,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lŷnn, through the cold and heavy mist;
And Eugene Aram walked between, with gȳves upon his wrists.

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